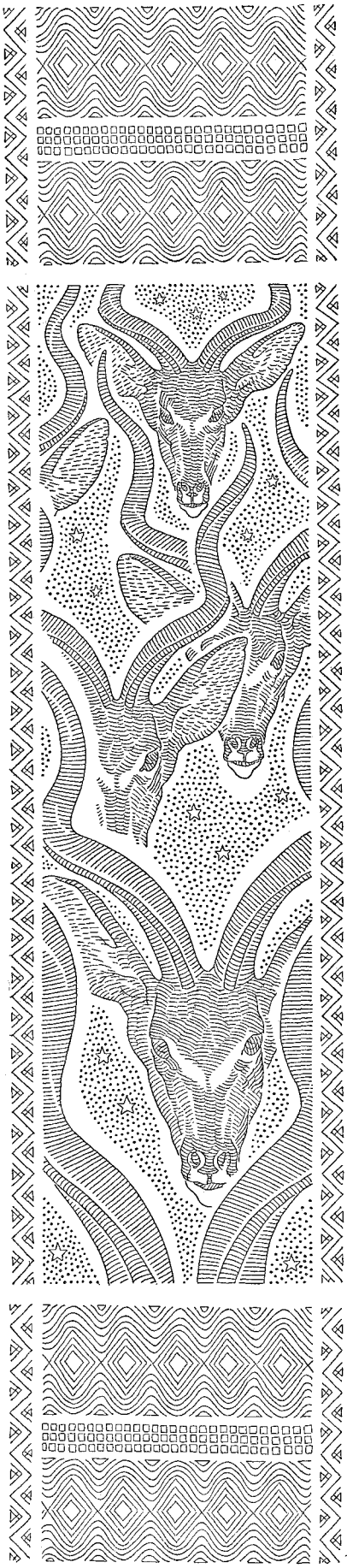

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Green Hills of Africa

By Ernest Hemingway

FOREWORD

Unlike many novels, none of the characters or incidents in this book is imaginary. Any one not finding sufficient love interest is at liberty, while reading it, to insert whatever love interest he or she may have at the time. The writer has attempted to write an absolutely true book to see whether the shape of a country and the pattern of a month's action can, if truly presented, compete with a work of the imagination.

Pursuit and Conversation

We were sitting in the blind that Wanderobo hunters had built of twigs and branches at the edge of the salt-lick when we heard the truck coming. At first it was far away and no one could tell what the noise was. Then it was stopped and we hoped it had been nothing or perhaps only the wind. Then it moved slowly nearer, unmistakable now, louder and louder until, agonizing in a clank of loud irregular explosions, it passed close behind us to go on up the road. The theatrical one of the two trackers stood up.

"It is finished," he said.

I put my hand to my mouth and motioned him down.

"It is finished," he said again and spread his arms wide. I had never liked him and I liked him less now.

"After," I whispered. M'Cola shook his head. I looked at his bald black skull and he turned his face a little so that I saw the thin Chinese hairs at the corners of his mouth.

"No good," he said. *"Hapana m'uzuri."*

"Wait a little," I told him. He bent his head down again so that it would not show above the dead branches and we sat there in the dust of the hole

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until it was too dark to see the front sight on my rifle; but nothing more came. The theatrical tracker was impatient and restless. A little before the last of the light had gone he whispered to M'Cola that it was now too dark to shoot.

"Shut up, you," M'Cola told him. "The Bwana can shoot after you cannot see."

The other tracker, the educated one, gave another demonstration of his education by scratching his name, Abdullah, on the black skin of his leg with a sharp twig. I watched without admiration and M'Cola looked at the word without a shadow of expression on his face. After a while the tracker scratched it out.

Finally I made a last sight against what was left of the light and saw it was no use, even with the large aperture.

M'Cola was watching.

"No good," I said.

"Yes," he agreed, in Swahili. "Go to camp?"

"Yes."

We stood up and made our way out of the blind and out through the trees, walking on the sandy loam, feeling our way between trees and under branches, back to the road. A mile along the road was the car. As we came alongside, Kamau, the driver, put the lights on.

The truck had spoiled it. That afternoon we had left the car up the road and approached the salt-lick very carefully. There had been a little rain, the day before, though not enough to flood the lick, which was simply an opening in the trees with a patch of earth worn into deep circles and grooved at the edges with hollows where the animals had licked the dirt for salt, and we had seen long, heart-shaped, fresh tracks of four greater Kudu bulls that had been on the salt the night before, as well as many newly pressed tracks of lesser Kudu. There was also a rhino who, from the tracks and the kicked-up mound of strawy dung, came there each night. The blind had been built at close arrow-shot of the lick and sitting, leaning back, knees high, heads low, in a hollow half full of ashes and dust, watching through the dried leaves and thin branches I had seen a lesser Kudu bull come out of the brush to the edge of the opening where the salt was and stand there, heavy-necked, gray, and handsome, the horns spiralled against the sun while I sighted on his chest and then refused the shot, wanting not to frighten the greater Kudu that should surely come at dusk. But before we ever heard the truck the bull had heard it and run off into the trees and everything else that had been moving, in the bush on the flats, or coming down from the small hills through the trees, coming toward the salt, had halted at that exploding, clanking sound. They would come, later, in the dark; but then it would be too late.

So now, going along the sandy track of the road in the car, the lights picking out the eyes of night birds that squatted close on the sand until the bulk of the car was on them and they rose in soft panic; passing the fires of the travellers that all moved to the westward by day along this road, abandoning the famine country that was ahead of us; me sitting, the butt of my rifle on my foot, the barrel in the crook of my left arm, a flask of whiskey between my knees, pouring the whiskey into a tin cup and passing it over my shoulder in the dark for M'Cola to pour water into it from the canteen, drinking this, the first one of the day, the finest one there is, and looking at the thick bush we passed in the dark, feeling the cool wind of the night and smelling the good smell of Africa, I was altogether happy.

Then ahead we saw a big fire and as we came up and passed, I made out a truck beside the road. I told Kamau to stop and go back and as we backed into the firelight there was a short, bandy-legged man with a Tyroler hat, leather shorts, and an open shirt standing before an un-hooded engine in a crowd of natives.

"Can we help?" I asked him.

"No," he said. "Unless you are a mechanic. It has taken a dislike to me. All engines dislike me."

"Do you think it could be the timer? It sounded as though it might be a timing knock when you went past us."

"I think it is much worse than that. It sounds to be something very bad."

"If you can get to our camp we have a mechanic."

"How far is it?"

"About twenty miles."

"In the morning I will try it. Now I am afraid to make it go farther with that noise of death inside. It is trying to die because it dislikes me. Well, I dislike it too. But if I die it would not annoy it."

"Will you have a drink?" I held out the flask. "Hemingway is my name."

"Kandisky," he said and bowed. "Hemingway is a name I have heard. Where? Where have I heard it? Oh, yes. The *dichter*. You know Hemingway the poet?"

"Where did you read him?"

"In the *Querschnitt*."

"That is me," I said, very pleased. The *Querschnitt* was a German magazine I had written some rather obscene poems for and published a long story in years before I could sell anything in America.

"This is very strange," the man in the Tyroler hat said. "Tell me, what do you think of Ringelnatz?"

"He is splendid."

"So. You like Ringelnatz. Good. What do you think of Heinrich Mann?"

"He is no good."

"You believe it?"

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"All I know is that I cannot read him."

"He is no good at all. I see we have things in common. What are you doing here?"

"Shooting."

"Not ivory, I hope."

"No. For Kudu."

"Why should any man shoot a Kudu? You, an intelligent man, a poet, to shoot Kudu."

"I haven't shot any yet," I said. "But we've been hunting them hard now for ten days. We would have got one tonight if it hadn't been for your lorry."

"That poor lorry. But you should hunt for a year. At the end of that time you have shot everything and you are sorry for it. To hunt for one special animal is nonsense. Why do you do it?"

"I like to do it."

"Of course, if you *like* to do it. Tell me, what do you really think of Rilke?"

"I have read only the one thing."

"Which?"

"The Cornet."

"You liked it?"

"Yes."

"I have no patience with it. It is snobbery. Valery, yes. I see the point of Valery; although there is much snobbery too. Well at least you do not kill elephants."

"I'd kill a big enough one."

"How big?"

"A seventy pounder. Maybe smaller."

"I see there are things we do not agree on. But it is a pleasure to meet one of the great old *Querschnitt* group. Tell me what is Joyce like? I have not the money to buy it. Sinclair Lewis is nothing. I bought it. No. No. Tell me tomorrow. You do not mind if I am camped near? You are with friends? You have a white hunter?"

"With my wife. We would be delighted. Yes, a white hunter."

"Why is he not out with you?"

"He believes you should hunt Kudu alone."

"It is better not to hunt them at all. What is he? English?"

"Yes."

"Bloody English?"

"No. Very nice. You will like him."

"You must go. I must not keep you. Perhaps I will see you tomorrow. It was very strange that we should meet."

"Yes." I said. "Have them look at the truck tomorrow. Anything we can do."

"Good night," he said. "Good trip."

"Good night." I said. We started off and I saw him walking toward the fire waving an arm at the natives. I had not asked him why he had twenty up-country natives with him, nor where he was going. Looking back, I had asked him nothing. I do not like to ask questions, and where I was brought up it was not polite. But here we had not seen a white man for two weeks, not since we had left Babati to go south, and then to run into one on this road where you met only an occasional Indian trader and the steady migration of the natives out of the famine country, to have him look like a caricature of Benchley in Tyrolean costume, to have him know your name, to call you a poet, to have read the *Querschnitt,* to be an admirer of Joachim Ringelnatz and to want to talk about Rilke, was too fantastic to deal with. So, just then, to crown this fantasy, the lights of the car showed three tall, conical mounds of something smoking in the road ahead. I motioned to Kamau to stop and, putting on the brakes, we skidded just short of them. They were from two to three feet high and when I touched one it was quite warm.

"Tembo," M'Cola said.

It was dung from elephants that had just crossed the road, and in the cold of the evening you could see it steaming. In a little while we were in camp.

Next morning I was up and gone to another salt-lick before daylight. There was a Kudu bull on the lick when we approached through the trees and he gave a loud bark, like a dog's but higher in pitch and sharply throaty, and was gone, making no noise at first, then crashing in the brush when he was well away; and we never saw him. This lick had an impossible approach. Trees grew around its open area so that it was as though the game were in the blind and you had to come to them across the open. The only way to make it would have been for one man to go alone and crawl

THE PEOPLE IN THE BOOK

POP — Mr. Jackson Phillips, called Mr. J. or Mr. J. P.— a white hunter or professional guide. Not to be called Pop to his face
KANDISKY — An Austrian
DAN — A second white hunter
KARL — A lucky hunter
MR. HEMINGWAY — A braggart
MRS. HEMINGWAY — Wife of the above known as P.O.M. or poor old mama. Known to the natives as Mama
M'COLA — A gunbearer
CHARO — A gunbearer
KAMAU — A Kikuyu driver
DROOPY — A good native guide
ABDULLAH and GARRICK — Bad native guides
THE OLD MAN, and THE WANDEROBO-MASAI— Mysterious native guides.
THE ROMAN, HIS BROTHER, HIS FAMILY — Excellent people
MASAI — Various Masai

There are also famine sufferers, various Hindus, porters, skinners, personal boys, and a very good cook. There are many animals

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and then it would be impossible to get any sort of a close shot through the interlacing trees until you were within twenty yards. Of course once you were inside the protecting trees, and in the blind, you were wonderfully placed, for anything that came to the salt had to come out in the open twenty-five yards from any cover. But though we stayed until eleven o'clock nothing came. We smoothed the dust of the lick carefully with our feet so that any new tracks would show when we came back again and walked the two miles to the road. Being hunted, the game had learned to come only at night and leave before daylight. One bull had stayed and our spooking him that morning would make it even more difficult now.

This was the tenth day we had been hunting greater Kudu and I had not seen a mature bull yet. We had only three days more because the rains were moving north each day from Rhodesia and unless we were prepared to stay where we were through the rains we must be out as far as Handeni before they came. We had set the seventeenth of February as the last safe date to leave. Every morning now it took the heavy, wooled sky an hour or so longer to clear and you could feel the rains coming, as they moved steadily north, as surely as though you watched them on a chart.

Now it is pleasant to hunt something that you want very much over a long period of time, being outwitted, out-maneuvered, and failing at the end of each day, but having the hunt and knowing every time you are out that, sooner or later, your luck will change and that you will get the chance that you are seeking. But it is not pleasant to have a time limit by which you must get your Kudu or perhaps never get it; nor even see one. It is not the way hunting should be. It is too much like those boys who used to be sent to Paris with two years in which to make good as writers or painters after which, if they had not made good, they could go home and into their fathers' business. The way to hunt is for as long as you live against as long as there is such and such an animal; just as the way to paint is as long as there is you and colors and canvas, and to write as long as you can live and there is pencil and paper or ink or any machine to do it with, or anything you care to write about, and you feel a fool, and you are a fool, to do it any other way. But here we were, now, caught by time, by the season, and by the running out of our money, so that what should have been as much fun to do each day whether you killed or not was being forced into that most exciting perversion of life; the necessity of accomplishing something in less time than should truly be allowed for its doing. So, coming in at noon, up since two hours before daylight, with only three days left, I was starting to be nervous about it, and there, at the table under the dining tent fly, talking away, was Kandisky of the Tyroler pants. I had forgotten all about him.

"Hello. Hello," he said. "No success? Nothing doing? Where is the Kudu?"

"He coughed once and went away," I said. "Hello, girl."

She smiled. She was worried too. The two of them had been listening since daylight for a shot. Listening all the time, even when our guest had arrived; listening while writing letters, listening while reading, listening when Kandisky came back and talked.

"You did not shoot him?"

"No. Nor see him." I saw that Pop was worried too, and a little nervous. There had evidently been considerable talking going on.

"Have a beer, Colonel," he said to me.

"We spooked one," I reported. "No chance of a shot. There were plenty of tracks. Nothing more came. The wind was blowing around. Ask the boys about it."

"As I was telling Colonel Phillips," Kandisky began, shifting his leather-breeched behind and crossing one heavy-calved, well-haired, bare leg over the other, "you must not stay here too long. You must realize the rains are coming. There is one stretch of twelve miles beyond here you can never get through if it rains. It is impossible."

"So he's been telling me," Pop said. "I'm a Mister, by the way. We use these military titles as nicknames. No offense if you're a Colonel yourself." Then to me, "Damn these salt-licks. If you'd leave them alone you'd get one."

"They ball it all up," I agreed. "You're so sure of a shot sooner or later on the lick."

"Hunt the hills too."

"I'll hunt them, Pop."

"What is killing a Kudu, anyway?" Kandisky asked. "You should not take it so seriously. It is nothing. In a year you kill twenty."

"Best not say anything about that to the game department, though," Pop said.

"You misunderstand," Kandisky said. "I mean in a year a man could. Of course no man would wish to."

"Absolutely," Pop said. "If he lived in Kudu country, he could. They're the commonest big antelope in this bush country. It's just that when you want to see them you don't."

"I kill nothing, you understand," Kandisky told us. "Why are you not more interested in the natives?"

"We are," my wife assured him.

"They are really interesting. Listen—" Kandisky said, and he spoke on to her.

"The hell of it is," I said to Pop, "when I'm in the hills I'm sure the bastards are down there on the salt. The cows are in the hills but I don't believe the bulls are with them now. Then you get there in the evening

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and there are the tracks. They *have* been on the lousy salt. I think they come any time."

"Probably they do."

"I'm sure we get different bulls there. They probably only come to the salt every couple of days. Some are certainly spooked because Karl shot that one. If he'd only killed it clean instead of following it through the whole damn countryside. Christ, if he'd only kill any damn thing clean. Other new ones will come in. All we have to do is to wait them out, though. Of course they can't all know about it. But he's spooked this country to hell."

"He gets so very excited," Pop said. "But he's a good lad. He made a beautiful shot on that leopard, you know. You don't want them killed any cleaner than that. Let it quiet down again."

"Sure. I don't mean anything when I curse him."

"What about staying in the blind all day?"

"The damned wind started to go round in a circle. It blew our scent every bloody direction. No bloody use to sit there broadcasting it. If the damn wind would hold. Abdullah took an ash can today."

"I saw him starting off with it."

"There wasn't a bit of wind when we stalked the salt and there was just light to shoot. He tried the wind with the ashes all the way. I went alone with Abdullah and left the others behind and we went quietly. I had on these crèpe-soled boots and it's soft cotton dirt. The bastard spooked at fifty yards."

"Did you ever see their ears?"

"Did I ever see their ears? If I can see the bastard's ears, the skinner can work on him."

"They're bastards," Pop said. "I hate this salt-lick business. They're not as smart as we think. The trouble is you're working on them where they are smart. They've been shot at there ever since there's been salt."

"That's what makes it fun," I said. "I'd be glad to do it for a month. I like to hunt sitting on my tail. No sweat. No nothing. Sit there and catch flies and feed them to the ant lions in the dust. I like it. But what about the time?"

"That's it. The bloody time."

"So," Kandisky was saying to my wife. "That is what you should see. The big *ngomas*. The big native dance festivals. The real ones."

"Listen," I said to Pop. "The other lick, the one I was at last night, is fool-proof except for being near that *bloody* road."

"The trackers say it is really the property of the lesser Kudu. It's a long way too. It's eighty miles there and back."

"I know. But there were four *big* bull tracks. It's certain. If it wasn't for that truck last night. What about staying there tonight? Then I'd get the night and the early morning and give this lick a rest. There's a big rhino there too. Big track, anyway."

"Good," Pop said. "Shoot the damn rhino too." He hated to have anything killed except what we were after, no killing on the side, no ornamental killing, no killing to kill, only when you wanted it more than you wanted not to kill it, only when getting it was necessary to his being first in his trade, and I saw he was offering up the rhino to please me.

"I won't kill him unless he's good," I promised.

"Shoot the bastard," Pop said, making a gift of him.

"Ah, Pop," I said.

"Shoot him," said Pop. "You'll enjoy it, being by yourself. You can sell the horn if you don't want it. You've still one on your license."

"So," said Kandisky. "You have arrested a plan of campaign? You have decided on how to outwit the poor animals?"

"Yes," I said. "How is the truck?"

"That lorry is finished," the Austrian said. "In a way I am glad. It was too much of a symbol. It was all that remained of my shamba. Now everything is gone and it is much simpler."

"What is a shamba?" asked P. O. M., my wife. "I've been hearing about them for months. I'm afraid to ask about those words every one uses."

"A plantation," he said. "It is all gone except that lorry. With the lorry I carry laborers to the shamba of an Indian. It is a very rich Indian who raises sisal. I am a manager for this Indian. An Indian can make a profit from a sisal shamba."

"From anything," Pop said.

"Yes. Where we fail, where we would starve, he makes money. This Indian is very intelligent, however. He values me. I represent European organization. I come now from organizing recruitment of the natives. This takes time. It is impressive. I have been away from my family for three months. The organization is organized. You do it in a week as easily, but it is not so impressive."

"And your wife?" asked mine.

"She waits at my house, the house of the manager, with my daughter."

"Does she love you very much?" my wife asked.

"She must, or she would be gone long ago."

"How old is the daughter?"

"She is thirteen now."

"It must be very nice to have a daughter."

"You cannot know how nice it is. It is like a second wife. My wife knows now all I think, all I say, all I believe, all I can do, all that I cannot do and cannot be. I know also about my wife—completely. But now there is always some one you do not know, who does not know you, who loves you in ignorance and is strange to you both. Some one very attractive that is

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yours and not yours and that makes the conversation more—how shall I say? Yes, it is like—what do you call,—Having here with you—with the two of you—yes there.—It is the Heinz Tomato Ketchup on the daily food."

"That's very good," I said.

"We have books," he said. "I cannot buy new books now but we can always talk. Ideas and conversation are very interesting. We discuss all things. Everything. We have a very interesting mental life. Formerly, with the shamba, we had the *Querschnitt*. That gave you a feeling of belonging, of being made a part of, to a very brilliant group of people. The people one would see if one saw whom one wished to see. You know all of those people? You must know them."

"Some of them," I said. "Some in Paris. Some in Berlin."

I did not wish to destroy anything this man had, and so I did not go into those brilliant people in detail.

"They're marvellous," I said, lying.

"I envy you to know them," he said. "And tell me, who is the greatest writer in America?"

"My husband," said my wife.

"No. I do not mean for you to speak from family pride. I mean who really? Certainly not Upton Sinclair. Certainly not Sinclair Lewis. Who is your Thomas Mann? Who is your Valery?"

"We do not have great writers," I said. "Something happens to our good writers at a certain age. I can explain but it is quite long and may bore you."

"Please explain," he said. "This is what I enjoy. This is the best part of life. The life of the mind. This is not killing Kudu."

"You haven't heard it yet," I said.

"Ah, but I can see it coming. You must take more beer to loosen your tongue."

"It's loose," I told him. "It's always too bloody loose. But *you* don't drink anything."

"No, I never drink. It is not good for the mind. It is unnecessary. But tell me. Please tell me."

"Well," I said, "we have had, in America, skillful writers. Poe is a skillful writer. It is skillful, marvellously constructed, and it is dead. We have had writers of rhetoric who had the good fortune to find a little, in a chronicle of another man and from voyaging, of how things, actual things, can be, whales for instance, and this knowledge is wrapped in rhetoric like plums in a pudding. Occasionally it is there, alone, unwrapped in pudding, and it is good. This is Melville. But the people who praise it, praise it for the rhetoric which is not important. They put a mystery in which is not there."

"Yes," he said. "I see. But it is the mind working, it's ability to work, which makes the rhetoric. Rhetoric is the blue sparks from the dynamo."

"Sometimes. And sometimes it is only blue sparks and what is the dynamo driving?"

"So. Go on."

"I've forgotten."

"No. Go on. Do not pretend to be stupid."

"Did you ever get up before daylight——"

"Every morning," he said. "Go on."

"All right. There were others who wrote like exiled English colonials from an England of which they were never a part to a newer England that they were making. Very good men with the small, dried, and excellent wisdom of Unitarians; men of letters; Quakers with a sense of humor."

"Who were these?"

"Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, and Company. All our early classics who did not know that a new classic does not bear any resemblance to the classics that have preceded it. It can steal from anything that it is better than, anything that is not a classic, all classics do that. Some writers are only born to help another writer to write one sentence. But it cannot derive from or resemble a previous classic. Also all these men were gentlemen, or wished to be. They were all very respectable. They did not use the words that people always have used in speech, the words that survive in a language. Nor would you gather that they had bodies. They had minds, yes. Nice, dry, clean minds. This is all very dull, I would not state it except that you ask for it."

"Go on."

"There is one at that time that is supposed to be really good, Thoreau. I cannot tell you about it because I have not yet been able to read it. But that means nothing because I cannot read other naturalists unless

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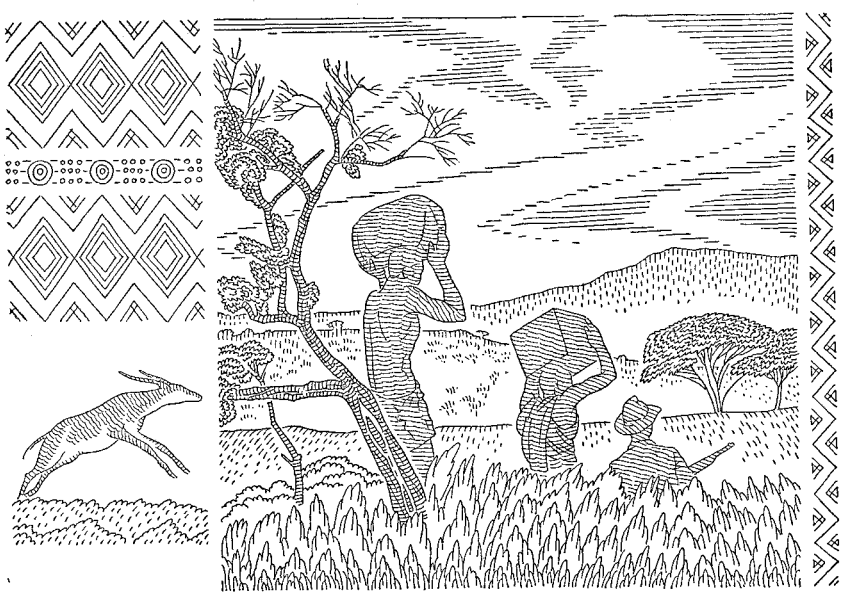

they are being extremely accurate and not literary. Naturalists should all work alone and some one else should correlate their findings for them. Writers should work alone. They should see each other only after their work is done, and not too often then. Otherwise they become like writers in New York. All angleworms in a bottle, trying to derive knowledge and nourishment from their own contact and from the bottle. Sometimes the bottle is shaped art, sometimes economics, sometimes economic-religion. But once they are in the bottle they stay there. They are lonesome outside of the bottle. They do not want to be lonesome. They are afraid to be alone in their beliefs and no woman could love any of them enough so that they could kill their lonesomeness in that woman, or pool it with hers, or make something with her that makes the rest unimportant."

"But what about Thoreau?"

"You'll have to read him. Maybe I'll be able to later. I can do nearly everything later."

"Better have some more beer, Papa."

"All right."

"What about the good writers?"

"The good writers are Henry James, Stephen Crane, and Mark Twain. That's not the order they're good in. There is no order for good writers."

"Mark Twain is a humorist. The others I do not know."

"All modern American literature comes from one book by Mark Twain called *Huckleberry Finn*. If you read it you must stop where the Nigger Jim is stolen from the boys. That is the real end. The rest is just cheating. But it's the best book we've had. All American writing comes from that. There was nothing before. There has been nothing as good since."

"What about the others?"

"Crane wrote two fine stories. *The Open Boat* and *The Blue Hotel*. The last one is the best."

"And what happened to him?"

"He died. That's simple. He was dying from the start."

"But the other two?"

"They both lived to be old men but they did not get any wiser as they got older. I don't know what they really wanted. You see we make our writers into something very strange."

"I do not understand."

"We destroy them in many ways. First, economically. They make money. It is only by hazard that a writer makes money although good books always make money eventually. Then our writers when they have made some money increase their standard of living and they are caught. They have to write to keep up their establishments, their wives, and so on and they write slop. It is slop not on purpose but because it is hurried. Because they write when there is nothing to say or no water in the well. Because they are ambitious. Then, once they have betrayed themselves, they justify it and you get more slop. Or else they read the critics. If they believe the critics when they say they are great then they must believe them when they say they are rotten and they lose confidence. At present we have two good writers who cannot write because they have lost confidence through reading critics. If they wrote, sometimes it would be good and sometimes not so good and sometimes it would be quite bad, but the good would get out. But they have read the critics and they must write masterpieces. The masterpieces the critics said they wrote. They weren't masterpieces, of course. They were just quite good books. So now they cannot write at all. The critics have made them impotent."

"Who are these writers?"

"Their names would mean nothing to you and by now they may have written, become frightened, and be impotent again."

"But what is it that happens to American writers? Be definite."

"I was not here in the old days so I cannot tell you about them, but now there are various things. At a certain age the men writers change into Old Mother Hubbard. The women writers become Joan of Arc without the fighting. They become leaders. It doesn't matter who they lead. If they do not have followers they invent them. It is useless for those selected as followers to protest. They are accused of disloyalty. Oh, hell. There are too many things happen to them. That is one thing. The others try to save their souls

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with what they write. That is an easy way out. Others are ruined by the first money, the first praise, the first attack, the first time they find they cannot write, or the first time they cannot do anything else, or else they get frightened and join organizations that do their thinking for them. Or they do not know what they want. Henry James wanted to make money. He never did, of course."

"And you?"

"I am interested in other things. I have a good life but I must write because if I do not write a certain amount I do not enjoy the rest of my life."

"And what do you want?"

"To write as well as I can and learn as I go along. At the same time I have my life which I enjoy and which is a damned good life."

"Hunting Kudu?"

"Yes. Hunting Kudu and many other things."

"What other things?"

"Plenty of other things."

"And you know what you want?"

"Yes."

"You really like to do this, what you do now, this silliness of Kudu?"

"Just as much as I like to be in the Prado."

"One is not better than the other?"

"One is as necessary as the other. There are other things, too."

"Naturally. There must be. But this sort of thing means something to you, really?"

"Truly."

"And you know what you want?"

"Absolutely, and I get it all the time."

"But it takes money."

"I could always make money and beside I have been very lucky."

"Then you are happy?"

"Except when I think of other people."

"Then you think of other people?"

"Oh, yes."

"But you do nothing for them?"

"No."

"Nothing?"

"Maybe a little."

"Do you think your writing is worth doing—as an end in itself?"

"Oh, yes."

"You are sure?"

"Very sure."

"That must be very pleasant."

"It is," I said. "It is the one altogether pleasant thing about it."

"This is getting awfully serious," my wife said.

"It's a damned serious subject."

"You see, he is really serious about something," Kandisky said. "I knew he must be serious on something beside Kudu."

"The reason every one now tries to avoid it, to deny that it is important, to make it seem vain to try to do it, is because it is so difficult. Too many factors must combine to make it possible."

"What is this now?"

"The kind of writing that can be done. How far prose can be carried if any one is serious enough and has luck. There is a fourth and fifth dimension that can be gotten."

"You believe it?"

"I know it."

"And if a writer can get this?"

"Then nothing else matters. It is more important than anything he can do. The chances are, of course, that he will fail. But there is a chance that he succeeds."

"But that is poetry you are talking about."

"No. It is much more difficult than poetry. It is a prose that has never been written. But it can be written, without tricks and without cheating. With nothing that will go bad afterwards."

"And why has it not been written?"

"Because there are too many factors. First, there must be talent, much talent. Talent such as Kipling had. Then there must be discipline. The discipline of Flaubert. Then there must be the conception of what it can be and an absolute conscience as unchanging as the standard meter in Paris, to prevent faking. Then the writer must be intelligent and disinterested and above all he must survive. Try to get all these in one person and have him come through all the influences that press on a writer. The hardest thing, because time is so short, is for him to survive and get his work done. But I would like us to have such a writer and to read what he would write. What do you say? Should we talk about something else?"

"It is interesting what you say. Naturally I do not agree with everything."

"Naturally."

"What about a gimlet?" Pop asked. "Don't you think a gimlet might help?"

"Tell me first what are the things, the actual, concrete things that harm a writer?"

I was tired of the conversation which was becoming an interview. So I would make it an interview and finish it. The necessity to put a thousand intangibles into a sentence, now, before lunch, was too bloody.

"Politics, women, drink, money, ambition. And the lack of politics, women, drink, money and ambition," I said profoundly.

"He's getting much too easy now," Pop said.

"But drink. I do not understand about that. That has always seemed silly to me. I understand it as a weakness."

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"It is a way of ending a day. It has great benefits. Don't you ever want to change your ideas?"

"Let's have one," Pop said. "M'Wendi!"

Pop never drank before lunch except as a mistake and I knew he was trying to help me out.

"Let's all have a gimlet," I said.

"I never drink," Kandisky said. "I will go to the lorry and fetch some fresh butter for lunch. It is fresh from Kandoa, un-salted. Very good. Tonight we will have a special dish of Viennese dessert. My cook has learned to make it very well."

He went off and my wife said, "You are getting awfully profound. What was that about all these women?"

"What women?"

"When you were talking about women."

"The hell with them," I said. "Those are the ones you get involved with when you're drunk."

"So that's what you do."

"No."

"I don't get involved with people when I'm drunk."

"Come, come," said Pop. "We're none of us ever drunk. My God, that man can talk."

"He didn't have a chance to talk after Bwana M'Kumba started."

"I did have verbal dysentery," I said.

"What about his lorry? Can we tow it in without ruining ours?"

"I think so," Pop said. "When ours comes back from Handeni."

At lunch under the green fly of the dining tent, in the shade of a big tree, the wind blowing, the fresh butter much admired, grant's gazelle chops, mashed potatoes, green corn, and then mixed fruit for dessert, Kandisky told us why the East Indians were taking the country over.

"You see, during the war they sent the Indian troops to fight here. To keep them out of India because they feared another mutiny. They promised the Aga Khan that because they fought in Africa, Indians could come freely to settle and for business afterwards. They cannot break that promise and now the Indians have taken the country over from the Europeans. They live on nothing and they send all the money back to India. When they have made enough to go home they leave, bringing out their poor relations to take over from them and continue to exploit the country."

Pop said nothing. He would not argue with a guest at table.

"It is the Aga Khan," Kandisky said. "You are an American. You know nothing of these combinations."

"Were you with Von Lettöw?" Pop asked him.

"From the start," Kandisky said. "Until the end."

"He was a great fighter," Pop said. "I have great admiration for him."

"You fought?" Kandisky asked.

"Yes."

"I do not care for Lettöw," Kandisky said. "He fought, yes. No one ever better. When we wanted quinine he would order it captured. All supplies the same. But afterwards he cared nothing for his men. After the war I am in Germany. I go to see about indemnification for my property. 'You are an Austrian,' they say. 'You must go through Austrian channels.' So I go to Austria. 'But why did you fight?' they ask me. 'You cannot hold us responsible. Suppose you go to fight in China. That is your own affair. We cannot do anything for you.'

"'But I went as a patriot,' I say, very foolishly. 'I fight where I can because I am an Austrian and I know my duty.' 'Yes,' they say. 'That is very beautiful. But you cannot hold us responsible for your noble sentiments.' So they passed me from one to the other and nothing. Still I love the country very much. I have lost everything here but I have more than any one has in Europe. To me it is always interesting. The natives and the language. I have many books of notes on them. Then too, in reality, I am a king here. It is very pleasant. Waking in the morning I extend one foot and the boy places the sock on it. When I am ready, I extend the other foot and he adjusts the other sock. I step from under the mosquito bar into my drawers which are held for me. Don't you think that is very marvellous?"

"It's marvellous."

"When you come back another time we must take a safari to study the natives. And shoot nothing, or only to eat. Look, I will show you a dance and sing a song."

Crouched, elbows lifting and falling, knees humping, he shuffled around the table, singing. Undoubtedly it was very fine.

"That is only one of a thousand," he said. "Now I must go for a time. You will be sleeping."

"There's no hurry. Stay around."

"No. Surely you will be sleeping. I also. I will take the butter to keep it cool."

"We'll see you at supper," Pop said

"Now you must sleep. Good-bye."

After he was gone, Pop said, "I wouldn't believe all that about the Aga Khan, you know."

"It sounded pretty good."

"Of course he feels badly," Pop said. "Who wouldn't? Von Lettöw was a hell of a man."

"He's very intelligent," my wife said. "He talks wonderfully about the natives. But he's bitter about American women."

"So am I," said Pop. "He's a good man. You better get some shut-eye. You'll need to start about three-thirty."

"Have them call me."

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Molo raised the back of the tent, propping it with sticks, so the wind blew through and I went to sleep reading, the wind coming in cool and fresh under the heated canvas.

When I woke it was time to go. There were rain clouds in the sky and it was very hot. They had packed some tinned fruit, a five-pound piece of roast meat, bread, tea, and a tea pot, and some tinned milk in a whiskey box with four bottles of beer. There was a canvas water bag and a ground cloth to use as a tent. M'Cola was taking the big gun out to the car.

"There's no hurry about getting back," Pop said. "We'll look for you when we see you."

"All right."

"We'll send the truck to haul that sportsman into Handeni. He's sending his men ahead walking."

"You're sure the truck can stand it? Don't do it because he's a friend of mine."

"Have to get him out. The truck will be in tonight."

"The Memsahib's still asleep," I said. "Maybe she can get out for a walk and shoot some guineas."

"I'm here," she said. "Don't worry about us. *Oh,* I hope you get them."

"Don't send out to look for us along the road until day after tomorrow," I said. "If there's a good chance we'll stay."

"Good luck."

"Good luck, sweet. Good-bye, Mr. J. P."

CHAPTER II

We were out from under the shade of camp and along the sandy river of a road, driving into the western sun, the bush thick to the edge of the sand, solid as a thicket, the little hills rising above it, and all along the road we passed groups of people making their way to the westward. Some were naked except for a greasy cloth knotted over one shoulder, and carried bows and sealed quivers of arrows. Others carried spears. The wealthy carried umbrellas and wore draped white cloth and their women walked behind them, with their pots and pans. Bundles and loads of skins were scattered along ahead on the heads of other natives. All were travelling away from the famine. And in the heat, my feet out over the side of the car to keep them away from the heat of the engine, hat low over the eyes against the sun, watching the road, the people, and all clearings in the bush for game, we drove to the westward.

Once we saw three lesser Kudu cows in an open place of broken bush. Gray, big bellied, long necked, small headed, and with big ears, they moved quickly into the woods and were gone. We left the car and tracked them but there was no bull track.

A little beyond there a flock of guineas quick-legged across the road running steady-headed with the motion of trotters. As I jumped from the car and sprinted after them they rocketted up, their legs tucked close beneath them, heavy bodied, short wings drumming, cackling, to go over the trees ahead. I dropped two that thumped hard when they fell and as they lay, wings beating, Abdullah cut their heads off so they would be legal eating. He put them in the car where M'Cola sat laughing; his old man's healthy laugh, his making-fun-of-me laugh, his bird-shooting laugh that dated from a streak of raging misses one time that had delighted him. Now when I killed, it was a joke as when we shot a hyena; the funniest joke of all. He laughed always to see the birds tumble and when I missed he roared and shook his head again and again.

"Ask him what the hell he's laughing about?" I asked Pop once.

"At Bwana," M'Cola said, and shook his head, "at the little birds."

"He thinks you're funny," Pop said.

"Goddam it. I am funny. But the hell with him."

"He thinks you're very funny," Pop said. "Now the Memsahib and I would never laugh."

"Shoot them yourself."

"No, you're the bird shot. The self-confessed bird shot," she said.

So bird-shooting became this marvellous joke. If I killed, the joke was on the birds and M'Cola would shake his head and laugh and make his hands go round and round to show how the bird turned over in the air. And if I missed, I was the clown of the piece and he would look at me and shake with laughing. Only the hyenas were funnier.

Highly humorous was the hyena obscenely loping, full belly dragging, at daylight on the plain, who, shot from the stern, skittered on into speed to tumble end over end. Mirth provoking was the hyena that stopped out of range by an alkali lake to look back and, hit in the chest, went over on his back, his four feet and his full belly in the air. Nothing could be more jolly than the hyena coming suddenly wedge-headed and stinking out of high grass by a *donga,* hit at ten yards, who raced his tail in three narrowing, scampering circles until he died.

It was funny to M'Cola to see a hyena shot at close range. There was that comic slap of the bullet and the hyena's agitated surprise to find death inside of him. It was funnier to see a hyena shot at a great distance, in the heat shimmer of the plain, to see him go over backwards, to see him start that frantic circle, to see that electric speed that meant that he was racing the

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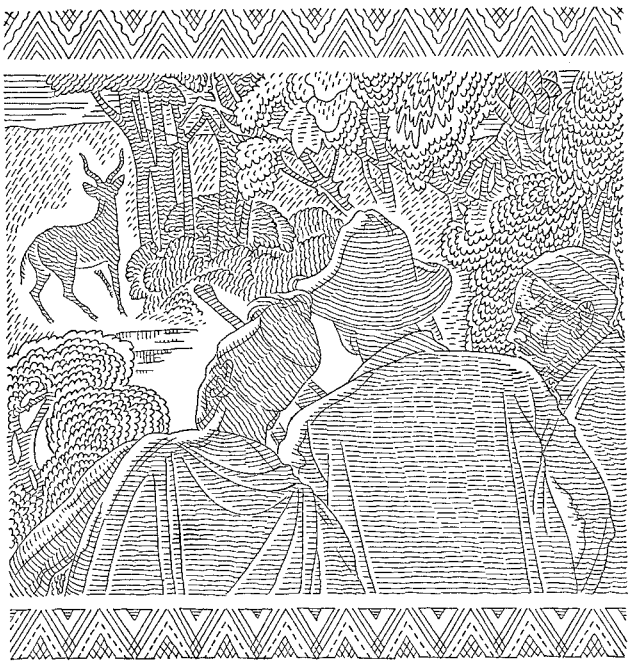

little nickelled death inside him. But the great joke of all, the thing M'Cola waved his hands across his face about, and turned away and shook his head and laughed, ashamed even of the hyena; the pinnacle of hyenic humor, was the hyena, the classic hyena, that hit too far back while running, would circle madly, snapping and tearing at himself until he pulled his own intestines out, and then stood there, jerking them out and eating them with relish.

"Fisi," M'Cola would say and shake his head in delighted sorrow at there being such an awful beast. Fisi, the hyena, hermaphroditic, self-eating devourer of the dead, trailer of calving cows, ham-stringer, potential biter-off of your face at night while you slept, sad yowler, camp-follower, stinking, foul, with jaws that crack the bones the lion leaves, belly dragging, loping away on the brown plain, looking back, mongrel dog-smart in the face; whack from the little Mannlicher and then the horrid circle starting. *"Fisi,"* M'Cola laughed, ashamed of him, shaking his bald black head. *"Fisi."* Eats himself. *"Fisi."*

The hyena was a dirty joke but bird-shooting was a clean joke. My whiskey was a clean joke. There were many variations of that joke. Some we come to later. The Mohammedans and all religions were a joke. A joke on all the people who had them. Charo, the other gun-bearer was short, very serious and highly religious. All Ramadan he never swallowed his saliva until sunset and when the sun was almost down I'd see him watching nervously. He had a bottle with him of some sort of tea and he would finger it and watch the sun and I would see M'Cola watching him and pretending not to see. This was not outrightly funny to him. This was something that he could not laugh about openly but that he felt superior to and wondered at the silliness of it. The Mohammedan religion was very fashionable and all the higher social grades among the boys were Mohammedans. It was something that gave caste, something to believe in, something fashionable and god-giving to suffer a little for each year, something that made you superior to other people, something that gave you more complicated habits of eating, something that I understood and M'Cola did not understand, nor care about, and he watched Charo watch for the sun to set with that blank look on his face that it put on about all things that he was not a part of. Charo was deadly thirsty and truly devout and the sun set very slowly. I looked at it, red over the trees, nudged him and he grinned. M'Cola offered me the water bottle solemnly. I shook my head and Charo grinned again. M'Cola looked blank. Then the sun was down and Charo had the bottle tilted up, his Adam's apple rising and falling greedily and M'Cola looking at him and then looking away.

In the early days, before we became good friends, he did not trust me at all. When anything came up he went into this blankness. I liked Charo much better then. We understood each other on the question of religion and Charo admired my shooting and always shook hands and smiled when we had killed anything particularly good. This was flattering and pleasing. M'Cola looked on all this early shooting as a series of lucky accidents. We were supposed to shoot. We had not yet shot anything that amounted to anything and he was not really my gun-bearer. He was Mr. Jackson Phillip's gun-bearer and he had been loaned to me. I meant nothing to him. He did not like me nor dislike me. He was politely contemptuous of Karl. Who he liked was Mama.

The evening we killed the first lion it was dark when we came in sight of camp. The killing of the lion had been confused and unsatisfactory. It was agreed beforehand that P. O. M. should have the first shot but since it was the first lion any of us had ever shot at, and it was very late in the day, really too late to take the lion on, once he was hit we were to make a dogfight of it and any one was free to get him. This was a good plan as it was nearly sundown and if the lion got into cover, wounded, it would be too dark to do anything about it without a mess. I remember seeing the lion looking yellow and heavy-headed and enormous against a scrubby looking tree in a patch of orchard bush and P. O. M. kneeling to shoot and wanting to tell her to sit down and make sure of him. Then there was the short barrelled explosion of the Mannlicher and the lion was going to the left on a run, a strange, heavy-shouldered, foot-swinging, cat run. I hit him with the Springfield and he

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went down and spun over and I shot again, too quickly, and threw a cloud of dirt over him. But there he was, stretched out, on his belly, and, with the sun just over the top of the trees, and the grass very green, we walked up on him like a posse, or a gang of Black and Tans, guns ready and cocked, not knowing whether he was stunned or dead. When we were close M'Cola threw a stone at him. It hit him in the flank and from the way it hit you could tell he was a dead animal. I was sure P. O. M. had hit him but there was only one bullet hole, well back, just below the spine and ranging forward to come to the surface under the skin of the chest. You could feel the bullet under the skin and M'Cola made a slit and cut it out. It was a .220-grain solid bullet from the Springfield and it had raked him, going through lungs and heart.

I was so surprised by the way he had rolled over dead from the shot after we had been prepared for a charge, for heroics, and for drama, that I felt more let down than pleased. It was our first lion and we were very ignorant and this was not what we had paid to see. Charo and M'Cola both shook P. O. M.'s hand and then Charo came over and shook hands with me.

"Good shot, Bwana," he said in Swahili. *"Piga m'uzuri."*

"Did you shoot, Karl?" I asked.

"No. I was just going to when you shot."

"You didn't shoot him, Pop?"

"No. You'd have heard it." He opened the breech and took out the two big .450 No. 2's.

"I'm sure I missed him," P. O. M. said.

"I was sure you hit him. I still think you hit him," I said.

"Mama hit," M'Cola said.

"Where?" Charo asked.

"Hit," said M'Cola. "Hit."

"You rolled him over," Pop said to me. "God, he went over like a rabbit."

"I couldn't believe it."

"Mama *Piga,*" M'Cola said. *"Piga Simba."*

As we saw the camp fire in the dark ahead of us, coming in that night, M'Cola suddenly commenced to shout a stream of high-pitched, rapid, singing words in Kakamba ending in the word *"Simba."* Some one at the camp shouted back one word.

"Mama!" M'Cola shouted. Then another long stream. Then "Mama! Mama!"

Through the dark came all the porters, the cook, the skinner, the boys, and the headman.

"Mama!" M'Cola shouted. "Mama *piga Simba.*"

The boys came dancing, crowding, and beating time and chanting something from down in their chests that started like a cough and sounded like *"Hey la Mama! Hay la Mama! Hey la Mama!"*

The rolling-eyed skinner picked P. O. M. up, the big cook and the boys held her, and the others pressing forward to lift, and if not to lift to touch and hold, they danced and sang through the dark, around the fire and to our tent.

"Hey la Mama! huh! huh! huh! Hay la Mama! huh! huh! huh!" they sang the lion dance with that deep, lion asthmatic cough in it. Then at the tent they put her down and every one, very shyly, shook hands, the boys saying *"m'uzuri, Memsahib,"* and M'Cola and the porters all saying *"m'uzuri,* Mama" with much feeling in the accenting of the word "Mama."

Afterwards in the chairs in front of the fire, sitting with the drinks, Pop said, "You shot it. M'Cola would kill any one who said you didn't."

"You know, I feel as though I did shoot it," P. O. M. said. "I don't believe I'd be able to stand it if I really had shot it. I'd be too proud. Isn't triumph marvellous?"

"Good old Mama," Karl said.

"I believe you did shoot him," I said.

"Oh, let's not go into that," P. O. M. said. "I feel so wonderful about just being supposed to have killed him. You know people never used to carry me on their shoulders much at home."

"No one knows how to behave in America," Pop said. "Most uncivilized."

"We'll carry you in Key West," Karl said. "Poor old Mama."

"Let's not talk about it," P. O. M. said. "I like it too much. Shouldn't I maybe distribute largess?"

"They didn't do it for that," Pop said. "But it is all right to give something to celebrate."

"Oh, I want to give them all a great deal of money," P. O. M. said. "Isn't triumph simply marvellous?"

"Good old Mama," I said. "You killed him."

"No I didn't. Don't lie to me. Just let me enjoy my triumph."

Anyway M'Cola did not trust me for a long time. Until P. O. M.'s license ran out, she was his favorite and we were simply a lot of people who interfered and kept Mama from shooting things. Once her license was out and she was no longer shooting, she dropped back into non-combatant status with him and as we began to hunt Kudu and Pop stayed in camp and sent us out alone with the trackers, Karl with Charo and M'Cola and I together, M'Cola dropped Pop visibly in his estimation. It was only temporary of course. He was Pop's man and I believe his working estimations were only from day to day and required an unbroken series of events to have any meaning. But something had happened between us.

"First of the Hills and the Trophy of Jealousy," the second part of Ernest Hemingway's "Green Hills of Africa," will be in the June SCRIBNER'S.

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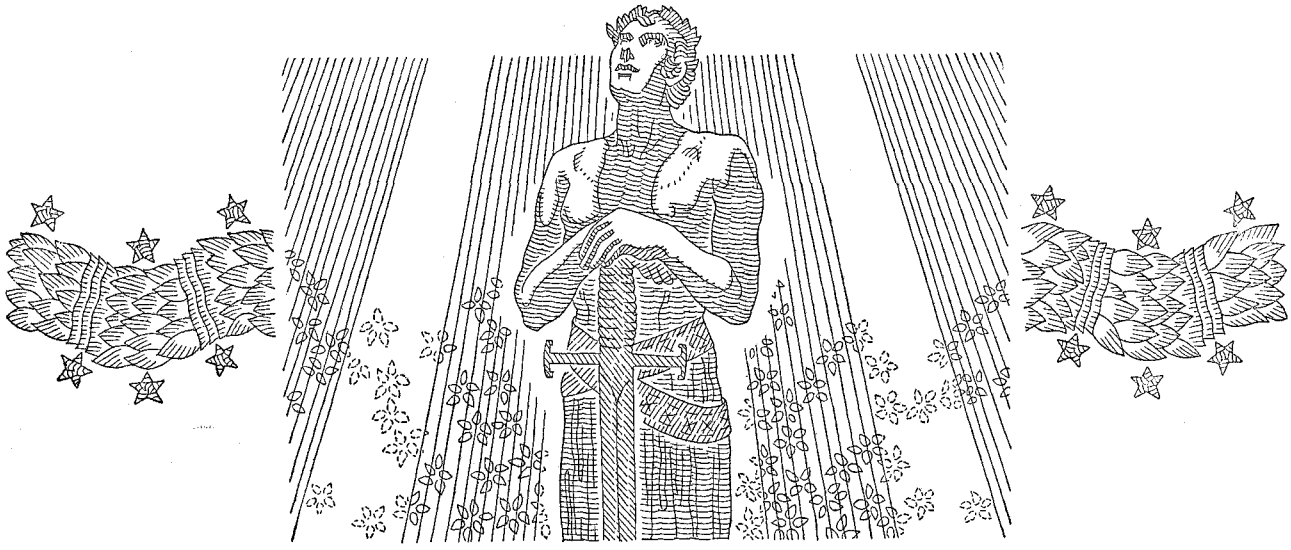

Liberty—Is It Worth Fighting For?

By James Truslow Adams

Men fought a century ago to establish the principle of individual freedom. Now many incline toward the idea of dictatorship upon promise of economic improvement. In the coming collectivism is personal freedom worth preserving? Mr. Adams answers with a strong "Yes" and a challenge to battle

HISTORY does not repeat itself in as precise a form as do identical experiments in chemistry or physics. Nevertheless, particularly in the larger events, such as major revolutions and great wars, the patterns of both the unfolding of the events themselves and their after-effects are frequently sufficiently similar as to allow of a fair degree of prediction. In many respects post-World-War history has repeated that of the world after the Napoleonic wars. There has been the same breakdown in world trade, the closing of plants, the over-production, the unemployment on a vast scale, the political unrest, the falling of governments. There is one point of difference, however, which is startling and which may have effect upon the future of mankind for many generations. That difference is the attitude of youth toward liberty.

When the Napoleonic storm subsided, the continent of Europe had been left wrecked and altered almost beyond recognition. As in Harding's cry for "normalcy" in 1920 the demand went up for the re-establishment of order. Pope, kings, and emperors crept back to their old places, to revive the old tyranny and mismanagement. Youth, however, or at least the flower of youth in nation after nation, after a while would have none of this. It demanded liberty, liberty for the nation in order that there might be liberty for the citizen. Particularly in Italy from 1820 to 1860 the story of the young men who suffered years of imprisonment, exile, and torture in order to forward the cause of freedom is one of the noblest in all history. The same fight was waged by Kossuth and others in Hungary, the patriots in the German states, and others elsewhere. These were not struggling for racialism, mere nationalism, nor for a standard of material comfort but for liberty to think and speak and write and act as free men in a free state.

On the contrary since the World War, in many countries, the enthusiasm of youth has been enlisted in precisely the opposite cause. In Italy the thousands of young Fascists who annually enter the organization proudly take the oath to obey without hesitation and without question any order of any sort given by Mussolini. In Germany they seem gladly to give up all liberty of thought, speech, or act in order to allow Hitler to do as he will with the state and the individual. In Russia the lives of all are turned over to the control of a group of a half dozen men or less. In France, England, and the United States the movement has taken on no such proportions, but, especially among the young so-called intellectuals, there has been a marked toying with communism or fascism as solutions for our ills.

We may note one or two reasons, among others, for this change of mental temper during the past century. (Lovers of intellectual as well as personal liberty cannot fail to consider the change extremely dangerous.) In the first place, youth, with its energy, its ambition, its hopefulness, and, it may be added, its inexperience, demands action. It wants some cause to fight for, some program to put into immediate operation. It makes little difference whether the cause or program be vague, impractical, even hopeless, provided it appeals to the imagination as an ideal. Youth is impatient of caution or half-measures. Its cynicism, though often expressed now by many, is a pose, and both from physical energy and from lack of experience, it welcomes the possibility of change and has abounding faith in the capacity

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of the world to be made over in a day by a new idea or a sudden altering of institutions.

These rather platitudinous statements would not explain why such a large part of the youth movement of our world today has turned its back on liberalism unless we add other considerations.

Not long ago President Nicholas Murray Butler said that political problems had given place to economic ones. Put in that way I think the statement is somewhat misleading. Political problems are still not only of importance but will be increasingly so because the economic ones cannot be solved without perhaps great adjustments in the political system, and what those adjustments may prove will be of corresponding importance to the intellectual and spiritual development of the race. It is, however, true that our economic ills have taken on an aspect never known before, and have come to occupy the center of the stage. Moreover, although our political problems have most assuredly not been solved, the partial solution arrived at in the civilized world during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had conferred such a degree of freedom of thought, speech, and action upon citizens as to make them forget the fierceness of the struggle by which these privileges or rights had been won and the value of the prize gained. Here is where we reach, I think, the heart of the question of why youth, with its generous enthusiasm and love of freedom, has consented to become politically and intellectually reactionary for the sake of radicalism in economics.

Capitalism, in the sense of a society based on private property for pleasure or exploitation, is as old as recorded history. In the nineteenth century, however, the introduction of machinery, the development of applied science in multifarious forms, and the opening by these means of vast areas for rapid exploitation such as the two Americas and the markets of the East, caused such abuses and mal-distributions as the world had scarcely, if ever, seen before. On top of these came the unprecedented unemployment following the unprecedented World War. At the same time, in the nineteenth century, there had been the rapid development of democracy, the surging wave of humanitarianism, and the rise of the masses in both consideration and power. The problems inherent in a specific form of capitalist society, the defects of which had been greatly intensified by a short century of unparalleled expansion, suddenly were recognized by masses who had become peculiarly sensitive to them because in a great degree, as compared with any previous period, their political and economic demands had already been met.

As a result of this combination, economic problems came to over-shadow all others. The fear of economic insecurity crept over life like an eclipse, over whole nations, and did much to intensify that extreme nationalism which has also been one of the pathological symptoms of the new century and which has darkened life with the fear of war. In fact, today we live in a world of fears. As General Smuts said in a recent notable address, "the primeval dread of the unknown is once more upon us, and the dark irrational forces of the past are once more stalking from their obscure background."

Herein lie the appeals of Fascism, of Nazism, of Communism. The leaders of all these movements promised their followers a safer and better individual and national life. For the most part, humanity, like an army, finds it impossible to fight on several fronts at once. With minds almost wholly concentrated on questions of war and economics, forgetting the results of battles which humanity has won in the past on other fronts, it is not so strange that the youth of much of Europe and elsewhere, who a century ago were suffering imprisonment and exile for the sake of freedom, are now applauding leaders and plans that hold out the dream of both national and economic safety, though without liberty, or that they are joined by those elders who in the disillusionment following war have come to believe that both capitalism and democracy are bankrupt and that anything which promises a difference promises to be better. The fears and bewilderment of age join the generous enthusiasm of youth as strange companions on a voyage no one knows whither.

There is vast confusion of thought both as to the present and as to where we are bound. In America, Congress has abdicated its function of forming opinions, and supinely submits to pressure groups among the public or pressure from the White House. The "experts" whom the President has called upon have been more notable for their extreme differences of advice than for the soundness of it. Even leaders, as I suppose they would consider themselves, of radical public opinion, refuse to take a stand. When, on its twentieth anniversary, *The New Republic* (originally founded as a liberal journal with capitalist money) threw the old liberalism out of the window and declared that "capitalism has outlived its usefulness," it declined to say what it did advocate except a "moving toward a collectivist society."

Every one agrees that at present the frying pan is extremely uncomfortable but should not some attention be paid to the flames of the fire into which we may jump or fall by inattention?

Before being more specific we may make one generalization. That is that there never has been and never will be any perfect form of society or government, any perfect currency or dollar, any perfect equality, and perfect security, or anything perfect or fairly perfect in human life. It is as impossible to attain the millennium as to get back to the garden of Eden. The story of the race has been one of perpetual change. Perfection is a will-of-the-wisp. Generations have gone on with habits and customs and forms of government until the maladjustments have become too great, when they have changed them, suddenly or gradually, only in time to meet new maladjustments. To believe otherwise of either the past or the future is mere wishful thinking. Every generation in the long history of the race has been harassed by its own anxieties, troubles, and sufferings. This is not to say that we should not try with all our power to diminish the ills of our own time. To a great extent each generation has done so, and it would seem clear that little by little, very slowly, the world has become a better place in which to live and the race has advanced. It simply means that no sudden bright idea, no over-night revolution, will bring about a perfect organization of society or for its own generation any great amelioration of conditions.

To come to more specific matters we may ask, have democracy, capitalism, and liberalism suddenly ceased to be of value? Is it not a bit early to put on the black cap and pronounce the death sen-

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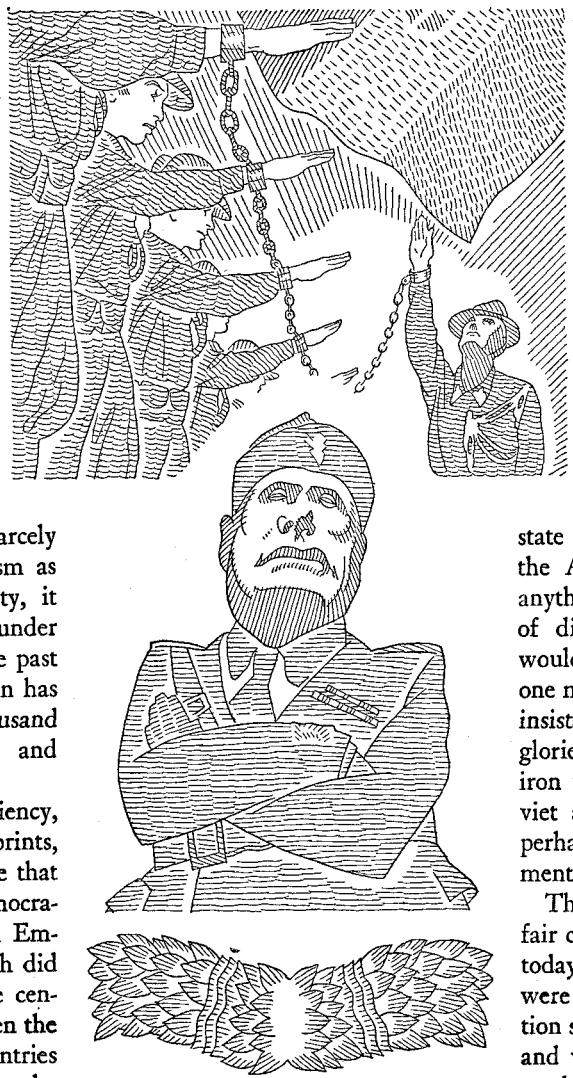

tence? Democracy in the modern sense is scarcely a century old even if we date it from as far back as the Reform Bill of 1830 in England and the attainment of general white manhood suffrage about the same time in the United States. If we add the many who could not then vote, especially the half of the population who are women, it is scarcely fifteen years old. As for capitalism as an institution of private property, it has, as we have pointed out, been under a most extraordinary strain in the past century though no civilized nation has existed without it for ten thousand years, as far back as Babylon and Sumeria.

As for the charge of inefficiency, brought by the lovers of blue prints, against democracies, we may note that it was the three most highly democratised nations, France, the British Empire, and the United States, which did most to win the war against the centralized autocracies. It has also been the governments of these three countries which have been most stable in the swirling years since the war. Economically, in spite of now diminishing unemployment, a large part of which is covered by the "dole" at the expense of capital, the capitalist democratic British Empire is the best off of any great aggregation of people in the world. As compared with Italy, Germany, or Russia, in national finance or private standard of living, the Empire is far ahead of them, and the living conditions and economic safeguards for the mass of its population are also far beyond those of a century ago. As for the latter statement, apart from ample historical evidence, we may cite the recent words of the Socialist Philip Snowden in his *Autobiography* (1934) when he says that "we rightly condemn the serious evils and hardships and inequalities which still exist, but I have no patience with those who say that things are no better or are worse than formerly. If they could be put back to the common conditions of my childhood they would know better." Yet Snowden was not born until twenty years after the terrible "Hungry Forties" of the last century.

In America we are suffering acutely from the combined crisis of a depression cycle and an inevitable post-war depression, both of which have been heavily accentuated by the wild speculation indulged in both during and after the war. Had it not been for the money borrowed by farmers to buy additional land, by almost every one to buy on the instalment plan, for the money put into every speculative enterprise from Florida real estate to securities selling at fantastic prices, our present situation, bad as it would be, would not be nearly as bad as it is. We are paying in part not for the capitalist system but for greed and folly.

Also we may note that a considerable part of the economic trouble of today is due to the nationalism which sets up barriers against international trade, and there is nothing to indicate that nationalism, political, and economic, would be any less rampant under dictatorships or communist states than at the present stage of capitalist society. There is nothing to show that a Mussolini, a Hitler, or a Stalin is any more ready to merge his nation in a world economic state than is the British parliament or the American congress. Nor is there anything to show that a world made up of dictatorships or totalitarian states would be any less prone to war than one made up of democracies. Mussolini insists that Italy is militaristic and glories in it. Hitler preaches blood and iron while Germany re-arms. The Soviet army, especially the air force, is perhaps the most efficient accomplishment of the Soviet Republic.

There are difficulties in arriving at a fair comparison of the United States of today with that of a century ago. We were then a small, agricultural population settled on the fringe of a vast, rich, and virgin continent, remote from the world. We are now largely an industrial population, of 125,000,000 people, closely dependent on world conditions, and in the midst of a crisis which, to a considerable extent at least, is temporary. But if we consider the hours of labor, the standard of living, the opportunities of education in schools, libraries, and museums, the amount of accumulated personal wealth on the part of all, the freeing of 6,000,000 chattel slaves, the steady limitations on the rights of private property, and other points, we must acknowledge that there has been a marked advance for the great bulk of Americans. Moreover, if we consider the problems incident to our great corporations, the power of concentrated wealth, the influence of money on politics, the lack of a system of social insurance, and so on, we must recall that these are not necessarily inherent flaws in a capitalist system but largely stem from flaws in our own national character in the past, a character which would not immediately be

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changed by an alteration in the form of government.

The record of liberalism in the past two centuries is now to a great extent ignored or sneered at simply because of the greatness of its own accomplishment. In that lies one of our most pressing dangers. We do not think of the air we breathe. We take it for granted until some moment when we find ourselves in danger of suffocation. There is not complete freedom of speech and writing even now but it is almost complete in the great democracies as compared with two hundred years ago, a freedom unknown under either dictators or communists. Mr. Laski and others may plead for even greater freedom to teach their pupils anything they wish but Mr. Laski can stand at Hyde Park Corner, assured of governmental protection, and demand the abolition of the British monarchy, the dismemberment of the Empire or anything he chooses. How long would he be free or possibly alive if he stood at a street corner in Rome demanding the overthrow of Mussolini or in Berlin denouncing Hitler or in Moscow warning the crowd against the dangers of communism and their form of government? To liberalism we owe this freedom of thought and speech, our public educational system, the enfranchisement of the masses, of both sexes, the right to religious freedom, and other rights and privileges, everyday matters which are overlooked now in our preoccupation with economics.

I am far from being an optimist and assuredly do not believe that the present system is wholly satisfactory or that it will last, any more than any other has lasted, without change. It may change gradually or by revolution. As always, in either case, the average individual citizen will have little to do with the conscious guidance of events. Even the intellectuals and the fanatics make themselves immediately and personally felt only in the case of revolution. But we may ask what are the conscious choices which these two groups now offer to us?

In what I believe a very misleading simplification, *The New Republic* undertook to answer this in its issue of January 23rd. "What the propertyless citizen faces in reality," it said in a leading article, "is a choice between being ruled by capitalists or their agents and, on the other hand, delegating the functions of economic management to more genuine and competent representatives under a system where [sic] pains are taken to consult his welfare and his wishes, as a matter of fundamental right." Oh, marvellous and enticing simplicity of choice! Who would hesitate between the two alternatives?

But who are these "more genuine and competent representatives" who will take pains to consult my welfare and my wishes as a matter of fundamental right and who will unquestionably arise to protect me from the dangers and disasters of revolution in a highly industrialized nation of 125,000,000? One of the things which I would like to do if my welfare and wishes were consulted as a matter of fundamental right would be to be able to go on thinking, speaking, and writing what I liked. Could I do that in Italy, deeply as I love that country and greatly as I admire much of Mussolini's accomplishment? Let exiled professors and a muzzled press give answer. There has been stability of government—though what may happen when Mussolini dies no one knows—but the loss of freedom of speech and press has not even been compensated for by economic security.

As for the state erected by the Nazis, the stupidity of it, its barbarism and abandonment of the ideals and fruits of civilization have raised such a stench in the nostrils of every man who has any conception of what civilization means that it is unnecessary to dilate on what that experiment has brought into being. One is reminded of Gladstone's denunciation of the rule of King Bomba in Naples in 1850 when he wrote, in words which Palmerston spread over Europe, that "the present practices of the government of Naples in reference to real or supposed political offenders are an outrage upon religion, upon civilization, upon humanity, and upon decency." He spoke of "the wholesale persecution of virtue," of "the perfect prostitution of the judicial office," of "the negation of God erected into a system of government." That is what our modern dictatorships can, and to a large extent have, become, yet because there was no genuine democracy in Germany the best Germans have now to content themselves for the moment with either Hitler or chaos, while any opposition to government is drowned in blood in Russia.

Let us turn to that country, in which is being carried out the most interesting experiment of the three and the one most enticing to modern youth. With many, indeed, it has become almost a religion, and radicals who would shout themselves hoarse with vituperation against any infringement of freedom of speech or person in America defend the suppressions and secret trials and mass murders of the communist régime. Speaking not of the temporarily unemployed or of certain groups of discontented or of those who might hope to rise to power by a revolution such as *The New Republic* hints at, what would the great mass of Americans think of Russian conditions? In the first place they would have to give up for the rest of their lives most of the personal liberties for which we have fought in the past and for which we are still fighting. In place of our innumerable great corporations—which are bad enough—there would be one great corporation, the State. Granted that we gave up our personal liberties, to which I believe in spite of all, most Americans are still, if often unconsciously, devoted, what would we get from the economic standpoint? Comfort? Security?

I was recently talking with a man who had just returned from Russia and who had managed to visit not the "show" factories but some of the others. In one of these he asked the manager if the employees were free to leave and seek other work if they preferred it. The answer was "Oh, yes, if we don't need them." "If you do, they cannot go?" "No." "If they leave without permission, what happens?" "They lose their bread cards and starve." Not long ago a young student at Ruskin College, Oxford, who had been praising the Soviet regime, was challenged by Lord Nuffield to go to Russia for a month at his expense and study it first-hand. He went, though at his own expense, and on his return confessed he was disillusioned. He said he could no longer be a Communist of the Marxian type after what he had seen, and that "it was sickening to see the Hampstead intellectual type being shepherded carefully through the show places and accepting the statistics and anything official." "There had been a complete failure," he said in an interview in *The London Times*, "to maintain equality of wages. The

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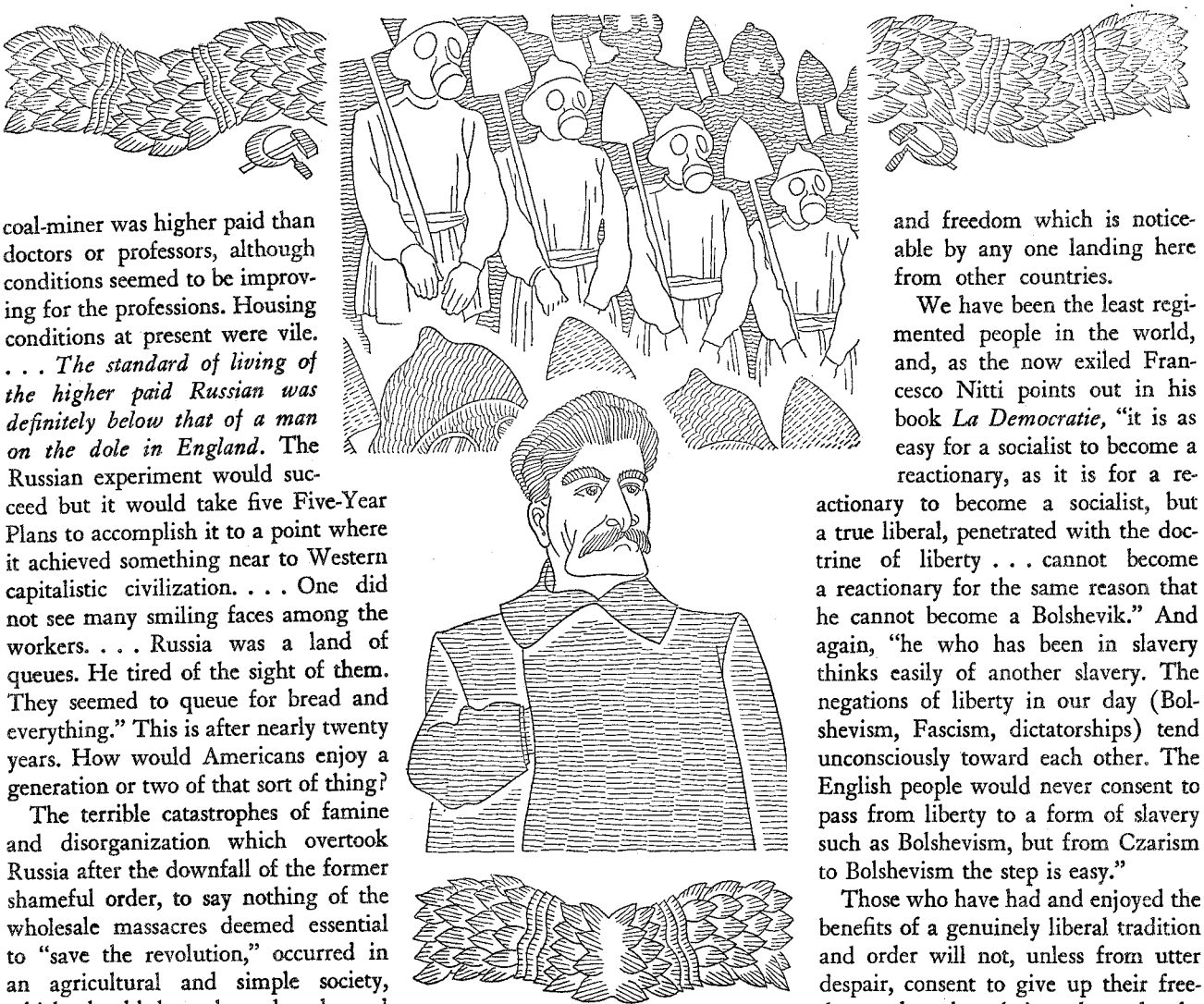

coal-miner was higher paid than doctors or professors, although conditions seemed to be improving for the professions. Housing conditions at present were vile. . . . *The standard of living of the higher paid Russian was definitely below that of a man on the dole in England.* The Russian experiment would succeed but it would take five Five-Year Plans to accomplish it to a point where it achieved something near to Western capitalistic civilization. . . . One did not see many smiling faces among the workers. . . . Russia was a land of queues. He tired of the sight of them. They seemed to queue for bread and everything." This is after nearly twenty years. How would Americans enjoy a generation or two of that sort of thing?

The terrible catastrophes of famine and disorganization which overtook Russia after the downfall of the former shameful order, to say nothing of the wholesale massacres deemed essential to "save the revolution," occurred in an agricultural and simple society, which should have been largely and locally self-supporting. Is it worth while to risk such a turn to communism in our own highly organized industrial civilization where the catastrophes would be far worse in order to reach perhaps in forty or fifty years some new type of civilization which might then be catching up to where we are now, but the type of which no one can foresee? Yet this is what the pro-Russian enthusiasts invite us to do.

As for any other form of socialist or totalitarian state *suddenly arrived at* by an over-turn, it seems to me the question is the same. Such a state, if it could be run at all, would have to be governed by a small group at the center, and differences of opinion among the public would have to be subordinated to commands of those in charge. In other words, liberties of thought and speech and action which have been won by liberal movements of the past would have to be sacrificed, and we would have the same ruthless oppression of the minority, or even the majority—for a revolutionary government *can* govern against the will of a majority—that has been the case in all except democratic states.

There are several reasons why any form of totalitarian state would be particularly obnoxious to the general mass of Americans who would have either to be defeated in civil war or cowed into submission by a terrorism which would make the "purges" of Hitler or the mass murders of Russia seem puny in comparison. To mention only one point, we have hitherto been the freest people in the world, partly because the nation has been largely made up of those who have come from all other nations seeking freedom, and partly because in the past the unexampled opportunities for achieving personal independence or even wealth and high position on a virgin continent and in a fluid society have given to each individual a sense of unrestraint and freedom which is noticeable by any one landing here from other countries.

We have been the least regimented people in the world, and, as the now exiled Francesco Nitti points out in his book *La Democratie,* "it is as easy for a socialist to become a reactionary, as it is for a reactionary to become a socialist, but a true liberal, penetrated with the doctrine of liberty . . . cannot become a reactionary for the same reason that he cannot become a Bolshevik." And again, "he who has been in slavery thinks easily of another slavery. The negations of liberty in our day (Bolshevism, Fascism, dictatorships) tend unconsciously toward each other. The English people would never consent to pass from liberty to a form of slavery such as Bolshevism, but from Czarism to Bolshevism the step is easy."

Those who have had and enjoyed the benefits of a genuinely liberal tradition and order will not, unless from utter despair, consent to give up their freedom and to place their necks under the yoke of others. It is probably for the reason suggested by Nitti that the Jewish race, many of whose traits and qualities I admire, lends itself in so many cases so readily to the philosophy of communism. Oppressed and downtrodden in Europe for many centuries their minds pass easily from one form of oppression to another, particularly if their own former oppressors are placed equally with themselves under the new domination. With the mass of Americans it is different, and any of the new forms of dictatorship, which are merely old tyrannies with new names, could not be established without the bloodiest revolution the world has yet seen.

In another respect the United States is little prepared for any sudden and voluntary transformation into a collectivist state. Owing partly to the possibilities at least for achieving success in business or professional life and partly to our political philosophy of "to the

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victor belong the spoils," public office has held slight attraction for most Americans. We have little of the bureaucracy of Europe or the civil service spirit of England, although there are signs that the latter may be built up among us in the future. With the stabilizing of population, which is predicted for about 1970, very likely a profound psychological change will occur, greater than that caused by the ending of the frontier. We have, for three centuries, thought in terms of the present *plus* the future. We have thought that towns would always grow, if we picked the right ones; that real estate should be priced not only on the basis of its present income return but of its future enhancement in capital value; that corporations in which we invested would have an ever wider public to serve. As a nation we have been optimistic, always ready to take a chance though the big prizes have gone to the few. To accept a government or other job in which there might be safety but no chance has been considered as a sign of lack of ambition. This attitude may change with the passing of the many chances which have hitherto been dependent on increase of population. A saner attitude toward life may develop. But most Americans are not yet ready to serve some totalitarian state for a pittance.

The trend will probably be toward an enlarging sphere for government, toward more collectivism. Just as a century ago practically all the art treasures in the country were in private hands whereas now they are largely in public museums; as education has passed largely to the state; as the carrying of mails has ceased to be a private function and become a governmental one; and so on, so gradually the government will probably absorb in time the telegraph and telephone services, the railroads, power industry, mines, and other major industries.

I believe firmly that the trend is toward such collectivism and that nothing will stop it, even if one believed it should be stopped. Just as forces rather than individuals have made one industry after another function on a national instead of a local scale, so forces and not voters will transfer these from private hands to those of the general government. The question is whether this process will take place gradually as evolution, allowing time for digestion at each stage, or whether impatience will try to force it by revolution.

Youth is impatient and likes to take short cuts to a goal. The difficulty is that all the short cuts proposed or tried do not solve the economic problems and so far indeed have made economic conditions worse than in the democracies, while at the same time they demand the renouncing of those liberties which we have spent centuries in acquiring and which, because they have become like the air we breathe will be sadly recalled only when some one has us by the throat.

What then? If we are not to put on black shirts or brown shirts or carry red flags and surge forward to place ourselves overnight under the rule of some dictatorship—Fascist, Nazi, Communist, Socialist—what are we to do?

It seems to me that there lie directly ahead of us a great challenge and a great fight, not only for youth but for all. The challenge is to continue that amelioration of the lot of the ordinary man that has been progressing for some centuries; to find not the perfect but the best solutions humanly possible for the economic problems pressing upon us; to build a better order for the generations to come, but to do this with a realization of the whole nature of man, without being led astray by the temporary exigencies of economic difficulties in our own generation, and without sacrificing the precious heritage of liberty won in the past. We want neither the repressions of that past nor the still greater repressions resulting from the new tyrannies.

In the million years or so of man's history he has struggled up through savagery and barbarism. He has suffered from ignorance, from plagues, from famine, from desolating wars, from all the ills that can be conceived. Slowly he has conquered and has risen in spiritual and mental capacity. That advance has come only from the free play of mind and spirit when conditions have allowed it. As General Smuts well said in the address already quoted, "even more than political principles and constitutions are [now] at stake. The vision of freedom, of the liberation of the human spirit from its primeval bondage is perhaps the greatest light which has yet dawned on our human horizon. It forms the real spur of progress, the lure of our race in its ceaseless striving towards the future. According to Plato, the movement of the world is from brute force to freedom, from fate or necessity to reason, from compulsion to persuasion. Man's progress through the ages is from a régime of domination to one of understanding, consent, and free cooperation. That great movement of liberation is the glory of our past. It is also our inescapable program for the future."

Is there freedom for man's spirit anywhere today under any of the forms of dictatorship set up, whether that of an individual or what is absurdly called the dictatorship of the proletariat in which the individual proletarian has practically nothing to say as to how his own life shall be regulated? Can any society progress, bring satisfaction and happiness, or even survive, which puts men's minds in chains and forbids the free exploration of ideas? The problem of a better distribution of the social product in what has become a potential age of plenty is an overwhelming one demanding solution, but the present forgetfulness of the human need for freedom is equally pressing. Liberalism, despised by every dictator or would-be dictator, is at bay but it has still a great rôle to play.

This, then, is the challenge to us all —how to solve our economic problems in the spirit of liberalism and not of tyranny. To call in a dictator to rule for us, or to alter the fundamental form of our society in such a way as to gain a hypothetical solution of economic difficulties by sacrifice of all freedom of mind and spirit, of all that man has striven for during so many centuries and which he has so hardly won, is not to take part in high adventure and glorious enterprise but with the spirit of a coward to betray both the past and the future of our race.

Next month: "Social Morality in a Diminishing Population"
by FREDERICK OSBORN.

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Ivory Pavane

A Story of a circus high-wire troupe

By Charles Cooke

THE Four Garonnes sat at luncheon in the dining room of a hotel near Madison Square Garden. For four years they had been one of the ranking attractions of the Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey Circus, and for four years they had been acknowledged to be the best and most daring of all the high-wire troupes in the circuses of the world. They were depressed, and very angry.

It was an April day, and the first performance of the new season was to begin at two o'clock. One of the new programs lay in the middle of the table, open at:

DISPLAY NO. 17. THE FOUR GARONNES. THE MOST SENSATIONAL HIGH-WIRE FEATURE EVER PRESENTED—THRILLING NEW FEATS BY A COMPANY OF INTREPID DAREDEVILS WHOSE EXPLOITS HAVE MADE TWO CONTINENTS GASP.

Beside it lay a hand-written note, at which their smouldering eyes glared in hate; it read:

Pierre: Had to place you at west end for New York and entire season. If both in center, your rigging would foul the Otaris', which is much larger than Codona's. Sorry.

FELDER.

The note had arrived by messenger only a few minutes before. Until Pierre read it, The Four Garonnes had assumed that of course they were to have the coveted center position, which had always been theirs in every circus in which they had ever performed. They knew there was no appeal from Felder's order, but his reason seemed transparently false. The Otari Troupe—ten high-trapeze artists from Italy who were newcomers this year, taking the place of the superb Alfredo Codona and his two co-stars—was the largest high-trapeze troupe in the world. Its rigging was elaborate, the Garonnes knew; but Codona's had been elaborate, too, and the great Alfredo had always been touchy about it—yet no one had ever suggested that the two riggings might foul each other. And now they were unceremoniously shunted to the west flank for the season, and their only notification of the humiliating change was a curt note.

Under the most favorable conditions they would have been depressed at this hour of the day, with the nightmare ordeal of their twelve-minute act so near in time, taking joy out of their souls and smiles from their lips and glints from their eyes, sobering their faces: the horrible certainty, should skill or alertness or courage relax their cruel concert pitch, of hurtling to frightful pain or sudden violent death. During the circus season, April in New York to October in Miami, their spirits were buoyant only during the heady moments of relief and applause immediately after the act's successful completion, a post-performance elation as morbidly magnified as their pre-performance anxiety. Today, as they sat at lunch, their depression was profound: they were to present, for the first time in public, a new conclusion for their act, a conclusion more difficult than anything they had ever attempted before and therefore the most difficult feat in high-wire history.

Unlike most circus "family troupes," they were all of the same family. Pierre, brunet, was the oldest; he was thirty-five. Next in point of age came Pol, brunet, thirty-two; then François Xavier, blond, thirty-one; then Adrienne, brunette, twenty-four. Their late father, French, and their late mother, German, had both been circus performers, and the snub-nosed, Gallic-Teutonic faces of the Four Garonnes bore a strong resemblance yet differed within that similarity, like a single pungent melody played in four different keys. Nine years ago they had come to this country, and four years ago they had graduated triumphantly from small motor-transported circuses to the great Hagenbeck-Wallace show. Until August of their second Hagenbeck-Wallace season, the troupe performed with Désirée, blonde, five years younger than François Xavier and two years older than Adrienne, as the feminine member: in addition to solo hand-stands on the wire early

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in the act, she had the difficult rôle, in the concluding "pyramid," of climbing up onto François Xavier's shoulders as he stood erect on a little white chair with sawed-off legs that was balanced on a pole yoked between Pol and Pierre. Adrienne, the baby of the family, was then travelling with the troupe as secretary and general assistant.

Désirée Garonne, stirring her coffee as she sat at breakfast with Pol in the mammoth Hagenbeck-Wallace dining tent one soggily hot August morning in Terre Haute, remarked: "I think there will be a thunderstorm, the air is so heavy." The oppressive summer sunlight, filtered and diffused by the yellowish, translucent canvas, soaked with moist heat the scores of circus people who sat eating at the long narrow tables with their long red-and-white tablecloths. Exactly ten and a half hours later, Désirée, her neck and both legs and half her ribs broken, lay dead. Fifty feet above her crumpled body, Pol and Pierre and François Xavier clung desperately swaying in a terrific tableau while thunder boomed and the rain-spattered big top bellied and flapped hugely in the wind and the crowd sat appalled in the wet night heat. The storm, which had threatened all through the breathless day, had broken suddenly when the evening performance was half over. It was still raging when the Garonnes put on their act, which went off well enough until the concluding "pyramid": Désirée stood erect on François Xavier's shoulders, her head only two feet from the canvas top, and applause had already begun to clatter when an unusually heavy gust of wind filled the canvas like a sail, depressing it suddenly; it rapped Désirée sharply on the head and shot her hurtling down past her collapsed brothers, who, by dropping their long balancing poles, were able, miraculously, to grab the sagging wire and cling to it. The twelve dull-witted, khaki-clad circus hands who were holding the safety net, which the Garonnes used only for the "pyramid," were unable to shift fast enough to catch Désirée; she struck a full two yards away. One by one, the brothers dropped safely into the net, to kneel weeping over Désirée until men in white came with a stretcher and bore her away.

She was buried in a Catholic cemetery in Terre Haute. The Garonnes, of course, could not finish that season with Hagenbeck-Wallace, but within a month they were practising again, breaking Adrienne in, on a wire stretched five feet above the floor of a Chicago gymnasium, with mats bedded under it along its entire ninety-foot length. Adrienne quickly proved that she had a sense of balance equal to that of her brothers; her courage was taken for granted. By November, when they were stretching the wire at a height of twenty feet and had taken the mats away, the three brothers realized that Adrienne made a better fourth than Désirée: her balance and courage equalled her sister's, she was cooler and (a precious asset) fifteen pounds lighter. Heartened, the Garonnes decided to make a bid for advancement in the circus world, by banning the safety net from the entire act. With this added voltage of danger as bait, Pierre approached the Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey representatives. One afternoon The Four Garonnes gave four demonstrations at the winter quarters of the circus in Sarasota, at the full height of fifty feet and without a net. That afternoon The Four Garonnes signed a five-year contract with the Greatest Show On Earth.

On the afternoon that Felder's note came they were to begin the last year of that contract. The new conclusion was Pierre's idea. He was the student of the family; on the road, mornings, he often read French history while the other three were sleeping, walking, or at the movies. As the end of the previous season had approached, the Garonnes had discussed for hours ways and means of improving their act, to the end that their final season under their first Ringling contract would be their best, even though it was a certainty that the contract would be renewed for another five years. One morning, after a long discussion the night before, Pierre came upon a description of the Pavane, in a French history. It was a formal, stately, majestic dance, he read, that reached the height of its popularity in the half-century from 1530 to 1580, having superseded the older Basse dances. Pierre, who, in a groping way, loved the musk of antiquity, read on with interest. It was doubtful whether this grave and noble dance came into France from Italy or Spain, he read; probably from Spain. Its name, according to one theory, was derived from the Latin *pavo,* or "peacock," because the dancers, as they turned, flung out their rich cloaks in remote semblance of the rich plumage of a strutting peacock. The music to which it was danced was usually a simple piece in slow two-four time, thirty-two measures long, played by the court orchestra of tabours, hautboys, and sackbuts. Pierre read on, quietly savoring the ancient beauty, alone in his hotel room with the French history open on his knees.

Suddenly his black eyes brightened and his emotions stirred. The Pavane could be danced around the room, or simply backward and forward *on a straight line.* Any number of couples could dance it, in any grouping of the sexes. The dancers paced and glided, rather than danced. It was a spectacle dance, with crowds watching, whether done in court or theater. Pierre dog-eared his place, slammed the book shut. He rose and paced the room in excitement. A perfect idea gripped him. Every detail was right. It would be artistic, beautifully formalized. But could he win over the other Garonnes? Could he get the approval of Fred Felder? Would its beauty be lost on the great masses of adults and children who extract from the circus little beyond laughter and the safe thrill of vicarious danger? At lunch he outlined his plan to his sister and brothers; a Pavane on the high wire, for the conclusion of their act next season. Gradually he inoculated them with his own emotional fixation on the idea. When they objected that the stunt would be more beautiful than picturesque or fast, he reminded them of the success of the white *tableaux vivants* of people and horses. He pointed out that there would be enough added danger in the right-about turns to make the new trick appeal to the circus management. Right-about turns had never been done on a high wire before, as far as they knew; perhaps they were impossible. By evening, Pol, François Xavier, and Adrienne were as enthusiastic as Pierre. All that winter they practised. They found the right-abouts possible but fiendishly hard. By spring they had perfected a four-minute Pavane as a conclusion to their twelve-minute act: a Pavane stylized by gravity and a taut steel wire. Their regu-

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lar costume had always been a white sailor suit trimmed with a few narrow strips of blue, and a blue-and-white beret. At first they thought of donning sumptuous multi-colored Sixteenth Century cloaks and hats, of the kind then in vogue in French courts, but decided they would not take the spotlight well. Flowing cloaks and big court hats of a solid ivory tint were finally agreed upon; the former could be buttoned on over their sailor suits, and both, when not in use, could be left on the little high platforms. Pierre had music copied from an authentic old Pavane melody in Arbeau's *Orchesographie;* this he had the surprised leader of the circus band arrange for calliope, brasses, and drums.

Ten days ago, at Sarasota, the Garonnes went through their new act on a low taut wire in a big barn from which all people had been excluded but themselves and Fred Felder, the elegant, highstrung German who was "equestrian director" with absolute power over the whole circus performance. It was useless, the Garonnes knew, to pretend that the Pavane had made a favorable impression on Felder, as its highbrow quality and slow pace were in direct opposition to the swift, garish stream of the circus as a whole. But it was an absolutely new idea in high-wire work, and its danger was satisfyingly extreme, though not melodramatically apparent. It was these latter factors which finally won Felder's unenthusiastic approval of it. And as he walked away from the quartet in the big barn, they noticed that his face was grave.

The Four Garonnes sat stirring their coffee, sipping it, talking seriously in fast French. Because they were of the same race and parentage, because they led the same morbid emotional life of (twice daily) abnormal anxiety followed by (twice daily) abnormal relief, because they were all at this moment at the same point of the day's first crescendo of anxiety, and because their discussion was shaping all their thoughts into even closer similarity—because of all this, Felder's motives were molded into an image which presented itself in sharp clarity to the inner vision of each Garonne, an image as definite in shape and real in substance and coloring as the tablecloth and coffee cups and faces which filled their outer visions; a nodule of clouded, russet amber, in the depths of which glimmered tinily, like a preserved insect, the darkling, distinct face of Fred Felder, grave, hostile, his tanned skin and walnut hair and mustache blending in elegant, somber harmony with the clasping amber.

"Felder didn't like the Pavane. He thought it made the act worse, instead of better. That's why he shifted us."

"Yes, he thinks it slows us up and that we aren't as good as we used to be. But why didn't he say so to us? We could have put back the old conclusion, standing on the little chair on the pole, if we'd known. But no—he shifts us. And all the other acts are probably laughing. They say to each other: 'Felder took the Garonnes out of the center spot because of that slow dance,' and then they laugh, I'll bet."

"I would like to tell him to his face that he is a liar when he says it's because our rigging would foul the Otaris'."

"Now we won't have as good a chance to make an impression with the Pavane, because the people at the east end will hardly be able to see it. It's what happens to a man after he's had so much power in the circus for nearly thirty years, people frightened of him and fawning on him. He takes a dislike to a thing and doesn't care how good it is and how much work it took to get it ready. And he is happy inside because he moved us."

. . . *dubba-dubba-dubba-dubba-dubba-dubba-dubba-dubba* thumped the calliope-dominated brass band in feverish circus-foxtrot tempo from the flag-draped bandstand high at the western end of the Garden. The circus opened on a Saturday afternoon this year and the three great tiers of seats, rising banked above the pale green wall that defined the gigantic oval arena, were jammed to capacity with children and adults, like dense multi-colored confetti, creating a satisfying mood of completion in audience and performers. A plethoric maze of tawny ropes and flashing wires filled the upper air in the brilliant light that flooded the colossal circus-odorous room. The blue-and-gold bandmaster, turning from his blue-and-gold men to watch the conclusions of the five simultaneous acts that were performing below him, listening for Felder's imperative whistle of dismissal, saw, as he boredly twitched his baton up and down in feverish metronomic accuracy, the ring nearest him, inside of which, on the big circular red-and-yellow rug, little smiling orange-clad Japanese jugglers were twirling plates on the tips of long sticks with disdainful certainty; he saw, in diminishing perspective beyond this ring, a square platform, another ring, another platform, and another ring—each swarming with the pathetic, half-lost skill and stylization of circus people. Pol, his dark hair slicked tightly down, his slippered feet thrust into oversize sheepskin mules, white sailor pants showing under a wine-colored dressing gown, stood unnoticed in the heart of the kaleidoscopic phantasmagoria, quietly testing with both hands the give of a guy wire that supported one of the little high platforms, his grave face upstaring at the rectangle with its short white canvas skirt; François Xavier, blond hair slicked down, was opposite, bending to help a khaki attendant tighten a wire supporting the other platform. Felder's whistle stabbed through the band's gluey smear and the five acts bowed to applause and ran in desperate haste to and through breaks in the pale green wall, streaming out like a fleeing mob of terror-stricken harlequins seen in a nightmare. A racing clown, white jumper and white face equally polka-dotted in red, a yellow flopping tiger fastened to his shoulders in mock close pursuit, was last to leave, a unit in the elaborate burlesquing of danger by means of which a thick compost of funniness is spread over the blood-real reality of the circus, making children squeal with delight—and helping adults in their rationalization that they come only to be amused.

The arena was drained now of all but Felder, elegant in his shiny high-topper, buff coat, and white riding breeches; the bulky, white-haired announcer, carrying his topper in his hand, mopping his forehead with his handkerchief; and busy, khaki-clad circus hands.

Fifty feet above the round, achingly red-and-yellow rug that was enclosed by the most westerly ring, hung, in ominous waiting, the Garonnes' rigging: two little platforms, square and white, ninety feet apart, connected by

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an invisible steel thread, each bristling with two long white poles and two white bicycles, each dangling a long rope-ladder to the sawdust-strewn dirt below.

Felder blew his whistle again, in suave control of the delicate, complex timing of the circus; the band struck and held a long blaring major chord as the Garden was plunged in sudden pitch darkness, relieved only by a circle of red exit lights in front of which were silhouetted ink-black figures leaning, immobile, against ink-black pillars. Four brilliant dust-filled beams of white light bit into the blackness from four ceiling spotlights to four breaks in the oval wall, each picking out a little white bowing figurine. In the rising applause that rustled under the blaring chord, the Garonnes skipped to the west end of the oval, each followed by a moving brilliant beam; the beams followed two clambering hand-over-hand up each dangling rope ladder, climbing the graduated degrees of their peril, until two stood bowing in double-sourced white light on each platform.

The full lights blazed yellowly on, snapping the huge night into huge bright color. The portly announcer, high hat in hand, stepped up to a microphone near the center platform; the band sliced off its long chord and in the void his words roared in artificial gigantism:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the great-est high-wire troupe in the world—the fear-less Gurrahns—the *only* high-wire artists who do not use a safe-ty net at any point in their act."

The hands of the big Garden clock beside the high hockey scoreboard made the angle of 4:07.

The band began a fast waltz. Eighteen thousand people of all ages stared rigidly and intently at the white sailor-suited figures of Pol and Pierre as, each holding a long, white, swaying balancing-pole, they slid foot-over-foot along the invisible wire with carefree ease, one from each platform, meeting in the center, bending slowly over, placing their swaying poles on the wire itself, doing simultaneous hand stands, then standing erect again and walking easily backward to their platforms, to slight, far applause. In the collective mind of the watching throng an unpleasant burgeoning awareness of the reality of this particular danger had now (4:09) been awakened; though other acts are equally dangerous, the spectacular isolation of high-wire work is what shakes a circus audience most thoroughly out of its determined festive mood into a cloudy understanding of the cubicles of terrific reality in which many of the performers live—cubicles that by unflagging skill and courage are kept from exploding violently, annihilating their occupants. In their simple prelude to the act, the high, distant figures of Pol and Pierre had shocked the audience-mind as a dentist's drill shocks a tooth, had pierced to the quick the heavy, holiday cotton in which that mind was wrapped, had partially dispelled the mist which obscures the vision of circus crowds and causes them, in their laughter and excitement, to lose accurate perception of the size and weight of performers, the hardness of wood and packed dirt, the distance of possible falls. The fast waltz pulsed on and on.

François Xavier lifted his white bicycle and placed it on the wire, facing his platform. He mounted, his long pole resting swaying across the handle bars, quickly pedalled backward to the half-way point, where he halted and waited for Adrienne, who came toward him, carrying no pole, from the other platform. The whiningly taut wire swayed faintly up and down under him as he balanced expertly, staring, to help keep himself rigid, at Pol's motionless figure. Adrienne slid up behind him, climbed quickly and surely onto his shoulders and stood briefly erect; as applause swelled over the waltz, she climbed down and walked backward to her platform, François Xavier pedalling forward to his and dismounting with the helping hand of Pol.

Pol took his pole (4:12) and advanced to meet Pierre, who was walking, carrying a pole, Adrienne walking just in front of him, in step, carrying no pole. The orchestra speeded up the tempo of the waltz and increased its volume. Pol and Pierre halted, the wire sagging infinitesimally, while their sister crooked an arm around each neck, raised a foot to each belt-line, raised herself slowly until she was in a hand stand with one hand on each head. Thin applause whispered under the calliope waltz. She slowly eased down to the wire and they separated and returned to their platforms.

The music came to a full stop. The announcer, hat in hand, advanced again to the center microphone, inclined his silvery head toward it, spoke hugely:

"The most thrill-ing and dangerous feat ever attempted—a Sixteenth Centureh dance on the high wire, combining beauteh, skill, and transcendent daring—ladies and gentlemen, the Gurrahns."

All work stopped in the arena, the few scattered khaki workers motionlessly up-looking at the far Garonnes. Thirty-six thousand eyes were focussed in 18,000 rigid faces. Felder stood with arms folded and feet wide, his tanned, nervous face tilted in solicitous watching; by his side bulked the announcer. Time was smeared out, spread thin; the hands of the big clock seemed locked at 4:15. Pol was carefully fitting the two bicycles and two poles on his platform into the slots that held them when not in use; opposite, François Xavier was doing the same. A murmur, like a rustle of unwinding silk, came from the audience; it was cut into irregular lengths by the "Here y'are!" and "Fi' cents bag!" of roaming peanut venders. Pol and Pierre, François Xavier and Adrienne, took off their blue-trimmed white berets and put on the feathered ivory court hats that lay at the back of the platforms; each picked up a flowing ivory cape and buttoned it on at the neck by its single ivory button. They stood ready, unsmiling, two at each terminal of the wire. The band leader raised his baton and the slow, stately music began, a weird avatar of its original self. In the first twenty-four measures the quartet paced solemnly back and forth to the old melody, holding hands before and behind; three times they made complete turns without a flaw, none but themselves aware that these quiet turns were the most difficult feat ever done on a high wire; three times they halted and swirled their ivory cloaks gracefully out and back again. At the twenty-fourth measure, when they were bunched closely at the center, the music stopped.

A sigh (4:17) swept the huge audience, born of intuitive knowledge that the most dangerous moments were now at hand: emotions swelled in this void, unhindered by the distraction of sound, inflated by the drama of sudden silence. The Garonnes, on the living wire, their senses as hyper-clear as the

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visual range of an infra-red camera, braced themselves gravely for their ordeal. Pierre climbed slowly, giving morbid attention to each move—left foot *there,* right foot *there*—until he stood with one foot on Pol's shoulder, the other on François Xavier's. Then, in absolute vast silence, Adrienne climbed up Pol's back, up Pierre's back, until she stood slowly erect, in screaming hair-trigger virtuoso balance, on Pierre's shoulders. There was a terrific pause, in which the intolerable tension of 18,000 watching people seemed almost to pass over into cold-steel palpability, in which the skill and courage and mutual utter trust of the Garonnes glowed in brief transfiguration and justification. Then all four swirled their ivory cloaks out and back in a final sublime flaunting of balance and gravity. A tropical rain of applause built up as Adrienne climbed down in nightmare slowness, as two by two the quartet paced back to the platforms to the concluding eight measures of the music (4:19).

The rich applause sagged on a long slope from its summit as the Garonnes whipped off their ivory cloaks and hats, folded them on the platform, grabbed up their berets, and twinkled whitely down the rope ladders; it exploded to a new, higher plane as Pol and Pierre on one side of the arena, Adrienne and François Xavier on the other, bobbed up and down in fast ecstatic bows, Pierre turning a front flip in sheer exultation; it held undiminished as the two couples exchanged places, racing past each other to bob and bob again; it sagged steeply as the quartet disappeared in sprightly bunched white running through a far door in the pale green fence and Felder's whistle shrilled and the deluge of new acts poured in and the band again struck up a feverishly thumped *dubba-dubba-dubba-dubba-dubba-dubba-dubba-dubba.*

They skipped down one of the gray cement corridors in the labyrinthine warren under the Garden, jostling past clowns and acrobats, headed for Pierre's dressing room, into which they tumbled. They sat on camp stools and trunks, eyes shining and cheeks flushed with the blessed ecstasy of relief and acclaim that still drenched them, transmuting the image each inner vision saw. The amber nodule was no longer a cloudy russet: it was a radiant, sparkling, crystal yellow, like lemon jelly held up to bright sunlight, and in its depths glittered tinily the friendly, beaming face of Fred Felder, his tanned skin and walnut hair and mustache yellowed in the glory of the sun-shot lemon amber. They chattered happily, hardly listening to each other.

"The Pavane is a *sensation,* the biggest success of our career. How the applause thundered! We may be on the front pages of the papers tomorrow, like Zacchini the first time he played New York. I don't think it did us harm to be at the west end. Felder's all right. We were unjust to him. I got a good look at the Otaris' rigging, it's spread over three times as much space as Codona's. He had to move us, it wasn't because he doesn't like the Pavane."

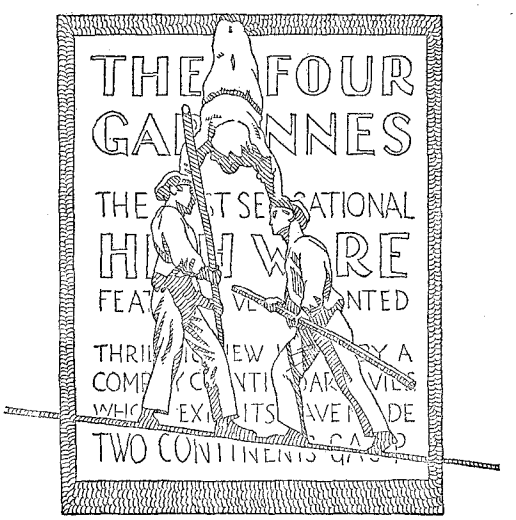
"He likes it all right. I'll bet he has thought all along it was the most effective stunt we've ever done."

"I'm sorry I thought he was lying to us. What could he do? The Otaris' rigging nearly fills the whole top."

"I saw him smiling while we bowed. He's really delighted we made such a good impression this afternoon. Oh, he has our interest at heart."

Upstairs, near the center of the great oval, Fred Felder, twirling his omnipotent silver whistle on its black ribbon, thoughtfully and elegantly watched the teeming acrobatic troupes that whirled through their stunts at lost breakneck speed: The Yom Kams, The Danwills, The Yacopis, The Hadji Nasser Arabs, The Jahns.

. . . damn sorry I had to shift the Garonnes I've got more respect for that act than for any other except Clyde Beatty's and I like their new Pavane but it goes over the audience's head a little it's beautiful but a lot of the danger doesn't get across and it isn't as fast as their old conclusions were I could tell the crowd was a little bored by it this afternoon even though the applause was bigger than usual but I can read any audience like a book and the applause was bigger half because of the full house that always makes everybody feel better and half because of the mood of this particular audience but the applause for the Garonnes was so hearty I'm afraid they'll think it was entirely for the Pavane I never saw them look so happy as when they left and they're not happy people by any means how could they be with that hanging over their heads twice a day good God like going to a dentist twice a day to have a live nerve pulled without novocaine they're probably angry at me for shifting them and think I told them about it in a note because of the Pavane and because I didn't want to face them well it's true enough I didn't want to face them but only because I didn't want to see them all go glum and resentful since it's a blow and no mistake to be taken out of the center but perhaps it would have been better if I had told them about it in person because they probably think I think their act is spoiled by the Pavane I certainly don't think so and I think it's a fine and artistic conception but I don't think it gets across like their old conclusions I'm sorry as the very devil that I had to shift them and wish the Otaris' rigging didn't force it but I guess it's just as well they're out of the center because the Pavane is no bombshell though God knows I wish it were . . .



The Four Garonnes sat at table in their hotel that evening, sipping their after-dinner coffee, not talking, apprehension growing fast, deep in each brain, as the day's second performance raced nearer and nearer. The amber nodule each inner vision saw was a rich and faintly clouded russet again, and in its somber depths glimmered tinily the elegant face of Fred Felder—darkling and grave and hostile.

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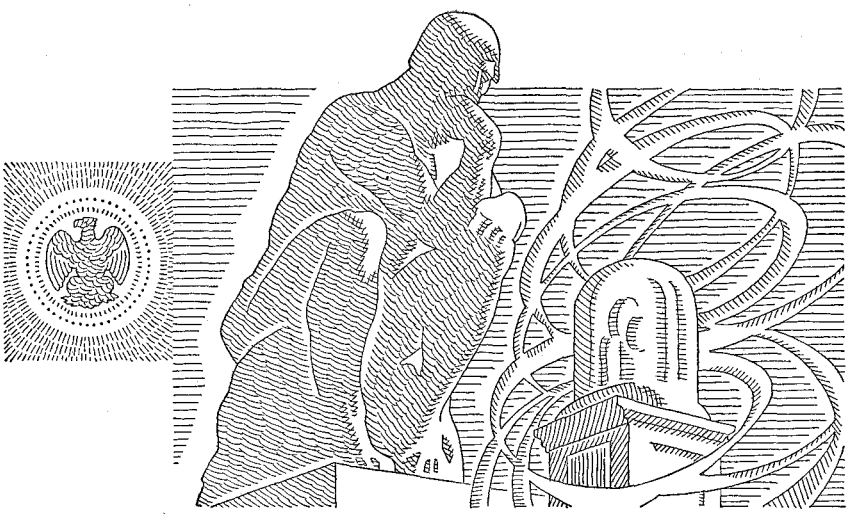
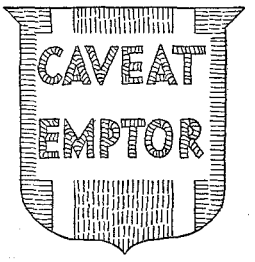


Anatomy for Investors

By Raymond Holden

Resulting from an investigation covering a large part of this country, this article states a point of view concerning economic facts as opposed to current theories and predictions propounded by "experts" and forecasters

Stop the first man you meet—it doesn't matter on what street you meet him—and you are pretty likely to find, if not an investor, at least some one whose life is influenced by investment. Scratch the same man and you will find an uncoordinated mass of confusion, infecting not only the fellow's ideas about the theory and practice of investment, but even his ideas about the manner in which his life is affected by the investments of others. If he could put his confusion into words he might say something like this: "I'm not a wealthy man and I've got to put aside a certain amount of what I earn as insurance against poverty and suffering at a time when I may no longer be able to offer services that any one would pay for. How can I be sure of putting this amount where it can grow quietly and safely into a fund that I shall be able to find when I want it? I used to have ideas of what was safe, but even what the best advisors told me appears to have been wrong."



This man, like yourself, like a bank, like an insurance company, cannot afford to gamble. He is confronted with a problem of which there sometimes appears to be no solution. There must, however, be a solution, and it must be a solution that will not only answer the cry of the individual investor but will be satisfactory to the banks, insurance companies, trusts, and corporations who must do exactly what the individual must do—namely, produce an income and at the smallest possible risk set up a reserve—and who are as uncertain as the individual of the best way of doing it.

For the past three years I have been, as a journalist and as an economist on the staff of a large commercial bank, travelling about the country talking with all kinds of people from laborers to corporation presidents, from cotton pickers to merchants, from farmers to bankers, from clerks to Board chairmen.

During these three years I have covered some seventy thousand miles in every part of the United States excepting the Pacific Coast and the far northwest, from the potato fields of Maine to the sugar-beet fields of Colorado and the oil fields of Oklahoma and New Mexico, from the automobile factories of Detroit to the cotton markets of New Orleans. I have found every one, no matter what his wealth or position, to have the same problem, if not the same interests; the problem of how to turn his services or his property into something which will satisfy his need of food, clothing, shelter, and the gratification of his personal ambition.

It is not my purpose to indicate an opinion as to whether the capital and profit system, under which the economic life of our country is today conducted, is desirable or will continue to exist, nor as to whether a man's personal ambition should be allowed to run to money. If we are in the midst of a depression, as we have been for a number of years, our economic system must contain the germ which sprouted into the cancer that paralyzed the nation's business just as it contained the germ which came to a head in the profits, over-abundant for some, of 1928–29. There have been plenty of commentators on the effort to isolate that germ. I shall not go into that. The economic system which contains the virus, however, is the only one we have at the present moment, and the effect of such a system is a condition, like rain, which, whether or not the ultimate cure of the condition is possible, must none the less be met by such weak and pusillanimous artifices as umbrellas, raincoats, and rubbers.

It is with this rain and with these instruments of protection from it that I am immediately concerned. In the course of my contacts with the industrial life of those sections of the country with which I have become familiar, certain important things bearing upon the investment problem have come to my notice. Chief among these has been the wide-spread ignorance of the general nature of economic life. This ignorance is large and many-sided. It would take a fool to say that he had seen all sides of it and it would take a college professor to say that he could explain them. It does not, however, re-

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quire either an economist or an industrial expert to point out a few of them. It is impossible for me here to go into the details of the industrial process and to point out some of the weaknesses of the present system of transmuting raw material into a finished product and delivering that product to the consumer in exchange for equivalent value. I shall have to be satisfied to say here that so far as individual profit is the incentive behind service and production, the matter of dependence upon the benefits of service and production is the crucial point in the investor's life. Disregarding for the moment those who wish to take long chances in the hope of unusual gain, the average man's interest in investment is an interest in safety.

There used to be a belief among individual investors large and small that if you could get the ear of a banker or broker during a week-end on Long Island, your Monday on the Stock Exchange would show a handsome profit. This was never really true. There are still, however, in the financial districts of every large city a few men who are so pleased at being asked for advice that they completely lose sight of the fact that they are not qualified to give it—very much as elderly gentlemen like to have young girls sit on their laps.

It is commonly supposed that because investment is the very metabolism of the body of banks and insurance companies, such agencies, each of which is willing to take money from an investor, must of course be wise and know what they are doing. Let us consider the bank, by way of illustrating to the individual investor that bankers, when it comes to knowing how to place their funds safely, are as much in the dark as he. As every one knows, a bank is an accumulation of money under the trusteeship of certain persons equipped to manage the services which that money can render to the community of depositors. A bank's assets will consist of funds supplied by depositors and stockholders, plus whatever accumulation of profit may accrue from year to year. For the use of their money the stockholders receive a proportion of the bank's earnings and for the use of theirs, the depositors receive services or, in the case of certain kinds of deposits, a small amount of interest. A bank undertakes to perform banking services—which are largely a matter of keeping book records of the transactions of its depositors—because it sees a chance of making a profit by using the money of its depositors and stockholders as a medium of exchange in its own transactions. Strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, this practice is not frowned upon, for the people have seen to it that laws be put into effect supposedly guaranteeing not that depositors' money will always be in the bank's vaults but that it will be forthcoming if wanted. I say supposedly, because laws cannot control human fallibility in a satisfactory manner and bankers are no less fallible than their brothers.

The points at which human fallibility enters into the picture are several. In the first place bankers must choose their staffs and there are not many places to choose from. The banking world itself, having grown so enormously, cannot provide sufficient apprentices. College courses in money and banking merely provide an intellectual stuffing of smugness and special-case thinking which sooner or later has to be pumped out. A banker must surround himself with a number of young men, capable of wearing the right kind of neckties and derby hats, and able to receive fairly large salaries without going off the deep end. These young men must have social standing or an equivalent taste for it and, especially, a large number of well-to-do friends who are active in business and industry. It is these young men who are to help the bank increase its deposits. Unfortunately for the banker it is not possible to find more than one out of eight or ten such young men who are also capable of helping to conduct the actual business of a bank, which is serious business. It is therefore necessary to hire a number of low-priced clerks who have nothing to distract them from long hours and hard work except their own financial worries and who can, in consequence, soon learn what banking is all about. These clerks, therefore, must sit, sometimes by twos, at the elbows of officers and junior officers helping the bank to avoid blunders by explaining corporate business, but greatly increasing the cost of banking operations. This is one point at which human fallibility enters into banking, for, in bad times when profits are small the expense of supporting a staff so inefficient that it would not be tolerated in a firm to which the same bank wished to lend money, creates a hazard reflected first in the dividends of stockholders and later in the confidence of depositors.

In the selection of securities in which to invest the bank's funds, the problems of the bank and the individual investor are the same. The law of states prescribes, in order to protect the community, certain forms of investment to which banks must limit themselves. It might be supposed, therefore, that the individual investor, with no such gauge to guide him, could learn nothing from the experience of banks. A bank, however, like an individual, not only endangers its own safety by unwise investment—and industrial loans are often made unwisely—but it also endangers, by its influence, the very roots of industry, and hence the individuals who have to depend upon industrial securities.

In the last five years all banks, especially the smaller ones, have suffered from the fact that investments which they believed safe when purchased have turned out to be worthless. The individual investor, who lumps bankers, brokers, and all such together and believes that they are the cause of his troubles, may raise his eyebrows when asked to believe that bankers, even as trustees of other people's money, have been just as gullible as he.

Such, however, is the case. Bankers, no more than any one else, realized what was happening between the 1921 depression and the present. They saw a marked decline in the amount of prime commercial paper, once a favored investment, a decline caused by the post-war prosperity which enabled commercial borrowers to build up sufficient cash to finance their seasonal requirements. Many firms became lenders instead of borrowers and went in for the purchase, rather than the sale, of securities. The best names did not have to go into the bond market to get funds for themselves. Many new ventures sprang up and with them that amazing figure the bond salesman increased his field of activity, displacing the comparatively reliable intelligence of the commercial paper salesman. Unfortunately many bankers, like many individuals, fell for these plausible gentlemen and bought no end of bonds, both foreign and domestic. They fell for such statements as that bonds were "legal

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investment for savings banks," as if the law-givers who legalized them could know any more about what was behind them than any one else. They were taken in by the easy plausibility of prospectuses, by high-rate coupons, and by misleading and meaningless statements to the effect that issues were "oversubscribed," when all that oversubscription often meant was that the issuing house had unloaded its issue on other houses that happened to be under obligations to it.

Whatever they were taken in by, they were badly hit. In the field of commercial loans as well as in investment in securities the same degree of fallibility appeared. Many of those, both security buyers and lending officers, who were charged with responsibility for the investment of bank funds, failed their banks lamentably for exactly the same reason that individual investors failed in their own service. They bought without knowing what they were buying, they put low price and high coupon rate above security, marketability, and maturity, and they guessed wrong and were wrongly advised about the fluctuations of the market.

How, the individual investor may ask, is this possible? Have not banks command of all sorts of informative services, have they not inside information and even the power to sway markets in their own favor? Indeed they have, but to ignore the fundamental rules for acquiring knowledge is to nullify such advantages.

I have given so much space to a discussion of the position and attitude of the banks because from no matter what angle you study the problems of industry—and investment is fundamentally a problem of financing industry—the attitude of banks and the soundness of their policies will appear to be of primary importance and to be of great significance to the individual investor. Insofar as bank profits, and therefore under the profit system the existence of banks, result fundamentally from payments for services rendered in transferring titles to consumable commodities from producer to consumer, the rate of such transfer will be indicated and influenced by the condition of sound banks, and their ability to cope intelligently with the problems of industry.

As banking is an industry as much as is the manufacture and sale of cloth, the same statement applies to other fields of business activity. That is, ignorance of fundamental conditions affecting production and consumption is the crux of the present stalemate in industry. There has, during recent years, been too much dependence by every one upon experts. There are no experts, insofar as forecasting is concerned. A recent summary shows that bank statisticians have on an average during the past five years been wrong in their forecasts fifty-five per cent of the time and that business bureaus and services have been wrong nearly seventy per cent of the time. If these figures indicate anything, they indicate that it would be wise either to avoid forecasters entirely or to believe the opposite of what they say.

We all find it hard to shed our belief in these experts though they are not now, and never have been, actuated by anything more deeply intelligent than the belief that, because they found a four-leaf clover in a certain place yesterday there may perhaps be another there today. That is close to the cardinal principle of the experts in economic theory. The only other principle that I know of is that which supposes that, because you found a four-leaf clover in a certain place yesterday, there is some reason to believe that you will not find one there today. Application of these two theories, one upon the other, it will be seen, is very likely to leave you faced with the same kind of zero that comes with the conjunction of two and minus two. Too little economic theory is based upon a knowledge of economic facts.

From the point of view of industry which, at the same time that it is itself an investor of a sort, needs money to exist, the desire of individuals and organizations such as banks and insurance companies to make their wealth productive and to set up reserves is nothing more nor less than the establishment of credit. Supposedly credit is "the life-blood of industry." It is at least being advertised as such on placards in the windows of a large New York bank. Industry, conversely, must be the life-blood of an investor, yet as I have said, when the investor's surface is scratched it appears that his life-blood has in some way or other been diluted by the sugars of misconception and ignorance. Both the investor and the industry to which his investment brings credit need an injection of economic understanding.

It is something more than surprising how little is known about the circumstances which make for national industrial activity. The man who works in the mill in a small town and who is laid off when that mill shuts down because of lack of orders, blames the owners of the mill nine times out of ten. He hasn't the slightest chance of finding out whether or not the loss of his livelihood is due to unscrupulous tactics on the part of his employers, the voracity of the firm's stockholders, or to economic conditions over which his employers have no direct control. The stockholder of the same mill can know little more. He may write to the officers of the concern who will give him a soft answer, but he in his turn will not know whether it is the economic system, the corporation officers, or the wage-earning employees who are culpable. If a stockbroker is consulted for advice as to the value of the securities of the corporation which owns the shut-down mill, he can only repeat gossip and those inconclusive things which he has heard in Wall Street about the conditions surrounding the business of the company.

An example of the kind of information given out in perfectly good faith by stockbrokers is the remark of a member of a well-known firm in Wall Street. Not very long ago, in the midst of the depression, in fact, this young man told a prospective customer that it was a good time to buy steel stocks. The reason he gave was this: The Federal Government, he said, was going to finance the construction of a series of floating, steel platforms to be strung out across the Atlantic Ocean as landing-places for transoceanic airplanes. It is true that some one in the administration had said that the government would be willing to finance the construction of one such experimental landing-field. Even if it had been true that there was to be a series of such platforms constructed with government backing, it did not occur to the young broker to ascertain, as he easily might have done, that there would not be enough steel used in ten such landing-fields to keep one medium-sized steel company going for three months.

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Another example of public lack of knowledge of industrial conditions is to be found in a large newspaper advertisement inserted in a New York paper recently by one of the large New York commercial banks. This was an advertisement showing the picture of what is known in the steel industry as a ladle, carrying molten steel from the open hearth furnace to the train of ingot molds nearby. There is naturally a considerable glow about the top of this ladle. The caption underneath is "Roaring Crucibles . . . reflect increasing industrial activity. To steel, as to other industry, the Such-and-Such National Bank of New York is ready to lend money for sound credit requirements." Any steel man knowing that first of all this was no crucible, secondly that crucibles do not roar, and thirdly that they do not reflect industrial activity in the steel business, might have been pardoned for wondering if in dealing with the advertising bank he would be dealing with any one who really knew what the problems of the steel industry are.

Professional misconception of the nature of American industry and its problems is grievous enough. What is even more serious is the fact that, with some exceptions, the leaders of American industry themselves have little knowledge, not only of any industry other than their own, but of any company other than their own within their own industry. I have recently talked with a brewer who assured me that the consumption of beer in the United States had been as great since the repeal of Prohibition as it was in a similar period before Prohibition went into effect. According to statistics of the Internal Revenue, he was at the time something like 50 per cent wrong. I have talked also within six months with a steel manufacturer who assured me that the country could easily consume 10,000,000 tons of the products of continuous, wide-strip mills when, as a matter of fact, the country has never shown any signs, even in good steel years, of consuming more than half of that quantity. Just how the nation is to help industries whose leaders have so little idea of their own business as this, it is difficult to see.

It is apparently even more difficult to gauge public opinion than to learn facts. The National Industrial Conference Board which is a fact-finding institution, supported by industrial and financial firms, and which, having been founded in 1916, should be old enough to know better, recently conducted what is called a statistical survey of public opinion. This consisted of a tabulation made during August and September of 1934 and published a few weeks before the November election, of the estimate by newspaper editors of public opinion on the subject of current economic and social problems. The Conference Board's tabulation of results was based on returns from more than 5000 newspapers with a circulation of nearly 25,000,000 or close to 20 per cent of the entire population of the United States. The returns collected by the Board apparently showed that the nation was 15 or 16 to 1 opposed to the New Deal and the general policies of the present administration. Yet the results of the November election showed that the country, including Republican Pennsylvania, was at least 5 to 4 in favor of those very policies. All of which proves very little, but suggests that a newspaper editor's idea of public opinion consists chiefly in a wholehearted belief in the ideas of himself and the people who think as he does. Undoubtedly the 25,000,000 people who read the newspapers of those 5000 editors suppose, if they read anything but the funnies, that when one of those editors states his belief in the nature of public opinion he is stating something which he knows to be a fact.

Shortly before and shortly after the beginning of this year the newspapers of the country gave considerable space to the opinions of various industrial leaders on the probable trend of business in 1935. *The New York Sun,* as an example, printed statements gathered by the United Press from the presidents and chairmen of two automobile companies, one telegraph company, one company manufacturing electrical equipment, three steel companies, one bank, one department store, one railroad, one railroad equipment company, one oil company, one agricultural chemical company, one company manufacturing metal containers, one industrial equipment company, one insurance company, two rubber companies, one company manufacturing business machines, one publishing house, and two trade associations, twenty-two in all. Of these, fourteen expressed considerable optimism, seven were hopeful but cautious, one positively evasive—and he, let it be said, was a banker. Only one out of the twenty-two gave any connected reason for his belief. This was a cross-section of American industrial life, according to the United Press. *The New York Sun* described the attitude of these gentlemen as one of "cautious optimism." No one appears to have suggested that none of these gentlemen knows, any better than does the man in the street, what he is talking about. Any one who has ever seen an operating budget prepared by a large corporation knows that the corporation's guiding spirits cannot as a rule, even in good times, forecast with any exactitude the trend of their own business, much less of industry as a whole. In spite of this fact many investors will undoubtedly base their attitude toward future buying upon the soothing reassurance of these proponents of cautious optimism. Lest this refusal to believe that prophecy by industrial leaders is of any value appear to be an attempt to undermine confidence in industry, let me say that, from conversations I have had with some of these gentlemen and others like them, I feel certain that not one of them believes that there is no doubt about what he says.

Since the science of economics began, there have been all sorts of theories to account for prosperity and the lack of it. Some people believe that the weather is responsible in the sense that it causes the production of good or poor crops. Some of us believe that such abstractions as public confidence and the lack of it are responsible. Some believe in the international price of gold. Some believe that industrial conditions throughout the country are primarily controlled by the mental state of bankers, and the effect of that state upon commercial credit. The mental state of bankers, however, is very largely controlled by the same factors that control every one else's state of mind, factors like fear of defeat, of frustration, of humiliation, of anxiety, and arrest. Bankers, too, in common with their depositors, and their customers among the industries of the nation, have a kind of mystic belief in the existence of something called prosperity, which is nothing more nor less than an opportunity to enjoy the fruits of nation-wide industrial activity. Why any one should suppose that nation-wide industrial ac-

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tivity can be exempt from the laws influencing corn crops or the yields of apple and cherry trees, and produce year after year fruits always in the same abundance, it is rather hard to say. Nevertheless the belief that industrial activity is exempt from such laws is at the bottom of the reluctance of almost every one to find out what the laws might be.

In order to contribute to an answer to the investor's question raised at the beginning of this article, it is not necessary to go very deeply into economic theory. It is simply necessary to say, not only to individuals but to banks and other organizations as well, that the one fundamentally important consideration in any form of investment is security. The assumption that a loan secured by collateral is necessarily a sounder loan than one with no collateral offered is obviously incorrect. All the collateral in the world cannot make a loan secure, if collateral is merely evidence of another form of investment. From the individual's point of view as well as from the bank's the making of a loan is the offering of credit.

It would be well to remember that recent financial difficulties in the country have been the result of too much rather than of too little credit. Business and industry have not been able to absorb and are not able today to absorb all the credit available to them. For this reason banks have had to purchase real estate and speculative stocks which they had no business to touch and the individual investor has had offered to him and will have offered to him again, stocks, the issuing of which make absolutely no sense at all. The only thing that one can say to an investor today is, "Do not give credit, in other words do not buy stocks, unless you are convinced that the security offered is something more than reasonably sound."

Banks, as well as individuals, are going to have to remember that the moral character and financial responsibility of the heads of industries asking credit are not sufficient security. The investor should be sure to study the nature of the business in which he considers investing, the nature of the demand for its products, the proven ability of the firm in question to sell its product at a profit. He should determine whether or not the existence of that firm in the branch of industry which it serves is, or is not, superfluous. Such study will often be difficult. If it is impossible, no investor should lend a dollar. Such caution would often exclude securities of foreign nations, municipalities, real-estate organizations, holding companies, and the like. No possible profit, no early maturity, can possibly justify investment in any form of business which does not offer security which is capable of remaining absolute so long as this nation exists in its present form. With investment as with industrial activity the desire for unreasonable profit at the expense of security has in many cases been fatal.

If you, as an investor, hear some one saying that the trouble with business is that credit is "frozen," do not pay much attention to him. If you must listen, come back at him and ask him to prove that what he wants credit for is a sound and necessary undertaking. If he can prove it, can show you why, and can give you proper and convincing receipt for your advance, go with him and lend him your shirt. If he cannot, give a slight cough and move away. Remember that many more firms have failed because they got credit when they had no right to it than have gone under because they could not get credit when they wanted it.

To the many individual investors and the many organizations whose very existence depends upon the volume of their investment, it may at first seem that a curtailment of the amount of investment, as I have suggested herein, might be a serious hardship. Let them remember, however, that the suggested curtailment is merely offered as a corrective in an abnormal situation, very much as a lean diet must be prescribed for any one with a troubled stomach. This fairly drastic prescription may be supposed, by stabilizing industry and helping to eliminate the many internal ulcers, to establish ultimately a new health in industry which should create legitimate demands for credit in place of the illegitimate ones which were starved out. Thus, with a sane body of investors, a sane industry would rise up to absorb and pay for their capital.

I suggested earlier in this article that there must be a solution to the problem of investment. I offer, in summary, as ingredients of that solution: first, a reduction in the number of brokerage houses, investment bankers, and such to the number of those which by intention and training are fitted to conduct their business; second, a concentration by banks upon the improvement of their lending and security-buying personnel, not in the matter of personality and character, but in awareness of and interest in the state of the nation; third, the broadening of the vision and the increase in the intelligence of the presidents and board chairmen of industrial firms; and fourth, a development in the individual investor of a belief that he must buy only what he knows to be sound because if he does not he will not only lose his income and his principal, but will endanger the income and principal and even the employment of every one in the country.

If the body of investors, individual and organized, should determine upon and maintain such a program it is hard to believe that the benefits to every one would not be far greater than any Securities Exchange Commission could produce.

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We Are Alone

A STORY

By Barbara Webster

LOUISE and Mildred had always been friends. Not best friends, with secrets to tell and undying devotion sworn. They were neither that sort. But they lived on the same street in the Wisconsin town, went to school together, and later away to the same college. Even there an unconscious loyalty kept them from drifting apart, though they went around with different groups.

Mildred was the type that gets on in college; efficient and a good mixer, she headed committees and organized movements. Louise was shy and not really much interested in what went on outside the classroom. She was short and too stout to excel at sports, so she took the minimum required by the curriculum, and elected domestic science. She spent some time curling her hair, and wore feminine clothes. No one was much surprised when she left college in her sophomore year to be married.

From time to time Mildred came down to New York to spend the week-end with Louise and Owen. It made it rather crowded in their two-room apartment in the Bronx, and Owen grumbled at having to sleep on the living-room couch. But it gave Louise pleasure to show off her accomplishments in the small shining kitchenette, where her ruffled aprons looked so much more appropriate than they had at college. She liked hearing about all the girls, too, even the ones she had never known very well, because she felt superior to them now. She had achieved her object in life, while they had yet to try.

Mildred asked her to come back to commencement, and she went, but it was not a success. Every one had forgotten her, and Mildred, who was class secretary and head of Christian Endeavor, was protective but too busy to be with her all the time. The ceremonies of commencement seemed a little silly to Louise, with her new maturity. And at the same time she felt old, like one of the alumnæ who always came back to reunion. On her return she said so to Owen, but he laughed and teased her about a lot of old hens, and she forgot it.

Soon after graduation Mildred got a job in a big department store which made a practice of taking on promising college girls. Whenever Louise went down town she stopped in to see her. If Mildred was waiting on a customer, she smiled at Louise and motioned to her to wait. Louise meanwhile looked curiously and critically at the other girls behind the counter. This seemed a queer thing for her friend to have chosen to do.

In Mildred's lunch hour they went out to eat at a little place around the corner, Louise dressed in her best for the occasion, all earrings and curls and too many bows, beside Mildred, tall and slim in her severe black dress. At lunch Mildred always ordered plain food, but a day in town was a holiday for Louise, and she wanted all the fancier dishes, and sundaes with marshmallow and nuts. Afterward in her cosy brightly lighted living-room, she would say to Owen:

"I should think Mildred would hate working in that store. She's really just a shop-girl, even if she does expect to work up to be a buyer. She has to punch a time clock every morning, and sometimes they work awfully late at night."

Owen occasionally went in to see Mildred, too, when he wanted to get a present for Louise. Mildred bought it for him with her employee's discount. But though he liked her, Mildred always made him rather uncomfortable. She was not like Louise; she wanted to talk to him about sales and discounts, like a man.

After Owen got his first raise and they moved to the house in the suburbs with the small plot of ground and the row of meager poplars, Louise said, "Now we must have Mildred for a real visit. Poor thing, I know she gets lonesome, living all by herself." Mildred, though her salary supported her comfortably enough, had by this time become a sort of family institution, along with their respective homeless or indigent relatives, whom they had to think of at Christmas and holidays, and keep on their lists for good cheer.

Louise never questioned Mildred's pleasure in sleeping on the bumpy bed in the guest-room, where the only closet was full of their own clothes, and the bedside lamp refused to light. She was in a real house, with home-cooking, and baby prattle to amuse her. There was a small Louise now.

By the time that Junior was able to talk, the children called her Aunt Mildred, and looked forward to her coming. She was always good-natured with them, and each time she came she brought them carefully chosen presents.

Louise, who was sometimes tired and cross from taking care of them, complained luxuriously to Mildred about the trials of housekeeping.

The two women sat together, sewing, one evening after Owen had gone out to a business meeting, and the children had been put to bed.

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"You're lucky," Louise said, "having only a job, and no one to think of but yourself."

But when she thought of Mildred's tiny apartment with its small bare kitchenette where not much cooking was done, and the maidenly ascetic bedroom, she knew that she did not mean what she said. Mildred knew it, too.

"What do you do with yourself in the evenings?" Louise asked. "Don't you ever get lonesome?"

"Oh, no," Mildred said quietly. "I don't get lonesome, Louise. You see, there's always some music I want to hear, or a play to see. I go with one of the girls at the store, or with Emma James, from college. Or I read, or do some outside work on my job."

"Do you ever meet any men?" asked Louise idly. "Or have you fallen in love with your boss?" She was startled to see the calm mask of Mildred's face shattered into an expression of uncertainty and anguish. It frightened her for a moment, but when she said anxiously, "I was just joking, about your boss," Mildred was able to smile.

"I guess that's what everybody thinks about girls that have jobs," she said, and then they never spoke of it again.

After Mildred went home, Louise said to Owen, "Well, I suppose she is just as well off as though she had married." She wanted to reassure herself about her friend now, so that her own happiness should be quite complete, without reproach. "She's interested in her work, and lives as she pleases."

"Don't you believe it," Owen replied. He was a little jealous of the fact that Mildred, now assistant buyer of her department, was making almost as much money as he was. "Any woman who has a job would give it up in a minute to get married if she had the chance."

Louise felt secretly flattered to think that her friend, so much cleverer than she, would readily have changed places with her, but she felt called upon to say defensively:

"I don't see why Mildred shouldn't have had plenty of chances to marry. She isn't pretty, exactly, but she's smart and awfully well-dressed."

Owen said she was the kind of girl who never got married.

The years passed on in their even course. Both women made fewer and fewer trips back home to Wisconsin. Their families had dwindled through change and death, and each one became the only reminder the other possessed of earlier days. Louise's children were growing up, and in the time they left free, she and Owen went on motoring trips in their shiny new sedan, and belonged to several bridge clubs. Mildred, every year a little thinner, a little bit better-dressed, was made head-buyer of the glove department. On her first trip to Paris she sent them postals of the Eiffel Tower and Napoleon's Tomb, and when she came back she brought several pairs of the latest French gloves to Louise. But when Louise tried them on, the beautiful, extravagant things looked out of place on her plump matronly hands.

"How do you keep looking so young and trim?" she asked, turning to Mildred in her immaculate well-tailored suit.

Mildred was more attractive than she had been as a young girl. Her serenity, poise, and a certain simple sophistication lent charm to her plain features.

"Oh, it's just business with me, I suppose," she said, smoothing her sleek dark head. "When I first went to work, we used to be inspected to see that every hair was in place. After that it gets to be a habit, and being around clothes does teach you how to dress."

"I never think about clothes any more," said Louise comfortably. Perhaps it was her increasing stoutness that made her seem so much older than Mildred. "Now that the children are away from home. And then we don't go out as much as we used to. I don't have to work to hold my husband." She laughed fondly. "He likes me just as I am. It's really wonderful, being happily married, Mildred," she went on. "We do everything together, and don't want anything any more except to be together—" She stopped, fearing that she should not have spoken these words.

There was a short silence and then Mildred said suddenly, "Dear Louise, I'm glad you've always been so happy." She stretched out her hand as though to touch her friend, but quickly drew it back. Louise was surprised to see a look of deep affection and something like pity on Mildred's face. Louise lowered her eyes in embarrassment. They had never been demonstrative with each other.

It was a great shock to every one when Owen died so suddenly. Mildred came as soon she got the telegram. Then all at once the rôles of the two women seemed to be reversed. It was Mildred who managed the house and made the necessary arrangements, Mildred who comforted the children when they came back, Junior from his job in Chicago, little Louise from her home in a neighboring suburb where she had married as young as her mother. Louise clung to Mildred; she looked suddenly incomplete, as though something vital had been taken from her.

When everything was over and it was time for Mildred to go back, Louise came to her uncertainly. Without the setting of happy domesticity, she was suddenly only a little old broken-down drudge of a woman.

"Mildred," she faltered, "I can't go on living here." She looked around her at the home which had become strange and unfriendly. "The children —they have their own lives."

Over Mildred's face there came the same look of pity and affection that had been there before.

"Why don't you come and live with me?" she asked. It was Mildred now who was the pillar of strength, the giver, eager to share with her less fortunate sister her own discoveries which had made life possible, at last even profitable.

"Oh, Mildred," cried Louise, "can I, really?" The thought of Mildred's small neat apartment seemed a refuge now.

"Of course," Mildred answered quietly, "you are my friend." She stretched out her arms and they embraced for the first time in their lives. Louise was touched, but the emotion she felt stirred her grief again, and she bowed her head, sobbing, on Mildred's shoulder.

"I am so afraid," she cried; "afraid of being alone."

Mildred looked down at her friend's bent head, and there was a strange peace on her face, like the afterglow of sunset on barren mountains.

"We are all alone," she said in a low voice, "all of us." She laid her hand on Louise's arm to calm the rebellious sobbing. She was very sorry for her. She had always been sorry for Louise.

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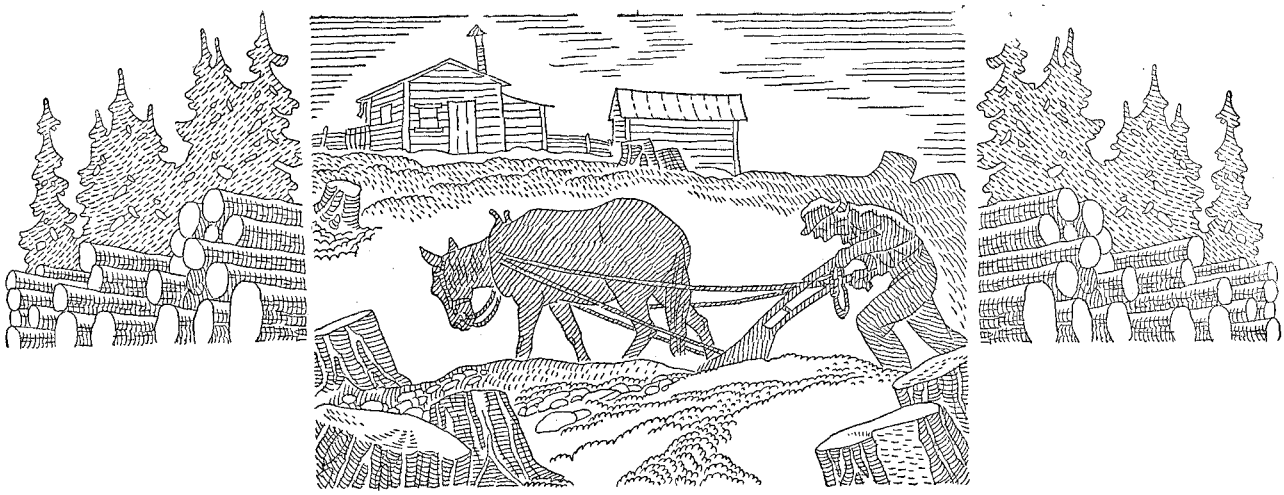
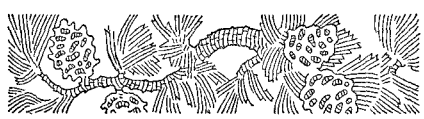


They Didn't Spare the Trees

By C. Hartley Grattan

The exploitation of the timber regions of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota has left a trail of consequences which are here analyzed as an example of what has happened to an important national resource and what is happening to the agricultural population which followed the loggers



THE road to ruin in our economy is often very profitable to those who engage in the destructive activities, much of the incidence of the disaster falling on those least able to hold the bag, and the government finally assuming the tedious and costly task of making the empty sack stand upright. One of the most striking illustrations of these dismal principles goes, in "objective" circles, by the name of the Lake States Cut-Over Region, an area of 71,000,000 acres in the northern portions of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The profit takers having gotten away with their swag, the bagholders are now the subject of agitated scrutiny by assorted researchers seeking to find a way in which the government may, with some show of reason, make the sack produce at least subsistence. Originally covered with one of our celebrated, inexhaustible, national resources, trees fit for commercial lumber, the region is now almost denuded of the original stand, but, because of the perversities of social evolution and nature, farming, the expected step in the cycle of development, did not take up the slack. It did not for good and sufficient reasons. An account of the past and present of this region makes exceedingly unamusing but profitable reading, for by telling the story it is possible to illustrate to perfection how our affairs should not have been conducted. It is a tragedy of planlessness. As to the future, the choice is either the planned utilization of resources or the continued development of a rural slum of vast size. The story covers about a century of human activity.

For about two hundred years the Cut-Over lay to one side of the main road of American development. It was not until the pioneers moved out on the prairies and demanded wood for houses, barns, and fences that its resources came into use. About the middle of the last century the timber began to be exploited and Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota were, in turn, the leading producers of lumber in the United States. Traditionally, removal of standing timber has been the indispensable preliminary to the utilization of the land on a higher economic plane, usually for farming. While to later generations some of the methods employed —like ringing, burning, and so on— may seem appallingly wasteful, to have awaited adequate markets for the timber was obviously impossible. The pace of development was, however, sufficiently slow to reduce the waste to a fairly low level and to make it possible for the clearing to be a useful supplementary source of income for the farmers, though the conduct of the timber operators early aroused protest. In the Cut-Over the existence of vast markets to the east, south, and west led to the abnormal speeding up of the process, especially since, in its later stages, it went hand in hand with technological advances in lumbering operations. The controlling factor was not the need for land for agriculture, but the available market for lumber which was, in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, enormous. Indeed it outran the supply of standing timber even in this heavily wooded area, and in about three-quarters of a century the three states ceased to export lumber and began to meet the larger part of their own needs by imports. Instead of forest utilization, the process was forest destruction.

How may forest destruction be defined? A cautious governmental definition follows: ". . . forest destruction may be defined as the handling of the

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forests of a given economic unit in such a way as to render them incapable of continuous production of usable materials in fairly steady quantities." This implies, of course, that no more economic use can be made of the land than the production of commercial timber. It will be profitable to take a short view of what happened in the Cut-Over during the period of rapid exploitation. The story of Michigan supplies the pattern for the three states.

It has been estimated that the original stand of timber in Michigan amounted to 380 billion board feet of which about 204 billion was cut for lumber and an additional 40 billion utilized in the form of railroad ties, shingles, staves, poles, pulp wood, veneer and so on. At the end of 1926 the saw timber remaining uncut was estimated at about 27.5 billion board feet. The rest of the original stand had been wasted or, roughly, about 108 billion board feet. Some of it went up in the smoke of forest fires, the amount consumed in some areas exceeding that taken out for commercial use. It is reckoned that 73 billion board feet was burned or wasted during or after lumbering operations or in forest fires independent of lumbering operations, while about 53 billion board feet was burned or otherwise destroyed in the clearing of land. The term "wasted" means simply that no selectivity was employed in the cutting and small trees were ruthlessly destroyed to get out the big ones, and practices of a similar kind. Yet in spite of the tremendous waste, the profits of the operation were enormous as can be seen from the estimates of the total value of the lumber produced. If to the value of the commercial lumber we add a figure for ties, staves, shingles, pulp, and so on, we get a total of over 3 billion dollars or ten times the value of the gold thus far taken out in Alaska and twice the value of the gold produced in California. "As is usually true with similar booms involving reckless intense competition to appropriate and exploit free natural resources," says a solemn government bulletin, "many individuals amassed fortunes; but for every one who succeeded hundreds made only a bare living or lost what they had."

The boom nature of the development is clearly apparent in the production figures. Not until the period 1841–1850 did production top a billion board feet, the actual figure for this decade being 2.5 billion. In the 1851–1860 decade production more than doubled, rising to 5.5 billion board feet, while in the 1861–1870 decade, production rose to 16 billion board feet. Clearly there was a tremendous acceleration of the rate of production from small beginnings in the forties. It was, however, in the three decades from 1871 to 1880 that the industry reached its peak, and the greatest decade of all was 1881–1890 during which 54.5 billion board feet were taken out. The total production for the thirty years was 140 billion board feet. After 1900 production began to slack off and in the five years 1921–1926 had sunk to 4.5 billion board feet. "In less than 100 years nearly 33,000,000 acres, or 92 per cent, of the original forest had been cut or destroyed." [1]

If this terrific operation had been accompanied by the settlement of a stable population, the fairly rapid development of farming, and in general the building of a solid structure of civilization, it would be possible to regret the crazy destructiveness but still to say that the end was compensation for the means. Nothing of the sort did or could take place. What happened can be seen by correlating the population figures with the figures for lumber production. Confining ourselves to northern lower Michigan, it appears that between 1890 and 1900 when the peak of production had been passed but the decline was not yet drastic, about 85 per cent of the towns were increasing in population, the balance being on the decline. In the next decade, the production decline being more marked, the percentage of towns with increasing populations dropped to 63 per cent. The trend is thus plain and is confirmed by the fact that in the 1910–1920 decade but one-fifth of the towns increased in population, four-fifths declining. The decline is still going on. The development was but a phosphorescence created by timber destruction.

While Michigan lumber was poured out lavishly for use in building up a rapidly expanding United States, the business was obviously the exploitation of one section of the nation to enrich others. The uncontrolled fashion in which the operation was carried on was not the legitimate use of a resource but its destruction to such an extent that, in the end, the state was incapable of supplying its own needs. While the state is still producing timber products for export, the failure of supply of the requisite timber for its industries forces it to look elsewhere for materials. The rapidity of the shift is shown (compare with production figures above) by the fact that whereas in 1910 even after vast quantities had been shipped away about 60 per cent of the needs were met by local supplies, in 1920 about 60 per cent of the needs were supplied by imported lumber. From a heavy exporter of timber, Michigan was transformed into a heavy importer. The same story obtains for both Wisconsin and Minnesota.

As the lumbermen moved into new areas, a few farmers followed and brought small areas of land into production to meet local requirements, but as the local timber resources were depleted and the lumbering companies withdrew, the local markets disappeared and the scale of farming declined. Efforts to reverse the trend encountered insuperable difficulties. The significance of what was going on was not at first apparent and the maladjustment was looked upon as temporary. Time and knowledge have disproved this optimism. At present, but one-third of the Cut-Over is in farms and but one-eighth of the area in farms is in crops. Between 1920 and 1930 there was a net decline of 2,600,000 acres in agricultural use.[2]

Of the various factors inhibiting settlement, timber cover, climate, accessibility, and quality of land, the first has in large measure ceased to be operative; climate is constant but important chiefly for the limitations it puts on the crops which can be grown; the accessibility of the area was greatest when lumbering was most active for as operations declined, railways were fre-

[1] The Michigan figures are taken from *Economic Aspects of Forest Destruction in Northern Michigan*, by W. N. Sparhawk and W. D. Brush.

[2] Attention in this article is concentrated on the farming situation but it should be mentioned that the region includes the copper mines of Michigan and the iron mines on the Mesabi and Vermillion ranges in Minnesota and the Penokee and Gogebic ranges of Michigan and Wisconsin. The problems posed in the mining areas are special and complex and it may be said that they do not offer employment prospects for the farmers but rather have acute unemployment and disemployment problems of their own.

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quently abandoned; while the quality of the soil is, to a very great extent, a permanent and irremediable difficulty. The ignoring of its significance was the fatal aspect of settlement activities. The lumbering operations were large-scale and the ownership of the land tended toward large holdings, though this is no longer uniformly true throughout the area, the concentration being greatest in Michigan and least in Minnesota where the large acreages have been sold off to absentee small holders to a very great extent. Nevertheless it appears that in 1914, 212 timber holders owned 12,000,000 acres in the lake states, one owning 1,553,000 acres in Michigan. In the upper peninsula of Michigan one company owned one-seventh of the timber area. The principal interest being in the timber, the large holders rarely took much interest in selling off the exploited land in small units. The selling was done by agents, dealers, and owners who had purchased tracts from the timber companies. Depending on the size of the holding and other less analyzable factors, settlement has proceeded on an individual or group colonization basis. In any case, the settlers have been found through direct mail-advertising or by advertisements in farm journals, in English or foreign language as expediency seemed to dictate. Naturally as no great care was taken to make advertising promises square with actualities, so the quality of the "suckers" caught was no concern of the salesmen. The settlers were quite generally insufficiently supplied with capital, the average age at settlement was 38, too high to allow for a long pull before old age limited working powers, and only between a fourth and a third were farmers by occupation. In many instances the farmers had been squeezed out elsewhere and the non-farm people were discouraged city workers of various types. The human material was not, therefore, the best for the job undertaken, even assuming it was worth while.

The settlers faced a tremendous task. Clearing land of stumps is not a job for weaklings and, moreover, it is fairly costly. It is complicated in the Cut-Over by the facts that the land is rather stony and many stumps are of slow-rotting, coniferous trees. The average cost was $50 an acre. Much of the limited capital available was necessarily sunk in the job, as without cleared land no farming could be done. Little was left over for buildings. The result is indicated by this description of conditions in northern Michigan: "Many of the farms in northern Michigan are still in the frontier stage, with lands only partially cleared, fences lacking or temporary makeshifts, barns usually crude and inadequate and rarely painted, and dwellings largely tar-paper shacks of one or two rooms or even log cabins chinked with clay. Such conditions are perhaps to be expected in a frontier settlement, but hardly in the homes of a permanent, prosperous, agricultural community. Outside of the villages a painted house is unusual. A count of over 1,000 farms, taken at random in about twenty counties of northern Michigan in 1921, showed nearly 200 farms practically without barns. Many of these were in districts which depend principally on dairying where, if anywhere, adequate buildings for the stock are essential."

To top it all off the land was, except in isolated pockets, of inferior quality. The situation is best described by a quotation from an authoritative government bulletin: "It must be said of all the region that the soils are essentially timberland soils, having possibly an abundance of potential mineral plant foods but very low in humus. In this latter respect they are the exact opposite of the prairie soils south and west. Moreover, in many sections forest fires have burned off much of what humus was originally in the soil. Consequently most crops do not prosper for the first few years, especially on the heavier soils." . . . The explanation of the condition of the land in this region is as follows: "The northern part, a belt stretching from the northeastern corner of Minnesota and across northern Wisconsin almost to Lake Michigan, including the western part of the upper peninsula of Michigan, is a center or core of ancient crystalline or hard rock. Surrounding this central core and comprising nearly all of the remainder of the region is a sort of table-land originally composed largely of old limestones and sandstones. However, glaciers swept over all this region breaking up the central granite core and leaving it rough land with an abundance of rocky outcrops, lakes, swamps, and gravelly moraines."

It should no longer occasion surprise that the total result of all the toil and moil that has been expended on the Cut-Over is poverty. On the lands cleared the farmers could raise, in favored areas, potatoes, hay and oats, and engage in dairying. But reference to Department of Agriculture figures shows that the Cut-Over is not an important source of any of these crops, nor of dairy products, in the national commercial market. For one thing, sufficient acreage was rarely cleared per farm to carry on profitable operations. To make money at commercial farming, the acreage per farm in the Cut-Over should be greater than in the Corn Belt; actually it is usually smaller. Indeed it is pretty consistently reported that where farmers have tried to make money by dairying, they have overstocked their farms and had both insufficient pasturage and insufficient land for the growing of feed crops. The total situation is reflected in the income figures. One group which had been on the land from three to four years had receipts of $318 from crops and livestock during the year, and an additional $96 from forest products. The situation did not improve sufficiently as time went on to give grounds for optimism. Obviously these people cannot be said to have earned a living by farming, and only access to supplementary employment allowed them to survive. The government experts emphatically state that "a land company has no greater responsibility than that of providing outside labor for its settlers or making sure that it is available in the community." The farm income cited above was augmented by supplementary employment to the extent of $309. The sources of such income are many: working in mines, at road building, as harvest hands on the western prairies, at logging, and in sawmills. But as a matter of fact, the logical source of supplementary income, the forest, was pretty generally eliminated before the settlers came in, or was of constantly declining significance, making it necessary to go far afield for work. Nevertheless the compulsion to engage in such work is necessarily powerful and while, on the one hand, it "saved" the situation, on the other it slowed down the rate of land clearing so that when the depression came along and such employment disappeared, the settlers in a high per-

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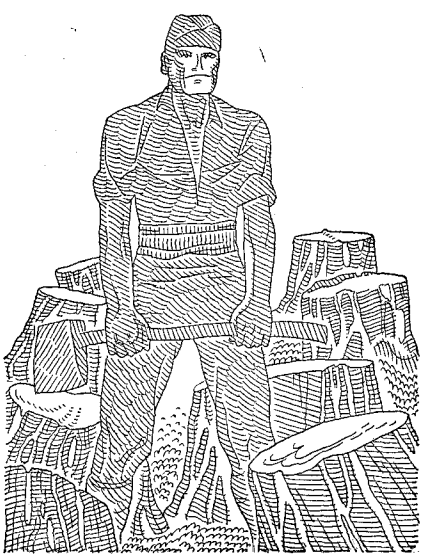
centage of the cases lacked sufficient land even for subsistence operations on the low scale characteristic of the region.

It has been made painfully clear that the situation in the Cut-Over was not produced by the depression, though it was accentuated by the general recession. It rather ante-dated it. By the same token, present conditions here will not be cured by a general improvement through the nation, though the current gloom may be considerably dissipated. A study covering ten counties in three states was recently made to discover current conditions. The counties were selected as representative, neither because they were the best or the worst. The percentages of the population on relief varied from 13 to 51, a rough average being about one quarter, the total number of persons receiving unemployment relief being above 30,000. The situation uncovered was the logical consequence of the social background. In addition to the handicaps imposed by the decline in the prices of agricultural commodities which revealed the essentially uneconomic nature of even the superficially successful farming operations, the depression brought clearly to the fore the facts that too many of the farmers are on submarginal land, that lack of sufficient cleared land is a common phenomenon, and that once supplementary employment decreased in volume, thousands could not even get by. Furthermore, the fact that the "farmers" were burdened with insupportable debts came out with painful clarity. In one county the relation of debt to assessed valuation ranged from 33 1-3 to 280 per cent; in another from 87 to 622 per cent; and in a third from 83 to 455 per cent. As to the general character of the people, it seems that most of them are of the grammar school level educationally, that most of those on relief are unskilled, and that for years the young people had been leaving for the cities as they came of age, the population remaining being the very young, the middle aged, and the old. At present the young are unable to leave, which is a source of difficulty, and in addition many counties are burdened with squatters from urban areas. Altogether a sorry situation was brought to light by the study and one from which an escape is not easy to discover.

The future in the Cut-Over is not something which can be predicted with precision. One of the most studied areas in the United States, the *problems* are clear but the solutions are vague and hypothetical since there is, at present, no central authority to enforce the decisions of the experts. Having harvested the sour fruits of unplanned exploitation, the barriers to the successful execution of a plan are close to insurmountable. The lumber companies have clearly indicated that they can see no way for private enterprise to carry on, for the proportion of tax delinquent cut-over land is increasing rapidly. A few years ago, before a crisis situation existed, 25,000,000 acres were delinquent. This is not only destroying the tax base of the states, counties, and townships, but it is also forcing a new domain on the states for administration, a domain from which the exploitable resources have been removed. What should be done with it?

Since it is obviously impossible arbitrarily to move all of the present population out of the area, the existing economic structure must be shored up somehow. How the "farms" are to support the debt structures founded on them is impossible to say, but it is logical that something should be done to expand existing acreage per farm for pasture and cultivation. In short, at least assist the resident population to gain a subsistence level of living. To go beyond this point will only bring on further trouble as there is no current need to expand agricultural production, for even the national market, and there will not be until the problem of distribution is solved. Even then advances in agricultural technics will make any expansion of acreage unnecessary; rather there will be a constant decline except at the subsistence level where there will be an increase. Unfortunately, even this level cannot be reached in the Cut-Over without moving those on submarginal land onto land where their struggles will bring some reasonable rewards. In part, this is a problem of zoning—separating agricultural land from that better devoted to some other purpose, a prescription which ignores the complicated questions of property titles and debt. How revolutionary this move may be can be illustrated by reference to what is probably an extreme case: in a county containing a population of 3799 in 1930 (a decline from 8079 in 1910), it is estimated that if agriculture were confined to first class land, there would be room for but 125 farms of 148 acres each! In the area as a whole, the National Resources Board advocates the total abandonment of 27,500 farms containing 3,437,500 acres.



Once the existing farms are ordered as far as possible, the remaining land can be given over to reforestation, recreation, supervised game preserves, and wild lands left to develop a natural cover. Other than the last named, all of these uses will require extensive investments on which there will be no striking returns for many years. But they will provide supplementary employment in a reasonable volume—in tree planting, and fire, insect, and disease control—and enable many of the subsistence farmers to gain much needed cash income. When the "crop" is ready for harvesting a market will be available in the Corn Belt and the lake cities. Meanwhile a careful utilization of existing timber resources will help keep many of the established woodworking industries going until the new forests can be exploited by selective cutting, further providing fairly stable employment if the market is steady!

In short, only by planning can the situation be saved at all and, since the planning must be done within the existing economic system, it will be so extensively hamstrung that it will be folly to expect too heartening results. Yet if what *can* be done is not done, the result can only be a rural slum—an area with living standards below those established scientifically for subsistence.

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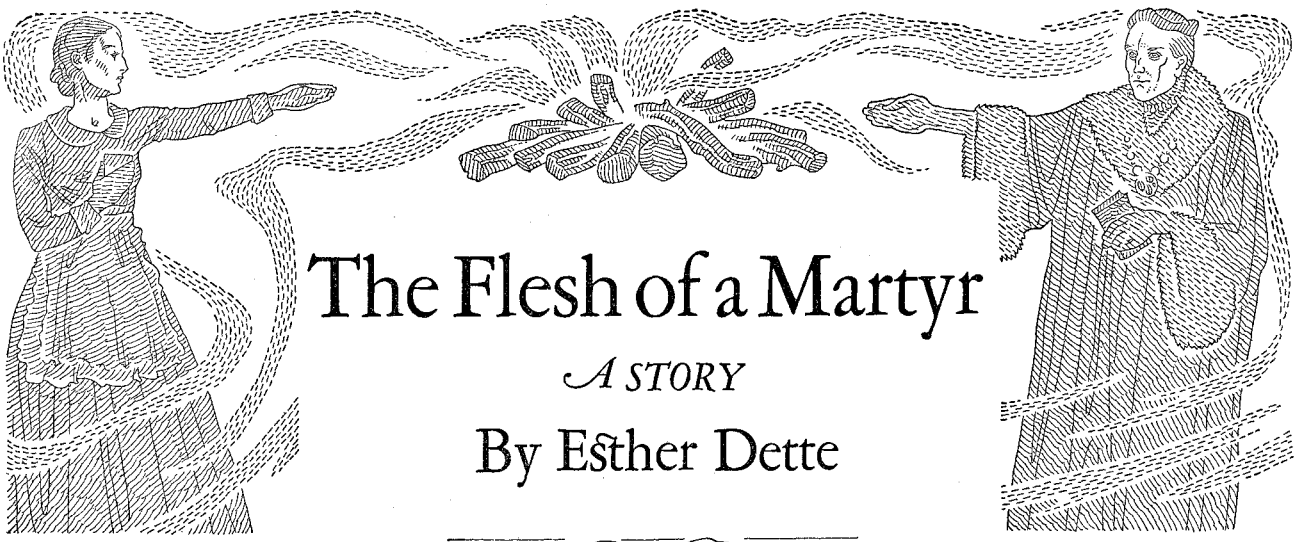

The Flesh of a Martyr

A STORY

By Esther Dette

MOTHER decreed that I was to skip a grade that fall, so Miss Cranmer tutored me all summer in English history. Jo studied it too. Mother said she might as well benefit by the lessons since they were going on. We wished it had been any other kind of history. Miss Cranmer was so proud of being English—British, as she called it—that she seemed to take personal credit for everything, the Norman conquest and Agincourt and the Reformation. And now here was a man named Cranmer who was burned in the reign of Bloody Mary.

"I suppose he's a relation of yours," I said.

"He is an ancestor by a collateral branch, a sort of great-great-uncle."

I studied the book again. "So he recanted, did he?" I challenged her.

"What's recant?" asked Jo.

"Recant is to take back what you formerly said or believed. Archbishop Cranmer was a Protestant. He changed his faith under torture but only for a little while. When he was burned at the stake he thrust his right hand first into the fire to punish it for having signed the recantation."

"If he was brave enough to do that why couldn't he be brave enough to stick to his religion no matter what they did to him?"

"Sometimes the flesh is weak, even the flesh of martyrs."

Jo had been thinking about the new word. Suddenly she burst out, "We shan't recant who can't recant if we can't recant we shan't recant . . ."

"That will do, Josephine."

Just the same I couldn't see the point of what Archbishop Cranmer did, but it was plain that Scrammy was awfully proud of him. We had shortened Miss Cranmer to Scrammy when she first came. I don't think she liked it but she never said anything. She told us that all the men in her family had been clergymen.

"And what are all the women? Governesses?" inquired Jo.

Scrammy's father was the vicar in a little town in Wiltshire. We looked at his picture on her bureau. I took it over to the window to get a better light on it. Jo peered over my shoulder. We saw an old man with snow-white hair and a long beard.

"Why, he looks just like God!" cried Jo.

Scrammy snatched the picture away. "You mustn't say a thing like that, it's blasphemy."

She was very religious, not just praying spells like a Catholic nurse we had once, but religious all the time, about everything. For instance she wouldn't let us put anything on top of a Bible, not even the cheap old one in the schoolroom. It couldn't even be on a lower shelf of the book-case, it had to be on top.

She really believed that cleanliness was next to godliness. We used to tease her about her favorite proverb. She had to have a bath every morning. If Father had used all the hot water, she took a cold one.

"You must be dirtier than other people, Scrammy."

"No, but I have the habit of cleanliness."

Jo and I had our baths at night and then we took turns. That meant we were clean only every other night. Scrammy made us feel dirty compared to her.

We tried to get the better of her in every way we could think of. We had bicycles that summer and the great sport was to run away from Scrammy. One night after supper we were wheeling in long slow curves across and up and down the street in front of our house.

"Let's really run away," said Jo.

"All right." We bent low over the handle-bars and pedalled as hard as we could until we were going so fast it was like flying through the twilight. We heard Scrammy calling, "Girls, girls," but we flew faster and faster until it was nearly dark and the bats swooped down out of the trees over our heads.

It took us a long time to get back because it was mostly up hill. Scrammy met us in the hall, "Too bad, you girls missed something. Your aunt called up and wanted you to come over and have dessert with them, peach ice-cream, I think she said. I called you but you didn't hear."

Jo could think more quickly than I could, "We don't like the kind of peach ice-cream Aunt Grace's cook makes."

"Oh, really," said Scrammy.

I had long honey-colored hair. It was my only good feature, I guess, and mother had Scrammy brush it for fifteen minutes every night. She never complained but I knew by her manner

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that she thought it was a job for a lady's maid, not for a governess. She wouldn't have really minded if I hadn't read a book the whole time she was doing it. I adored the feeling of the brush tingling on my scalp and sliding rhythmically down the long strands of hair but I didn't want her to know I liked it. So I read and she never spoke but brushed and brushed until my hair shone like sugar and vinegar candy after it's been pulled a long time. Then she plaited it (plait was her word for braid) in two fat pigtails. I got into bed, she put out the light, "Good-night, Edith, sleep well."

"Good-night, Scrammy."

We really were fond of her in lots of ways. Once I had a tantrum about something. I wouldn't let Scrammy brush my hair but kicked and screamed for hours. Finally Scrammy came in and bent over the bed to put the covers back over me. Without meaning to at all I kicked her in the chest, not very hard, but I thought I would die of shame. Scrammy went out of the room for a minute and then came back bringing me a glass of cold water. Her face had a kind of holy look. My throat was rough and dry from crying so long and I drank some of the water.

"Good-night, Edith, sleep well."

I couldn't say anything but I knew I would never forget the feel of her chest against the sole of my foot.

Mother and Father were away every week-end all that fall. If they had been home when the cable came there wouldn't have been a scene. Mother hated scenes and all she had to do to ward one off was to let her nostrils curl up and speak in a certain tone of voice. Even now when I see or hear the word "scorn" I think of a face with curled-up nostrils like Mother's.

Jo and I had been playing outside after supper. When we came in we heard Scrammy's voice on the telephone sounding wild and strained. We went to the dining-room door. Scrammy was coming out of the pantry where the telephone was. "What is it?" I asked.

"I just had a cable, my father's dead. Oh, Father, Father," she dropped into a chair at the round mahogany dining-table, put her head down on her arms and cried with great loud sobs. Jo and I tiptoed out and sat down on the living-room sofa. I had my little guitar I had made out of an old candy-box by stretching elastics across a hole in the cover. I plucked at the elastics so Scrammy wouldn't think we were listening to her. We were terribly embarrassed. Everything was silent except that dreadful sobbing in the next room and the twanging, dismal notes of my guitar. Honestly, we didn't know what to do. We were so ashamed for Scrammy. We had never seen a grown person cry and thought they never did, certainly not when they could be seen or heard. I felt really sick to my stomach.

After about half an hour I signalled to Jo that we should go upstairs. We slipped away without a sound. Jo came into my room with me.

"We ought to tell her we're sorry," she said.

"We can't now. We'd better let her alone. Think how we'd hate to have any one see us cry like that."

"I'll tell you what," I had a good idea, "let's go to bed without making a fuss, without her having to tell us to hurry up and everything the way she usually does. That'll show her we're sorry and want to help her."

The next day Mother was back. She had a long talk with Scrammy and then with us. We told her what we had done.

"You don't want to make her feel worse by talking any more about it, is that it?"

"Yes, Mother."

We knew Mother would fix it up. She didn't want us to have anything to do with sorrow. Children's lives should contain nothing but joy, they shouldn't know about sorrow until they have to, we once heard her tell Scrammy.

Jo and I talked about death all the time after that. Jo had seen a dead horse once and I had seen the mummies in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Now living with some one whose father had just died seemed to bring us very close to the real thing.

Scrammy went into mourning. One day we were all down in the basement laundry where she was dyeing a rose-colored sweater black. It came out a queer bronze color and she dipped it again and again.

"I don't see why you take so much trouble," said Jo. "Do you think your father cares if the sweater isn't really black?"

Scrammy's mouth had a funny twist to it as though her throat hurt her. "No, I don't suppose he does."

Jo came closer. "It isn't as if you were going to the funeral. Why didn't you go? Couldn't they wait till you got there?"

That started it. We asked Scrammy all the questions we could think of. It was such a good chance to find out about things. At first we were afraid she would cry again but she didn't even stop smiling.

"How soon do the bugs come?"

"What bugs, Edith?"

"The bugs that eat dead people."

"Did they bury him all dressed up in his church clothes?"

"Will his white hair and beard keep on growing after he's buried?"

She didn't avoid a single question although we must have asked about a dozen each. When we had finished she was still smiling. I had a feeling suddenly that she didn't really want to talk about her father—that we were hurting her somehow. But she said, "Anything else you'd like to know, girls?"

Jo asked, "Why did you cry so when you got the cable? It's babyish to cry. I didn't cry when my kitten died, not so any one could hear me."

"You were a brave girl, Josephine. As I've told you before, sometimes the flesh is weak."

I understood she meant Archbishop Cranmer again.

"Would you put your hand into the fire too, Scrammy?"

"That's just what I'm doing," said Scrammy.

Next month: Stories by THOMAS WOLFE, ERSKINE CALDWELL, WILLIAM E. WILSON, *and the second part of* ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S *"Green Hills of Africa."*

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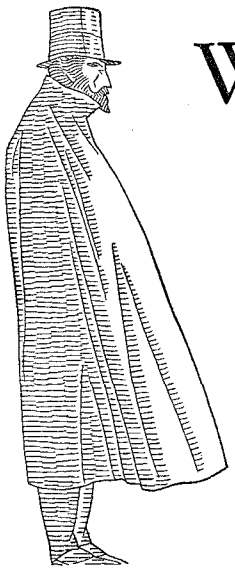
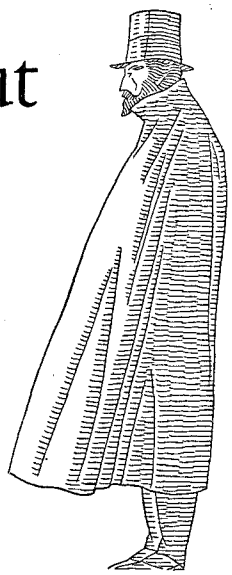


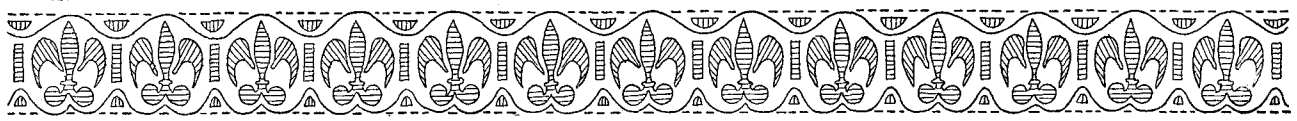
When Gentlemen Fell Out

Heyday in a Vanished World · IV

By Stephen Bonsal



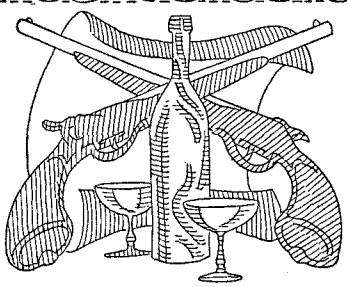
It was in Paris in the spring, and Paris at its most excitable. Three young Americans, two Virginians and a Marylander—celebrating their reunion, were dining on the balcony of a famous café. The upshot of a fancied insult was one of the most famous duels that ever went unfought, involving even the American Minister and the highest duelling authority in France in its amusing complications



THIS story had long lain dormant in the lumber room of forgotten things when suddenly, yesterday afternoon, as I wandered through the Louvre Gallery, my attention was attracted by a landscape of Corot, or rather to be more accurate, by the little metal tag it bore. It read *"don de M. Hallez Claparède."* This meant nothing to the tourists who went by giving only a hasty glance at the picture, but it meant much to me, for it recalled the name of the man who, in one of the many complications of my first duel in France, was to have been my antagonist.

The trouble started, as is so often the case, with a banquet. This began as a stag affair, but later was enlarged by the presence of two American ladies. They came over from London with a letter from Admiral "Bill," our naval attaché in England at the time, and known throughout the Seven Seas as "the swell of the ocean." It is only fair to say that these ladies did not stay with us long, and that soon again the banquet became a stag affair. But their presence for a short period is an important fact.

But I must go back to the situation preceding the arrival of the ladies. It was in the month of May (in the summer of 1888), when Paris looked its loveliest, and when all who were gathered there from all over the world were intoxicated by the fragrance



of the acacias. It was at this happy moment that the three of us, favored by the god of chance, came together, as is so often the fortune of young people and so rarely the lot of old folk.

I would not have you believe that our coming together was an altogether uneventful affair. It was preceded by many remarkable antecedent circumstances, and that is why it was immediately decided to celebrate the auspicious occasion with a banquet up on the cool balcony of the famous café under the umbrageous trees.

Of these antecedent circumstances, in my judgment at least the most notable was the fact that only two weeks before, I had successfully interviewed the Pope in Rome on the subject of the Knights of Labor, who at the time were attracting much attention at home. It is true that His Holiness had not talked much, and certainly had said little on the delicate subject of labor organization, but still he had talked and my editor was pleased.

Hal Dulany had killed, in the Pyrenees, a mountain goat or some other rare animal very difficult to come up with, which he had pursued unsuccessfully for several seasons. And, after a stubborn resistance and repeated refusals, Armisted had been admitted as a pupil in M. Julien's atelier. No doubt he would emerge a Sargent or a Dannat, and so at least one-third of the honors of the banquet belonged to him. Armisted of the Roanoke Randolphs was possessed of their many talents which would at times crop out in the most surprising manner and he rather plumed himself upon his inability to cope with the problems of daily life. He had driven a hack in New York and he had worked as a lineman in the construction of a South American railway for some years during which he had disdained to pick up any Spanish because he regarded it as poor Latin gone to seed. His Virginia cousin Hal was making it possible for him to study art in Paris now and our high hopes for his future were not entirely without foundation.

Perhaps it was unwise of Hal to have insisted upon a table on the balcony. It entailed the passing of a banknote of some size to the maître d'hôtel, and as we were soon to learn, the habitual clients of this elevated and coveted place formed a close corporation and were inclined to raise their eyebrows when outsiders intruded. They certain-

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ly did as we appeared and while we were making a great pother trying to arrange our party of five so that each one of the three men should have on his right a fair charmer, which, as it turned out, was geometrically impossible.

However, in the end we were all pleasantly seated, and after the *écrevisses* were served and our appetites somewhat stayed, we had an opportunity to look about us. At the adjoining table were six Frenchmen, distinguished-looking men with ribbons in their buttonholes, and calling the waiters familiarly by their first names. I thought one of them objected to the costume of the lady from Kalamazoo who sat on my left. He certainly raised his eyebrows. Was the costume daring? Well, perhaps it was then, but today if any one appeared in this guise, she would be set down as a dowager and as a dowdy one at that.

As it will later be apparent I may as well confess, here and now, that this was not my party and so it is not surprising that the active developments of the evening that came later caught me, if not exactly napping, at least day-dreaming. After a few unsuccessful sallies, and a parade or two, I saw that I had no contacts with our unexpected guests who had come to us under naval patronage and further that it was extremely unlikely that I should establish any.

Soon, despite the general chatter, I had fallen into what the French call a *douce rêverie*. And soon I was guilty of replacing our bold-faced, loud-voiced visitors with faces and with figures more to my liking.

And then when charming singer Angèle Laurent—or was it the equally charming Mathilde Lambert?—sang

"Viens, je te promis mille délices
Je te payerai des primeurs
En mangeant des écrevisses
Au Café des Ambassadeurs,"

I recognized that I was unpaired and in thought at least I summoned a gentle soft-voiced *partenaire* to sit by my side.

Soon the crawfish song died away and as the vol-au-vent appeared, the garden suddenly rang with martial music. All rose and clapped their hands and then sat down again with a great clatter, for Paulus, the song bird of the Revolution that was a-borning, remained behind the curtain. This delay in presenting the great attraction of the evening gives me the opportunity to explain that at this very moment Paris was tremendously agitated over the Boulanger movement. No one knew its exact purpose and as the *brav'* general's program was extremely vague, it could be and in fact was made to fit into any number of revolutionary plans. Many indeed were satisfied that whether as President or Emperor, once in the saddle, the *brav'* general would introduce fair dealing at home and peace and order on the German frontier. As to this there could be no manner of doubt. Everybody had it on the authority of Paulus himself and everybody knew that Paulus was the confidential troubadour of the movement. Then as the garden rang with salvos of applause and the balcony shook under the impact of approving feet I came back from my revery and there at last on the stage was Paulus the Great, a squat plump little man with a pudgy white face and flashing black eyes. After imposing silence, with a Napoleonic gesture, in a cracked and quavering voice he called passionately upon all present to close up their ranks, to rally around the flag, to present a solid phalanx against the invader who was coming over the border. "Let not the dastard's foot pollute our sacred soil," he shouted, disdaining all melody, and the audience went wild. The wave of emotion was so overwhelming that perfect strangers and even political enemies shook hands and some hugged each other in fraternal embrace.

Now while I was in the very midst of it all I have not a very clear idea of what then actually occurred. Entranced, I was watching Frenchmen of all parties closing up their ranks, forgetting all past differences and presenting a solid front to the ancient enemy who lowered across the Rhine, when I heard a tremendous crash and saw that Hal was belaboring one of the Frenchmen, who sat at the next table, over the head with his chair and that the Frenchman was attempting to retaliate in kind, but not very successfully. The mêlée became general; everybody pitched in. It was all most confusing, but I do recall, and gratefully, that at this moment the lady from Kalamazoo said to the other lady, who hailed from Broad Ripple, "This is where we skip," and they skipped and I never saw them again. How true it was, as Admiral "Bill" had assured us, "These girls know their way about."

Showing what an imitative animal man is, everybody grasped the light bentwood chairs and brandished them about. While they were more numerous, the Frenchmen were certainly not in our class, not in the class of Armisted or Hal, at least, in chair-waving. I did not make such a good showing, having had but little experience in this line, and besides I had been greatly weakened by an attack of fever during the last days of my sojourn in Rome, but as Hal shouted, "These bally Frenchmen are poking fun at our girls," of course I did what I could.

In a moment now all the tables were upset, and smashed plates and carafes strewed the floor. The Frenchmen were cornered and so, at first until reinforcements came, in a position better to receive the chair blows than to reply in kind. Hoping to quell the riot doubtless, Paulus continued his patriotic song; indeed, he emphasized it. The waiters and many of the guests, interpreting his words as a call to close up the French ranks and throw out the invaders, joined in the riot and chairs came flying toward us from every quarter. We were driven by overwhelming numbers to the head of the steep narrow stairway which led down from the balcony to the garden. Once here, Armisted, who had hitherto dominated the fray as a falcon would a dove-cot, seeing that the fragment of his chair, all that remained to him, was of little value against his innumerable assailants, threw it away and changed his tactics. His coat was gone now, and his arms bare, but with a smile upon his face, the kind of smile that in our childhood was associated with the Indian chief subjected to torture and bravely determined that his captors should not know how he suffered, Armisted resolutely clutched the handsome balustrade, and he held on to it despite the blows that were rained upon him with table legs, and he held on until one section after another of the balustrade gave way.

I was so fascinated by Armisted's defensive and also very destructive tactics, that I am wholly unaware of how I myself came down the stairs from the balcony, and when I examined my innumerable bruises the next day, while they indicated it had been a rough trip,

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they gave no very clear indication of the actual method of my descent. From first to last, Armisted was truly magnificent. Seeing that his assailants were countless, he placed himself in their hands, but turned their superior strength and numbers to their disadvantage. Every blow that fell upon his tenacious arms loosened a section of the balustrade, and when it fell away Armisted would step down and firmly grasp the next section. In the end, when he reached the bottom, the stairway to the balcony entirely bereft of its balustrade looked like the perilous ascent to a chicken house.

Once out in the garden, and on firm ground, we were still more exposed to attack. Here our innumerable assailants could approach us from every side. Things were going very badly indeed when we saw an open door into which we rushed, hoping it would lead to some refuge, or at least to a better defensive position. It was merely a garden house, however, filled with watering pots and cans, without an outlet, and immediately the door by which we had entered was slammed and bolted behind us. We were certainly in a *cul de sac*. However, we had a breathing spell, and to me at least our situation seemed changed for the better.

It did not last long; peering through a little window, I soon saw police agents swarming all about the place, and a moment later there came a loud knock and a sonorous summons to open "in the name of the Law."

"Open yourself," I answered, and then the bolt was drawn and a Commissaire of Police appeared in the doorway, pulling back his light coat to expose his scarf of authority. He was flanked by two clerks who carried writing materials, and now his minions swarmed all about us.

"I have heard the charge," he began, "and now, I simply want you to answer my questions." We answered them quite readily, and the commissaire was about to place us under arrest, when suddenly outside the little window there arose quite a commotion, and a loud discussion ensued. I heard our names, or at least our nationality and racing proclivities stressed, and straining both my eyes and ears I saw a fairly familiar face in the midst of all these unfriendly strangers, and I heard this man say:

"They are *des gens comme ils faut* —they are gentlemen," he asserted.

"C'est impossible," protested one of our antagonists.

The man with the familiar face, who I now placed as an habitué of Longchamp and of the Chatham Bar, affirmed, "Unbelievable? Nevertheless it is true." And then our unknown benefactor spoke a word for himself as well as for us.

"Why, only last week I saw them all at the garden party in the *palais de Pauline.*" This was the colloquial way affected by some smart people of describing the British Embassy, because in the Napoleonic era it had been occupied by Napoleon's beautiful sister.

He went on: "I have seen them at Baron Alphonse's and often in the 'big five' at the Café Anglais with the Duc de Feltre and Baron Roger."

"Can it be possible!" exclaimed the ancient clients with unfeigned astonishment.

Our providential friend was certainly mistaken, at least as to his dates, but I was not in a mood to split hairs, and as a matter of fact I was not drawn into the conversation at all, I simply overheard it.

Our late antagonists, the gentlemen of the adjacent table, now held a whispered conference, and then two of them left the group and came into the garden house. They bowed stiffly to the commissaire and said,

"There has been a regrettable misunderstanding. These gentlemen are—gentlemen, and the affair will be settled in a *convenable* manner." They presented their cards to the commissaire, and these evidently impressed him deeply. He rose, and bowing graciously to the Frenchmen, but rather coldly to us, he withdrew.

One of the French gentlemen with whom we had come in such unpleasant contact, but who was now acting in such a handsome manner, presented me with his card. I gave mine in return, and when he assured me that he would get in communication with me on the following day we both bowed stiffly, in fact I could bow in no other way now, and then we separated.

As we walked away under the trees toward the Champs Elysées, we came across the maître d'hôtel gazing pensively at the demolished balustrade and the innumerable spokes and rails of it which strewed the ground of what had been the battlefield. He had a great lump on his forehead which doubtless added to his puzzlement, and he muttered: *"Ils sont des gens comme ils faut! Alors, je ne comprends rien—mais rien de tout!"*

As we left, the stranger with the familiar face, who had so effectively reestablished our social status, came out and joined us.

"I am delighted," he said, "that everything could be arranged so *convenablement.* I had feared for a moment you would have been compelled to go to the *poste,* to face perhaps the police *correctionnel,* and that would have happened had the misunderstanding persisted." And then he added in a lower voice, "However, I must tell you that M. Deschamps is a famous swordsman. He is the champion of Larue's *salle d'armes,* with both the *épée* and the saber."

We thanked him cordially, and drove home to our hotel. We knew how we felt, but we did not know how we looked. About that we learned later, when the concierge, who was a Breton, told Hal's valet that we looked like the Charettes after the Chouan Wars, "perfect gentlemen—who had been roughly handled."

With our coffee in the morning there came a very courteous note from two gentlemen who though unknown to us by name were not difficult to place.

"It's a cartel—a challenge," shouted Armisted, who was very familiar with the duelling literature of Lever, his novels *Charles O'Malley, Jack Hinton,* and *Tom Burke of "Ours."* "Splendid," he added, drawing a deep breath. Here at last was a dream that had come true! Whatever it was, the writers certainly asked that we receive them that afternoon at four o'clock, if our engagements permitted. They made it very clear that they had an important communication to make to us, the friends of Mr. Hal Dulany on the part of their friend, M. Deschamps. And a few minutes later, M. Vignaud,* the perennial secretary of our legation in Paris, appeared.

* Vignaud was a Creole gentleman from Louisiana who first came to Paris as secretary to John Slidell, the Confederate Envoy to France seeking the recognition that Napoleon the Third came so near giving him. Now for twenty years he had served as the secretary of the U. S. Legation, a striking symbol of our reunited country.

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"What are you fellows up to?" he began, evidently bursting with curiosity. "An inquiry came to the minister this morning from the duelling committee of the Jockey Club. They wanted to know all about the *honorabilité* of a certain American, M. Dulany and his associates. You would have been pleased at the minister's reply. He said you were all Bayards, *sans peur et sans reproche*. If there is a duel in the wind, you had better let him in on it. What he doesn't know about the Code is not worth knowing. Fifty years ago or thereabouts, he winged his man during the Seminole War in the ditch around Fort Marion at Saint Augustine. According to his account, the Indians did not give the young officers all the fighting required to cool off their hot blood, so they were forced to fight among themselves."

We answered Vignaud somewhat evasively, but assured him that if any difficulties developed we would certainly consult the legation. As a matter of fact, the news of this inquiry made us quite angry and indignant, but we soon subsided. After all, we were forced to recognize that the Frenchmen were entitled to a more substantial endorsement of our *honorabilité* than the mere word of our chance acquaintance, whose name we did not remember.

Several hours before the scheduled meeting, we sent Hal for a ride in the Bois and Armisted and I, harassed by many perplexing problems, set out for a walk. We went up the boulevard and along the Champs Elysées, and here we stumbled upon a *canonnerie* that was also an arms shop, and were soon engaged in an examination of the weapons displayed and in conversation with the gray-haired old man who presided over them. Armisted thought we had made a lucky find; he had persuaded himself that the controversy as to the choice of weapons we knew to be impending would be more than half won if we had a pair of duelling pistols near at hand. Certainly the old man had a tremendous assortment of weapons. There were hair triggers and hard triggers. In my laudable purpose of avoiding bloodshed I chose a pair of hard triggers that were revealed to us from a fragrant sandalwood case with mauve satin lining, but I was amazed when told that the price was twenty-two hundred francs.

"But," the old man added, "I will of course throw in ten rounds of ammunition, that is generally sufficient."

I devoutly hoped so. This was indeed an unexpected price to pay, and of course it was by no means certain that we should secure the choice of weapons or that even in this case our pistols would be accepted.

Armisted, always fertile in ideas, suggested, "Tell the old man we have not the slightest intention of becoming professionals, that if we get out of this scrape we hope never to have another encounter, and that we want to hire the weapons." Whereupon I offered two hundred francs for the use of the pistols for a week and fifty francs a day for any demurrage after that.

"Ah, messieurs, you are honorable men, I dare swear, but *évidement vous ne savez pas l'usage*. After a *rencontre* of the nature which you gentlemen contemplate, it is the custom, the invariable custom, that each of the principals retains the weapon he has used on the field of honor as a souvenir of the memorable occasion."

"Well, that's the most encouraging thing I have heard today," remarked Armisted, "for of course a corpse would not have the slightest need of a pistol or any other reminder of his worldly career."

Then in amazing French and yet getting his meaning across quite clearly, Armisted made a few inquiries. "Does it not happen that at times one of the principals gets winged or even permanently disabled?"

"It happens so seldom that we dismiss this possibility from our calculations. It is indeed negligible," insisted the aged *armurier*. "Of course, accidents have happened and may happen again, but rarely, and never with experienced men."

These seemed to be the kind of pistols we wanted, and making a substantial deposit, we immediately entered upon an agreement on fair terms, to keep them or to return them as we saw fit.

Having secured the weapons, our next duty was to engage a skilful surgeon who could repair the damage they might inflict, and first off we were so fortunate as to secure the services of Warren Bey, an ex-Confederate who after the Civil War had gone to Egypt, where he became the court physician and the medical adviser of that great spendthrift, Khedive Ismail. Warren Bey was now nearly seventy years of age and had returned to Paris, where he was spending the evening of his life in something that approached Oriental splendor. When I asked him on what terms he would assist Dulany on the field of honor he answered, "It will be on the score of friendship. I will be acquitting a debt which I have long owed to his father, the colonel of the Forty-sixth Virginia."

Later, however, under the protracted negotiations, and the excitement of preparing to start at crack of dawn every morning for the duelling ground, this charming old gentleman became ill and he was compelled to propose a young and, as he said, a very competent surgeon as his substitute.

"But if Hal is wounded, I will come to you on the wings of speed," he said. Young P., a competent surgeon, proved to be, to say the least, a horse of a very different color. He was a Scot and had no sentimental regard for the Confederacy or for the offspring of its survivors. He insisted upon a large retaining fee and, wise man as it proved, a per diem allowance for any possible delay, which he seemed to have foreseen. But this was not all. He then placed before us a document which we had to sign before a notary to the effect that in case his connection with the duel should compel him to absent himself from Paris his income would be assured for the period. As Armisted said, truly, this was no time to economize, so we underwrote the document, and the guarantee, though the young Scot certainly valued his services at a high figure.

From the very first I was determined that if the wretched affair could not be settled, it must be fought out with pistols. With rapiers, the *épée de combat*, Hal would have little or no chance, particularly if his opponent turned out to be the formidable swordsman that our chance acquaintance reported that he was. The thought that I might have to stand by and see my friend spitted and scarified was extremely unpleasant. That would have been bad enough, but there was plainly visible on the horizon a still more unpleasant possibility, and knowing how impetuous Hal was I could not but recognize this as almost a probability. The papers of the day were

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filled with accounts of a very one-sided duel that had recently taken place near Lyons between a famous swordsman, an inveterate duellist, and an unfortunate man who had rarely, if ever, held an *épée* in his hand. The moment the antagonists came face to face, the moment they were released from *en garde,* instead of indulging in the usual preliminary parades the untrained man rushed at his antagonist and ran him through the body, perhaps a little low. Immediately a great hullabaloo arose; for weeks the life of the famous swordsman, who had picked the wrong greenhorn, hung by a thread, and now the unfortunate novice, charged with manslaughter in having inflicted a *coup déloyal,* was awaiting trial.

As it will become increasingly apparent with every step we take, I may as well here admit how extremely unfortunate for Hal it was that he was not supported in this affair by more experienced seconds. Armisted was undoubtedly a fighter, but generally with his fists, and his ideas concerning the duel, always vague, when translated into what he was pleased to call French baffled all comprehension. It is true I had acted as *témoin* to Jean Moreas, the celebrated Franco-Grecian poet, when he fought his famous duel with Darzens, whose Biblical play "L'Amante de Christ" was the occasion of several riots at the Théâtre Antoine and a great uproar in the literary world. And as the new affair got under way, I plumed myself upon this background of experience, but as a matter of fact the only duty that had devolved upon me on this occasion, and that in the circumstances had proved onerous, was to pay for the carriages which carried us out and brought us back from the field of honor at Villebon.

The seconds of M. Deschamps appeared that afternoon at four o'clock with the punctilio of princes. After formal but most courteous salutations and some criticism of the weather, we got down to the business in hand. Count Louis de Turenne assumed the rôle of spokesman for his principal and our antagonist, M. Deschamps, and a very competent one he proved to be, although every now and then his flow of thought was halted by interruptions from M. Hallez Claparède. This gentleman, while he generally agreed with his associate, quite frequently liked to put the matter in another way, or at least in his own words. Divested of preliminaries and circumlocutions, it came to this: Turenne explained that they had come on behalf of their aggrieved friend M. Deschamps, to present through us to M. Hal a fully justified demand for an ample and yet by no means an unbecoming apology for the wholly unprovoked assault he had made upon the body of their principal. With such an apology forthcoming, while to be sure as yet they were not authorized to give an engagement to this effect, they were quite confident, loyal gentleman that he was, that M. Deschamps would express himself not only as satisfied but indeed as gratified.

These pleasant words were most welcome; certainly our French friends were not running amok. Bloodshed might be avoided after all. And then came a few words from M. Hallez Claparède in explanation of the by no means stern demands that had been made. He said, "We have not the slightest desire to push to extremes an *affaire* for which perhaps no one could be directly blamed. After all it was a *café chantant* affair, one of those vexatious incidents of great city life with which no one cares to be associated, either in the eyes of the public or the press, nor would any one be justified in pressing such an affair to undue extremes."

For our side, I was spokesman and Armisted only occasionally contributed emphasis and colorization to our point of view. I declined even to entertain the thought of an apology, or to deliver the demand for it to my principal, and, carrying the war into the enemy's country and paraphrasing the words of our courteous opponents, I demanded an apology from their principal, or failing that, a meeting on the field of honor—with pistols. After M. Deschamps's seconds had recovered from the state of extreme astonishment into which my words threw them, they at last began to discuss my claim that *our* principal was the offended party and consequently entitled to the choice of weapons. Our argument was that while doubt was permissible as to who had delivered the first blow, there could be no manner of doubt that the first gesture of disdain, the first unseemly facial contortion, the first contemptuous glance had come from our opponents, and upon this we based our demand for a complete and sweeping but (not to be outdone in generosity) a by no means abject apology.

If they were not really amazed by my attitude, the French gentlemen certainly simulated this feeling in a manner that was worthy of the best traditions of Molière. There was a tremendous hubbub for about twenty minutes, and only then Turenne admitted that in making the claim that I advanced I was merely exercising one of my undoubted rights, and that of course the claim would have to go forward to the duelling committee for adjudication. Fortunately, this would not mean a great delay, as I was advised that this important committee sat practically *en permanence* at the Jockey Club, or could be assembled there at almost any moment. Nevertheless, even after this agreement was reached, it took us some time to draw up the memoranda to be submitted to the Court of Honor, and still longer to induce the parties of the first part, as it were, to countersign the statement of the parties of the second part, and of course had these *procès verbaux* carried with them an endorsement of our clashing claims, that would have been impossible. After much argument and hair-splitting, it was clearly set forth that we testified to the fact that the French gentlemen actually made their absurd statement in regard to assaults and blows *de boxeur,* and they admitted that we had gone to great length in resenting facial contortions which we thought spelled contempt and sharp elbow nudges which we regarded as tantamount to blows.

When these ex parte statements were finally drawn up and countersigned, the candles in the great silver candelabras which shed a subdued light upon the scene had burned low, and our distinguished visitors, by frequent consultation of their timepieces had begun to show a distinct appreciation of the fact that the most important moment in the day for them, and for most Frenchmen, the dinner hour, was fast approaching. I would not exaggerate the hardships that we had to undergo in the course of these negotiations, and so I may add that while you are reading a veracious and wholly unadorned narrative of one of the most serious duels that ever went unfought in France, we never permitted the vital

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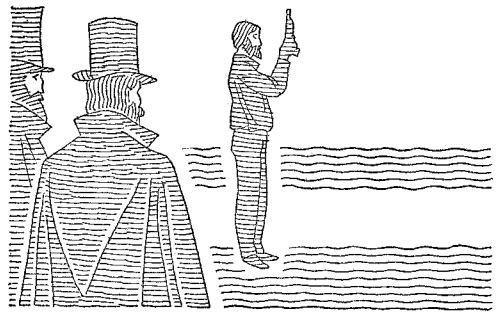
negotiations to infringe on the dinner hour, and indeed only once was dinner delayed.

Perhaps I have not been quite fair in setting forth the views of our courteous French friends, but it is unintentional and I shall now try to make amends. They were always extremely affable and in limpid, lucid French they never failed to make their point of view quite clear or to demonstrate to their satisfaction at least, the absurdity of mine.

"Voyons, monsieur," explained Turenne, "perhaps we are not right and of a certainty your opinion is respectable and shall be respected by us. At the same time, you will, I am sure, allow me to make quite plain what, under the code, is the universal practice respected by men of honor in France and indeed in many other European countries. If M. Deschamps were travelling in La Virginie or in Texas and a personal difficulty of this nature should arise, he would of course have to submit himself to the duelling practice of the country and, however repugnant it might be to him, he would meet M. Dulany with bowie-knives if desired; now, however, we are in Paris and here our code is supreme." And then of course M. Hallez Claparède, who, it seemed to me, was a little more bloodthirsty than M. de Turenne, chipped in with just a shade of malice in his voice.

"Voyons," he began, "as you know, *tout le monde* comes to Paris, and occasionally *tout le monde* fights. Imagine the confusion that would ensue were each man allowed to choose his native weapon and to fight as perhaps he may have been accustomed to do on his native heath. Doubtless in these circumstances the Italian would choose the stiletto, the Turk the scimitar, the Malay his kriss, the Argentinian perhaps his lasso, the Australian his 'Kangaroo.' To avoid these complications, for international meetings, the wisest and the most discreet men among us have contrived a humane and chivalrous code and I can assure you that only combats that are fought under the protection of this code are permitted. Upon these our courts righteously close an eye, but others—they might mean summary arrest, imprisonment, in case of accident, and most certainly exile from Paris." This last possibility was evidently most terrifying to M. Hallez Claparède.



On the following afternoon we came together at the same hour, but this time in the duelling room of the Jockey Club. My thought and all my attention were so concentrated on the difficult matter in hand that I have not the faintest remembrance of what this historic salon looked like, except that it was simply furnished and that one side of the inner wall was lined with bookcases. On the shelves were wonderfully bound tomes of ancient duelling lore which, however, I had little opportunity to examine. In handsome leather cases were also preserved the protocols and the *procès verbaux* of more modern affairs and it was these that we were frequently called upon to consult. From these it appeared that at the moment a certain Marquis du Lau was the arbiter of last resort in matters that baffled the duelling court. To me he seemed a legendary character, of about the date of Brantome, and certainly I had not the remotest idea that I was shortly to meet him in the flesh.

Probably another reason why I recall but few if any details of this meeting is that it registered my complete Waterloo. The authorities against my contention that we had the choice of weapons were simply overwhelming. I was compelled to see that no amount of facial contortions, that no elbow nudging, however unseemly, could have justified a swinging blow, much less the tossing of a chair into the mêlée. Consequently, the conclusion was inevitable: the Frenchman as the offended party had the choice of arms; we could only apologize or fight with the weapons of their choosing. As an apology was out of the question, and the whole afternoon had been consumed in debate, we were compelled to wait until the next meeting for the announcement of the choice of weapons, and the regulations under which the duel was to be fought.

Satisfied and indeed softened by the way in which they had destroyed my contention that Hal was the offended party, our French friends when we came together again proposed a very gentlemanly duel. Had it been carried out, there can be no question but what all involved would have been in condition to enjoy the sacramental breakfast with which such affairs were usually concluded.

"Duelling swords, the ordinary *épée de combat,* with fencing gloves, or with walking gloves, as desired. Bouts to last three minutes and the rest periods, thirty seconds," wrote Turenne. "But I would not seem to be laying down the law to you," he added. "Since you have courteously abandoned the unnecessarily severe *duel à pistolet* I think we would acquiesce in any suggestions you might make."

"Let me hear yours first," I said.

"Well, my idea is, in accordance with the best duelling practice, that the *corps-à-corps* (close quarters) be forbidden, and that the combat terminate when the first blood flows."

This was the opening for which I had waited.

"Since you demand it, and the duelling code, for which I have the greatest respect, justifies it, I am willing that my principal should give yours an opportunity to secure the satisfaction to which he thinks he is entitled, although this imposes upon M. Dulany the necessity of fighting with a weapon with which he is totally unfamiliar. Yet I have only one fear as to the result of the encounter, and that is the ridicule which is so frequently showered upon a duel à la mode, a journalistic duel. To this danger I cannot expose my friend, and therefore I must insist upon close quarters being permitted, and that the combat continue until the surgeons on the ground formally confirm that, because of wounds, one of the combatants has been placed in a position of distinct inferiority."

Turenne lifted his hands in horror, and I felt that for once at least I had scored. "That is a fight to a finish! *Enfin,* a death struggle," he protested. We argued the matter for at least three hours, but as far as I can recall, neither side added to the arguments that had

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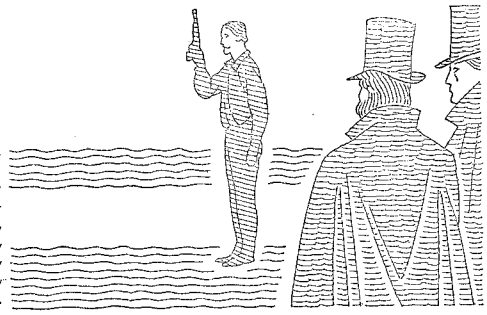

been advanced in the first five minutes. Turenne dwelt at great length on his fear that in case of an accident, and as he admitted sorrowfully, accidents do happen on the duelling ground, the courts would take a harsh view of seconds who allowed such savage terms to be enforced, in a combat which after all was not fought to wipe out a mortal offense or an unpardonable injury.

"In case of accident," said Turenne, "we might have to go prison."

"Worse! Much worse! We might even have to absent ourselves from Paris—from France—for months," added Hallez Claparède with emphasis.

But Armisted and I were adamant. We had no fear of anything but the ridicule meted out to a frivolous duel. There was only one concession that we were inclined to make. If they would abandon swords, we would fight our man with pistols even at thirty paces. But Hallez Claparède grunted that such a procedure was very dangerous to the seconds, who had to stand somewhere near their principals, and so were not entirely removed from the line of fire.

In the face of this deadlock, the Frenchmen now withdrew to the window embrasure for a conference, and only returned to the table where the unfinished draft of the *procès verbal* still awaited the substantial paragraph some minutes later.

"We are quite willing to assist at a duel which would afford our principal the satisfaction to which we think he is entitled," were Turenne's concluding words, "but we cannot and shall not expose him to a *massacre à l'Américaine.*"

"We are quite willing that our friend should fight, but we cannot expose him to the ridicule of a frivolous duel," was our reply. And so the deadlock persisted.

Turenne did not like the way I put it, and at first I did not like the phraseology of his paragraph, but we both stood by our guns and our very divergent views were at last incorporated in the protocol which I at least thought would bring our long-drawn-out negotiations to a conclusion and terminate the affair.

Parting from our courteous antagonists with many expressions of esteem and high regard, we hastened to the hotel with our precious *procès verbal* duly signed. At first glance Hal was immensely pleased with its contents and said many kind things about our prowess in duelling matters, which, as he admitted, he had not expected. "You boys certainly had your wits about you. Of course I did not want to fight a journalistic duel and once I got going I most certainly did not want to stop when the first blood was drawn," he soliloquized.

"Yes, it might have been a mere scratch, and then how the Virginia papers would have held us all up to ridicule," suggested Armisted, and I agreed, not foreseeing how unfortunately this suggestion of possible newspaper publicity might develop.

But from that moment the contented expression left Hal's face, and while I did not know from what direction it was coming I knew that trouble was brewing for all of us. For half an hour, with long nervous strides, Hal paced up and down the apartment lighting and then throwing away cigarette after cigarette. Finally he began:

"I don't say that you fellows haven't acted splendidly in view of all the circumstances—that are known to you, but there is one circumstance you were not aware of—you, Bonsal, were in Russia at the time, and Armisted was in Venezuela. Capel got wildly excited over what I said about the running of a Hungarian horse at the Croix de Berney, and—well, before I knew what he was doing, and before I think he knew himself, he slapped me in the face. I pitched in, but we were soon separated, and then Capel began his lamentations. He protested that I was his best friend, and that if I would only provide the fire he would burn off the hand with which he had slapped me. He even began to sob, and I said: 'Well, Capel, apologize and we'll forget it.'"

"'I apologize on bended knee,' he protested. I wouldn't let him do that, and soon the silly business ended with a round of drinks. At least I thought it had ended, but it hadn't. Some weeks later there came a nasty clipping from *The Richmond Whig,* in which I read that after taking a slap in the face and receiving merely a verbal apology, I had had a round of drinks with my antagonist. 'Shades of the dead Dulanys! To what a pass the sons of Fairfax and Fauquier have come!' was the comment of the editor. And his conclusion was: 'In the olden days when men were men a smash on the face could only be wiped out with blood.'

"Now what will these people say about the present situation? There were ladies in my company. They had been made, I think, the butt of discourteous remarks, and I know that some one broke a chair over my head, and yet when I am brought face to face with my antagonist, I say: 'Well, I'll fight you this way. But I won't fight you that way.' Now I want you fellows to go back and tell those gentlemen that I'll fight any way they want. After all, when in Rome, you have to do as the Romans do, and if you fight in Paris,

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you have to fight in the Parisian way. Can't you hear what *The Whig* would say if we leave it as it is? They would say, 'Young Hal is mighty choosey in the way he fights,' and they would probably add 'Poor Colonel Dulany.' You fellows have had the best intentions but you have put me in wrong, and I call upon you to go back to those gentlemen and say that on careful consideration you withdraw all objections to their proposal and that I will be happy to fight one or all of them, any old way."

I told Hal that this would be a difficult message to deliver, though at the time I did not fully appreciate how difficult it would be. I saw, however, that we were certainly breaking new duelling ground, and in this I was about 500 per cent right. Hal was most sympathetic, and said frankly that if he had two other friends in Paris in whom he placed the same confidence he did in us he would call upon them, but there was no one else whom he could call upon, so he must ask us to retrace our steps and do what he was quite confident was necessary to safeguard his honor from ribald remarks as well as from justified criticism.

We had no little difficulty in renewing contact with our hitherto amiable protagonists. Apparently they had gone to the country after the long-debated protocol was signed. Fully forty-eight hours had elapsed before once again they gave us an appointment, and once again we were face to face with them in the solemn duelling room of the Jockey Club.

When we confronted them, the noble Frenchmen were courteous, but somewhat stiff. It took me quite some time to explain the purpose of our visit. And one after another, they kept repeating what I tried to say, with ever-increasing accents of incredulity. "It is most informal," they repeated. "Do I understand you to say that you gentlemen wish us to reopen a *res adjudicata* that has already been filed away in the archives?" When I admitted that this was our purpose, M. de Turenne cocked his eye at the ceiling and remarked that he could not recall a precedent to guide him with respect to our proposal. "I can," explained Hallez Claparède. "It happened after the Restoration, and then the procedure was as follows. The seconds who asked that the *procès verbal* which they had signed should be torn up had to go out and meet the seconds whom they had put to this inconvenience, and after all this had been arranged the former principals met and the affair was satisfactorily concluded."

"Nevertheless, it is all very confusing, and most certainly it will have to be referred to the Court of Honor of the Jockey Club," said Turenne.

"Most certainly," commented Hallez Claparède, "and to avoid all possibility of misunderstanding we must reduce to writing the problem that is to be put up to the Court." Then he began to interrogate us and to take down our replies in writing. "You wish us to cancel and destroy the *procès verbal* on which we have honored you with our signatures and you have honored us with your signatures?" I admitted that this was so. "In reply I beg to assure you that, subject always to the control of the Court, I believe that Monsieur Armisted will have to meet M. Turenne and I shall have the honor of crossing swords with you. When these preliminaries, indispensable I think, are out of the way, a meeting of course can be arranged between the former principals of the affair." We all signed this, again we honored each other with our respective signatures, and the courteous Frenchmen bowed us out with the assurance that in their judgment the duelling court would reach a decision on the perplexing questions now raised in about twenty-four hours.

We were well aware that an unpleasant moment and a difficult explanation awaited our arrival at the hotel and so quite naturally we returned there with heavy hearts and leaden feet. I realize now that when Hal confronted us and asked for our report on this most recent conference it would have been wise to have blurted out the naked truth at once. But these are situations so complex that no rules of action can be laid down in advance. Every man has to learn them by personal experience but I must confess that Hal was quite as indignant with what he was pleased to term the deceitful way in which we tried to withhold from him the truth as he was with the "utter incompetence" we had displayed in defending his interests. In the first outburst of indignation his words were so brutal that even after all these years I cannot recall them without pain. Upon one point he was quite clear and lucid however. No! he would not stand by us as we had stood by him. He would not serve as our second. He would not even bestir himself to go out and find seconds, even when I explained that according to the rules of the code we would need quite a bunch of them now—at least four. Here he begged to differ from me with a politeness that was even more unpleasant than the brutal words which I have omitted.

"Forget all that," he said shortly. "You will not need any seconds. I am certain you will both die in a brawl, in a pot-house brawl, and none of your smooth-spoken French friends will be involved in it." What could he mean by these mysterious words that seemed to veil but scantily a mortal menace? It was not long before we learned.

But in the meanwhile we were confronted with a Gordian knot that had to be disentangled or cut through in twenty-four hours, and where were we to find seconds to support us on the field of honor? We had but just arrived, and if we had friends in Paris, we did not know where to find them. We pled with Hal to be reasonable; we assured him that if and when the Court of Honor should decide that Armisted must go out with Turenne, and I with Hallez Claparède, it would be a mere formality. "It is the Parisian custom and we must abide by it," and I added triumphantly, "and that is exactly what you said yourself only the day before yesterday—'in Paris we must do as the Parisians do.'"

"I said that the day before yesterday," admitted Hal, "but I tell you today that if you fight those fellows before I meet Deschamps I'll shoot you down one after another, on sight.

"You mentioned *The Whig*," he continued, turning to Armisted. "What do you think that rag would say if I let you fellows shield me? Yes, by Jiminy, it was my party all right, and it must be my duel." Now as a matter of fact, on closer examination of the *cul de sac* we were being driven into, I also was losing my temper. "It was your party all right," I retorted bitterly.

This was the darkest hour of the whole affair and it seemed interminable, but it was the prelude of dawn. How the light finally came I'm not quite sure, but I really think it was our

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old friend and physician, Warren Bey, who turned it on. Ever since he had been released from service as our medical man on the duelling ground, and had substituted the younger man, he would drop in upon us from time to time to make inquiries as to how things were going, and as we had no secrets from him I probably very clearly, and undoubtedly very bitterly, explained the unfortunate impasse at which we had arrived. I tried to be philosophic, and even went so far as to say that as now death was inevitable it was practically a matter of indifference to me whether I received my quietus at the point of the Frenchman's rapier or fell before Hal's Colt, which he now threatened to discharge at his faithful seconds and tried friends. Warren Bey probably concluded that I had gotten beyond my depth and probably I had.

But be this as it may, and the point is still a little obscure, it is certain that late that evening I received a letter from Robert McLane, our minister to France, an old friend of my father and a most charming personality. When we met, which was seldom, he said that I neglected him and I really did but with a laudable purpose. I was, I recognized, professionally, a danger to embassies, and I would have been greatly chagrined if I had caused trouble to the most charming of ministers or even drawn him into the searching light of publicity which as a diplomat of the older school, he abhorred.

His message ran, "Will you honor me with your visit early in the morning? You cannot come too early for me," and nothing loath I was in the legation on the rue Gallilee by eight-thirty, and there he was spic and span. One might have imagined that he had been up and about his business for hours, and he probably had been.

The minister then drew me into his private office and plied me with searching questions. He wanted to know what had happened, and what was going on, and he encouraged me greatly by his approving *"bien, bien"* of my attitude in all the many turnings of this circuitous controversy. Finally I said, "Mr. Minister, I think I have pursued the proper course, but only when I overlook where it has landed us. Armisted and I are apparently to be carved up by the Frenchmen or shot down by our irate principal. It seems to me Hobson's choice."

"Nonsense," asserted the minister. "Fortunately, we have to do with gentlemen of the highest character and the purest race, and so things can be—and must be—arranged."

"But, if at all, it must be arranged quickly," I asserted. "We are expecting at any moment now a note from the Frenchmen announcing the terms of the double encounter and in this case we shall probably have to meet them early tomorrow morning—unless Hal shoots us down before we start."

But the minister wagged his head very wisely. "Of course I do not know," he went on, "but I rather think that the duelling court will strike a snag as they examine all the papers of this most complicated affair. If I am not mistaken, they will ask for more time and permission to consult with the Marquis du Lau, the greatest authority."

As all my thought was then concentrated upon the matter in hand, I paid but little attention to the minister's subsequent remarks about what we may call the *historique* of the Duel but today I recall them almost with awe. "You have been quite right," he repeated a number of times, "in seeking to avoid a meeting by all honorable means. That of course was General Washington's idea also."

"But—did you ever speak with General Washington on the subject of the duel?" I blurted out in frank amazement.

"No," laughed the minister. "But when I came to France to be educated under the supervision of my father's friend, the Marquis de Lafayette, he showed me several times a letter from Washington which he naturally treasured. It referred to the meeting with Lord Carlisle which the young Frenchman had sought when Carlisle, who was trying to negotiate a separate peace with the Americans, had called to Washington's attention in an official letter the 'universally acknowledged perfidy of the French Nation.' Lafayette was quite confident that his 'father' Washington would approve of his attitude and support him on the field. 'I flatter myself General Washington will not disapprove of this proposition,' he wrote but he was mistaken and the answer was disappointing to the young hothead. In a kindly spirit Washington replied, and I think I can recall almost his very words, 'The generous spirit of chivalry, exploded by the rest of the world, finds a refuge, my dear friend, in the sensibility of your nation only. But I would not have your life exposed to danger when it should be reserved for some great occasion.'

"Now, that is just the way in which I feel about young Dulany. This clash in a café must not have serious consequences. It would be humiliating for all concerned," concluded the minister.

Of course I still had not the remotest idea how the affair could be arranged, but there was comfort in the thought that now all proceedings would be on a higher plane and that even General Washington and the Marquis de Lafayette would be drawn into consultation.

What a seer our minister proved to be. Late that afternoon there came a charming note from Turenne. Our problem had been found more complicated than had been anticipated. The duelling court was at loose ends, and had asked M. du Lau for his judgment. He had answered that he would be most happy to serve if his distinguished friend the American minister would consent to share with him the grave responsibility for so important a decision. Politely he asked, did we have any objection or criticism to make as to this unexpected turn of affairs? In my answering note I assured him that we did not have the slightest. Later in the evening came another communication signed by Turenne. He informed us that M. le Marquis in collaboration with M. le Ministre had consented to review our affair. We were all expected to present ourselves at the legation at ten o'clock on the following morning and to bring all papers and documents with us.

Hal with hawk-like vigilance intercepted us as we left the hotel for our rendezvous at the legation. He was as stern and as menacing as indeed he had always been since the unpleasant complications arose. Indeed we did not get by him until I had pledged my word of honor as a Virginia gentleman, but one generation removed to Maryland, that I would not under any circumstances face the Frenchman in battle until I had given him a fair opportunity to take a pot shot at me with his Colt. I could speak him no fairer, but even this

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did not pacify him, and as we entered our hired carriage these unpleasant parting words fell upon my ear: "I do not know what you fellows are up to, but if you play me false rest assured you will not escape me." I did not think we would, but his impassioned words and his truculent gestures seemed uncalled for.

Of course this meeting at the legation was a very formal affair. We went to it with our now developed sense of the fitness of things, high-hatted, frock-coated, bespatted. It was a dark gloomy morning with now and then a shower and the salon at the legation was lit only by beeswax candles. Behind a massive desk sat the minister, and by his side a small hatchet-faced Frenchman to whom we were introduced with great formality. He was the Marquis du Lau, and while we were little experienced in such matters we knew that his name was as authoritative in the duelling world as, say, that of Pierpont Morgan in finance. We were shown to chairs at the left of the desk, and a moment later our antagonists appeared and after saluting us with formal dignity they were directed to chairs on the right, the seats of honor because they were now the guests of America. Vignaud, the seasoned secretary of the legation, kept coming and going, now bringing to the desk bundles of papers, and now conversing with the distinguished old gentlemen who sat behind it in low sibilant whispers.

After much shuffling of the papers before him and several premonitory coughs, M. le Marquis* opened the stern session with a graceful exordium which ran much as follows:

"Gentlemen," and his language was the stately French of the eighteenth century and certainly smacked more of Tours than of Paris. "Gentlemen, the complicated affair of honor which you with extreme amiability have submitted to the re-examination of the distinguished representative of the United States and to me, duly authorized and authenticated for this occasion by the Duelling Committee of the Jockey Club, while it has been the occasion of great anxiety, for we immediately recognized that nice questions of honor and incidentally valuable lives were at stake, has, when regarded from another point of view, as a counterbalance, afforded us great pleasure and immense satisfaction.

"It is not necessary for me to elaborate the details of the affair with which you are all familiar. I will content myself by saying that they demonstrate once again that the instincts of chivalrous gentlemen, whether they come from Touraine or from far-away Virginia, are identical. It is of course true, undeniable, that these sentiments may, and sometimes do, seek and find different forms or vehicles of expression, but the underlying inspiration is, and remains, always the same. It is one of sincere and therefore spontaneous nobility."

M. le Marquis looked at M. le Ministre, who now opened his eyes and murmured "Quite so."

"What has gratified us particularly in our careful scrutiny of a complicated affair has been the complete unanimity as to the facts of the incident that has been arrived at by courteous, mutually respecting, opponents."

I could hardly believe my ears as they transmitted these words, but there was no mistake; there was M. le Ministre bowing his venerable head in emphatic assent. These men were truly wasted on us. Here at last were diplomats, competent to iron out the Eastern question and lucidly interpret the most obscure paragraphs of the Treaty of Berlin.

But after this majestic preface it was extremely easy for M. le Marquis to skate over many yards of thin ice. He now talked rapidly, as though he did not wish the purport of his words to be subjected to close scrutiny, or to be judicially weighed.

"By common consent, we have passed over the incident which provoked the affair over which we now have the honor to sit in judgment, but in doing so we make the formal statement that not the slightest blame should be or can be attached to either principals or seconds." Here Armisted bowed low. "Clearly it is our modern mode of life, the crowded condition of our restaurants during the *grande semaine*, the weakness of fallible human nature when subjected to these severe tests and unavoidable contacts, that are to blame. Fully understanding these inevitable conditions of our daily life as we do, we have decided to throw a veil of charity over the trivial originating incident. Surely no one was guiltless and surely no one was to blame. *C'est le vie!*"

"How true! It is life," repeated our minister.

"After weighing all the evidence, and exploring all the surrounding circumstances, we came to the conclusion that there was hardly any justification for an encounter which would place in jeopardy the lives of gallant gentlemen and disturb the peace of mind of those near and dear to them. We then approached the negotiations which ensued."

Here I confess I was on tenterhooks. How was the great authority to regard my amateurish efforts?

"Now what do they reveal? About this there can be no possible question, the conclusion springs to the eye, one glance at these remarkable papers would silence the most censorious, the most severely critical. All involved in the trivial incident have behaved with such chivalrous consideration, with such *parfaite galanterie*, that an encounter under these circumstances would really be an indictment of the Code which has shaped and fashioned the lives, and at times the death, of gentlemen for generations."

I opened wide my eyes. There was Mr. McLane assenting vigorously to the pronouncement. Armisted did not quite understand, but as always he was ready for anything, and he bowed his head intelligently; Turenne looked dazed, but only from Hallez Claparède was there the slightest indication of possible opposition. Perhaps scenting this complication, M. le Marquis continued rapidly.

"This judgment which we have arrived at only after the most careful and conscientious study, we have been at some pains to epitomize and condense in this document, which, if it meets with your approval, will put an end, a very honorable end in our opinion, to a regrettable affair." And after read-

* While the arbiter of the duel and its undisputed authority, the Marquis du Lau had other interests and even more far-reaching activities. From the *Journal* of Ludovic Halivy it appears that on the subject of Anglo-French relations he was for twenty years the confidential adviser of the Prince of Wales. Indeed from his letters which André Maurois publishes in *Edouard VII et Son Temps* (Paris, 1933) the marquis would appear to have been one of the earliest promoters of the Entente Cordiale which shaped European and indeed world history.

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ing the sonorous words of his conclusion, now condensed into a formal protocol, M. le Marquis looked about him enquiringly, almost challengingly it seemed to me. First, of course, toward the Frenchmen on his right. "Is it acceptable to you," he asked Turenne, "as a representative of your distinguished principal and on your own behalf, in your affair with M. Armisted?"

"It is," said Turenne quietly.

But Hallez Claparède showed some hesitation. It was evident he longed to pink me, perhaps even to scarify me, in retaliation for all the long-drawn-out discussions and debates to which I had subjected him in the duelling room of the Jockey Club. Then at last, reluctantly, he said, "Yes, undoubtedly, who could take exception to the decision handed down by the highest authority? But would the gentlemen, the Honorable Minister, the Honorable Marquis, would they do us the honor of countersigning the protocol, authenticating it with their authoritative names?"

M. le Marquis now had a whispered conference with the minister, and then out loud he said, "It was our purpose to ask your permission to do this very thing, and so to associate ourselves fully in this honorable conclusion of an unfortunate affair."

"Then I accept," said Hallez Claparède, still a little grumpily.

I gave a sigh of relief. I thought this was all, but soon I was to learn that in spite of my intense application for the last fortnight, I was still a neophyte in duelling matters. The marquis now asked that the copies of the first *procès verbal,* in which our earlier negotiations had been set forth, should be turned over to him. Turenne immediately handed in his copy and I produced mine.

"In our judgment," said the marquis, "it is proper that these records, while highly honorable to all concerned, now that they have been displaced by a final protocol, should be destroyed."

The moment he had it in hand, the marquis stuck Turenne's copy in the candle-light, and it went up in smoke and flame. Now there was no record save in my memory of his indignantly expressed unwillingness to take part in a *massacre à l'Américaine.* The marquis then took my copy, containing my firm refusal to expose my principal to the ridicule of a journalistic duel, of which I had been so passionately proud, even after Hal threw us over, and made me abandon my position. As it too went up in smoke, however, I recalled the saying of our stern judges who now, though somewhat relaxed in port and mien, still sat in judgment upon us, "It is life."

With considerable formality and ceremony, we signed the new protocol, which terminated the affair, and then, as agreed, the marquis and our minister countersigned it.

"I am very happy," said the minister, as he flipped away the sand with which our signatures had been blotted. "I shall file it away for safe keeping in the archives of the legation." The marquis strode towards the minister and embraced him.

"What a happy thought," he said. "There it will live for all time as an eloquent reminder of the chivalrous encounter between the gentlemen from Virginia and the gentlemen of France, in which all behaved with such *parfaite galanterie.*"

M. Hallez Claparède now gave signs, I would not say of impatience, but certainly of restlessness. He was a very busy man, socially, artistically and in the duelling world, and of course it was hardly fair that we should monopolize all his time, but even yet our affair was not at an end. A door opened and in it appeared M. Vignaud, who said quietly, "They have been here for some minutes now." And then behind him appeared the butler, who announced that luncheon was served. With a bland smile the minister held back the marquis and urged us forward. Vignaud leading the way, we passed through several salons, and there—well, I could hardly believe my eyes, there in the little ante-chamber or salon preceding the breakfast room, I saw Hal and M. Deschamps, and soon my ears were as discredited as my eyes, for they were engaged in a courteous but nonetheless firm discussion as to the chances of the Irish mare in the Grand Steeple to be run on the following day at Auteuil. With them was a stalwart young man whom Vignaud hastened to present to me as M. Deschamps the younger, and he, as I later learned, was the famous swordsman of the family, whose reputation in the duelling world had given me anxiety —and not Hal's antagonist.

The minister and the marquis now overtook us, and a tremendous discussion arose as to who should first pass into the dining-room. Whether it was according to protocol or not I do not know, but as a matter of fact we won out and compelled the minister and the astute marquis to precede us. I recall that M. Deschamps the younger was urging me very volubly to read the new Russian writers. He stated that the memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff had for the first time initiated him into the realities of life and that Turgeneff's *Spring Flood* was a revelation of the era that was dawning. I tried to keep up my end of course, but nevertheless I was frankly pleased when this literary excursion was over and I found myself at table placed beside my antagonist of so many debates and prolonged discussions—Hallez Claparède.

I must admit that while he did his best to seem pleased, my determined opponent was obviously bored. I ate, I fear, almost ravenously. I was indeed practically breaking a fast of several days, but my table neighbor and quondam adversary only toyed with the very excellent food that was placed before him. When I urged him to do justice to the minister's table, he protested he had no appetite, and then confidentially he admitted that this was always the case when he sat in at a duelling breakfast which had not been preceded by a duel, a thing of which he frankly disapproved.

"But," and now his eyes that had been so heavy and dull brightened as he spoke, "I would have had an excellent appetite. We would all have enjoyed our food much better had we taken our morning drive to the Hermitage at Villebon. You know," he sighed, "for *nous autres, gens d'épée,* there is no appetizer in the world that can compare to the clash of steel on a frosty morning." Poor Hallez Claparède! he was frankly disappointed, but as for me, I ate well and was indeed quite pleased with the dénouement. When the luncheon was over and we had at last parted with our quondam adversaries, now our good friends who showered upon us many expressions of high esteem, Hal escorted his seconds, who, through no wish of their own, for a moment had usurped the position of principals in the affair, down to a famous jeweller's in the rue de la

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Paix and presented us each with a souvenir of the occasion. Mine was a gold rapier scarf pin encrusted with diamonds which was to serve me as a reminder of my duelling days for all time, but it soon disappeared and so my memory of what happened grew hazy.

Back at the hotel we dismissed the carriage which had on so many cold mornings awaited our departure for Villebon and we also reduced expenses by turning back to the shooting gallery the duelling pistols which, as they never had been fired, certainly no one wanted to retain as a reminder of an encounter that never came off. And here at the hotel a very uncouth telegram was awaiting me from the news editor. Not a bit of news had come from me, he remonstrated, for two weeks now. This was true, but it was also true that, as far as I could see, during this period nothing had happened in Paris but the Dulany-Deschamps - Randolph - Turenne - Bonsal - Claparède duels and their fantastic complications. And as they hadn't come off—and even if they had, I would have been precluded from writing for the press anything in regard to an affair of honor in which I was involved—I sent this same news editor a pretty stiff answer. He had the last word in the matter as news editors generally do, but that is another story.

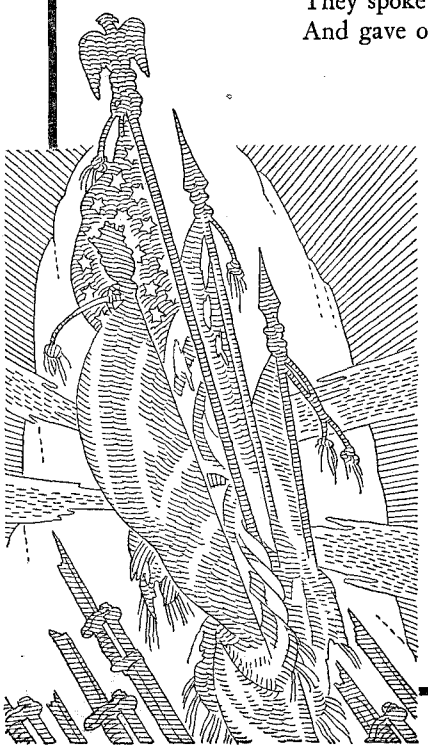
Elegy ❧ By Charles Norman

I SPEAK this elegy now
For all the young men dead
Who traded life for death
And took the earth for bed.
The leaves weep on the bough,
The grass grows into sighs,
For their relinquished breath,
The valiant, slain for lies.

These could never grow old:
They swarmed the campus halls,
Sweet verses were their trove,
And books on dusty stalls.
In the green days and gold,
Or the sad autumn days,
They spoke fresh praise of love,
And gave old things new praise.

The clean, lithe limbs are dust;
Mind saw an end to mirth;
In the lost fields afar
They gave the planet girth:
Soldiers whose rifles rust,
Who brought youth's uniform
Into the storm of war,
And vanished in the storm:

The hanged men mourned by leaves;
Huddlers before a wall,
Who saw the ultimate sun
Light up the world and fall:
Sailors the ocean heaves,
Whose bones are coral soon,
In the undulous depths of dun,
Where the ribbed wrecks are strewn.



The flags are faded long
The young men marched behind;
New sheaves the foreign field
Bears, and farmers bind.
Stilled is the martial song,
And those who sang it, stilled;
Love shall not richer yield
Than they whom folly killed.

Throngs in the ghostly glade,
On land or undersea,
Where no dawn comes, or dew,
And time is eternity:
Had not our elders made
A covenant with doom,
I might have sat with you,
Wherever youth has room.

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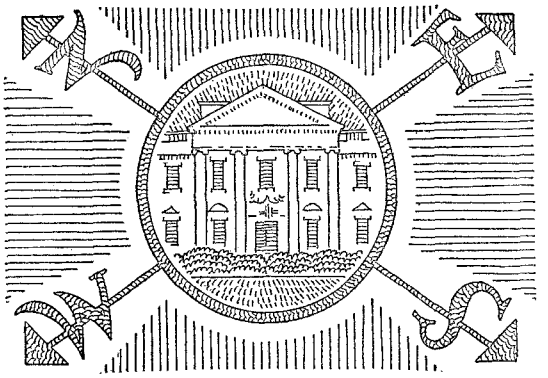
STRAWS IN THE WIND

SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY



The Presidency and the Press

By J. Frederick Essary

The chief of the Washington bureau of "The Baltimore Sun" comments on President Roosevelt's relations with the press and on the Washington "propaganda machine"

An impression prevails in many quarters—a conviction in some—that the press of the country is lending itself to wholesale propaganda in behalf of the Roosevelt policies. It is frequently asserted that a gigantic publicity organization has been created in Washington, expensively manned, equipped, and financed to popularize the New Deal and to overwhelm and defeat the critics of the administration.

It is further asserted that the President himself is the arch propagandist of the lot; that by the exercise of personal charm, an ingratiating candor, and a measure of Machiavellian adroitness he prostitutes his press conferences to base uses. There are some who affect to believe that he draws about him twice a week from one to two hundred ordinarily hard-boiled news writers, captivates or perhaps hypnotizes them, and through them successfully glorifies his own acts or purposes and spreads the poison that confounds his opponents.

Concrete instances of the colored and misleading news matter that flows from Washington to the reading public are rarely if ever cited. Only the vague or generalized notion exists that a conspiracy has been entered into between the head of the party in power and a very considerable section of the press to hoodwink the country.

The facts of government, which is another way of saying the news of government, are important. They were never more so. Never in my lifetime at least have these facts touched so intimately the livelihood and the general well-being of so many millions of people. And it goes without saying that if those of us who are daily writing the news of government are being deluded, either consciously or unconsciously, by designing public officials; if we are falling for all the inspired publicity that is dished up to us; in other words, if we are being used to betray the reading public, then we should be banished from Washington. We should go back to the farm, or back to a journalistic kindergarten and learn a few of the elements of competent and unbiased reporting.

I suppose it will always be true that the narrow-gauge partisan who is out of power will complain bitterly of space given by the press to the activities of those temporarily in power. We long observed the anguish of the hungry Democrats during the Coolidge and Hoover periods, also the acute suffering of the Republicans when Woodrow Wilson dominated the Washington scene. This sort of political wretchedness is perhaps inevitable and the blame for inflicting it must be borne by journalists with such fortitude as they can summon.

The relationship between the press, as it is represented by some three hundred staff writers in Washington, and the government, is a matter of some moment. This is particularly true in view of the suspicions cast upon the integrity of current Washington news reports. I propose here to discuss with frankness how that relationship has developed, how it is maintained, and how it works out. And I shall do it in the light of personal experience running over very nearly twenty-five years.

It should be remembered that for the past three decades the White House has assumed far greater news importance than in the more distant past. A President who takes seriously his rôle as party chieftain, along with his duties as chief executive, becomes the fountain-head of congressional as well as purely administration policies. This was true of Theodore Roosevelt, of Wilson and in a sense true of Taft, Harding, Coolidge and Mr. Hoover. It is essentially true of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

We have come therefore, to look to the White House for more and more of that information that is necessary to us in the preparation of our news reports, also for those inside, or if you prefer, those off-side Presidential observations, equally necessary if there is to be an intelligent understanding of the measures upon which we must comment.

To facilitate this there has grown up a system of press conferences with the President himself. They were initiated in a small way by Theodore Roosevelt. He adopted a plan of calling in certain individuals when he had a trial balloon to send up or even a group when he had an important announcement to make. Once in a while, as for example, when he called his first conservation Congress, he summoned the entire corps.

Taft went his predecessor one better. Before entering the White House he was Secretary of War and had found

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much profit and enjoyment in his press conferences at the War Department. He arranged to meet us in a body once a week. His first session was held in the Cabinet Room. Only fifteen news writers attended!

Wilson went even further, when he first reached Washington. He increased his press conferences to two a week. Shortly after the World War came, however, he foresaw embarrassment in submitting to press interrogation and abandoned his meetings with the correspondents. They were never revived by him.

After March 4, 1921, President Harding re-established the conferences, two a week. Coolidge, Mr. Hoover, and the present Mr. Roosevelt each in turn followed the same plan.

Until about the middle of the Harding tenure the scheduled weekly or semi-weekly sessions were free and easy. They were attended by all accredited correspondents who cared to be present and by certain visiting editors or foreign journalists who went as our guests. Questions were propounded verbally and were answered or not by the executive, just as he felt inclined.

Then came the Harding slip in connection with the Washington Arms Conference when he mistakenly answered a question as to the application of one of the pending treaties to the mainland of Japan. This greatly embarrassed him and embarrassed the conference. So much so that he was impelled to issue a formal statement correcting what he had said to us, but not denying that he had said it.

This break brought about a complete change in the intercourse between the press and the President. Instead of submitting verbal questions, some of them premeditated, others asked on the spur of the moment, we were directed to present our queries in writing. They were to be in Harding's hands at least fifteen minutes before we were to meet him. This was to enable him to ponder his replies and to decide in advance what questions he should answer and what he should pass over.

The press conferences under the later Harding rule were most unsatisfactory. The correspondent was placed at a distinct disadvantage, in that his question might be ignored by the President without any one except the questioner knowing that it had been asked. In other words, the proceeding was essentially *ex-parte*.

Coolidge followed the Harding rule regarding written questions, as did Herbert Hoover. An effort of ours to "gang" President Coolidge and to trap him into answering a question which he had consistently ignored, and how he confounded us, might be recalled.

It was just after he had issued his seemingly equivocal "I-do-not-choose-to-run" statement at Rapid City. In spite of that statement there was speculation in all quarters as to his seeking a third term. Although we made repeated attempts we had been unable to get a syllable out of him on that proposition.

One press-conference day we caucused in the White House press room and agreed among ourselves that every question which we would submit should be to the exact same effect. Approximately twenty queries were presented in writing, each of them, in one form or another, asking the same question. Would he run again?

When the hour of the conference came we solemnly and expectantly filed into Coolidge's office. (His conferences were always solemn.) He was standing at his desk as usual with the written queries in his hand. Very deliberately he seemed to read them one after another, and when he had gone through the batch, very quietly but with an obvious twinkle in his eye, he said:

"I have here a question about the condition of the children in Porto Rico—" (which he didn't at all) then proceeded to discourse for fully ten minutes on a subject which not one of us had brought up.

We marched out, a completely defeated crew!

The Hoover press conferences gradually petered out. They proved to be unprofitable to the President and the press alike. He elected to ignore practically all questions submitted to him, with the result that we stopped asking them and all but a mere handful of correspondents stopped attending. In his last year he suspended most of his meetings with the news writers and contented himself with giving out what he had to say through his secretaries.

President Roosevelt revived the conferences in 1933. He did more. He permitted the verbal question. We interrogate him freely. We have now done so for two years. The only restraint is that imposed by manifest propriety. He has had much to impart to the country. He has been the center of a whirlwind of eventful news. And has been adept in getting that news to the American people.

I do not assert that Mr. Roosevelt gives candid answers to all the questions put to him. He does not. He dodges often. Oftener still, he parries. His fencing is good-natured, as a rule, and skillful but he fences nevertheless. Sometimes we suspect him of dissembling. Many of the questions put to him are searching. They go straight to the core of some matter which he does not propose to answer, or cannot.

"But I have not read the bill," he will answer, a bill perhaps written by his own Attorney General. Or:

"That is the first I have heard of it." Or (and this has happened many times):

"Really, I don't know what you are talking about."

"I cannot discuss with you any matter that is pending in Congress"—when in fact, he did discuss with us at some length the World Court issue while it was pending before the Senate.

"All I know about the $4,800,000,000 work relief bill is what I get from a casual reading of the papers . . ." he said one day, although on the same day Senator Glass, in charge of the bill, said he conferred with Mr. Roosevelt regarding it the night before.

The answer to a given question fired at Mr. Roosevelt may not be satisfactory But at least we have the satisfaction of asking it, and of observing the effect when the query strikes home. That is something to the good.

Mr. Roosevelt (as did Mr. Hoover before him) follows three rules in the conduct of his press conferences. First, he is to be directly quoted only when there is a specific authorization. Second, his "background" comment may be used and indirectly attributed to him. Finally, what he says "off the record" is to be held in confidence.

Some of my colleagues who accept the first two of these rules cheerfully, recoil from this "off the record" matter. They feel that it involves suppression; that it is a neat way a President has of imposing censorship. It is censorship to the extent that Mr. Roosevelt may prevent the publication of a

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given piece of information by passing it out to the correspondents in confidence. Once news is so received, the writers are silenced.

I confess to a measure of sympathy with this point of view. And I would be more sympathetic still, even though I might not go to the length of withdrawing from the conferences, if any President by such a process should apply the gag to me in any important matter. Or if I did not daily receive confidential information from other public men. I do receive it, as do we all, ofttimes when it is most unwelcome.

On one occasion Mr. Hoover took an unfair advantage of me and I did, in fact, temporarily withdraw from his conferences. Invoking the off-the-record-rule he made a vicious assault upon my own newspaper for publishing the name of his son among the officers of a company seeking an airmail subsidy. He did not challenge the truth of the story—he could not—but he did denounce my paper in the presence of a hundred of my associates for "dragging" his family into the news.

I was inhibited from referring to the incident in print but we made our answer to the President—the only answer we could make—by republishing the offending story the next day.

More important than this matter of suppression, it seems to me, is the extent to which Presidents seize and abuse the opportunities afforded by their press conferences to inspire publicity and to feed to the country only that line of information or of opinion most advantageous to themselves.

In a large sense Presidents do seize these opportunities. They use them for all they are worth. By reason of them they seek to strengthen themselves politically, and to make their policies more appealing. It is the human thing for them to do. And no President, whose news I have handled, whether Democrat or Republican, has been above this practice.

The extent to which Presidents "get away" with this sort of propaganda depends entirely upon the writers themselves. It is an absurdity to place the blame upon the Roosevelts or the Hoovers or the Coolidges. One President may be more dexterous or crafty than another in putting out his stuff, to be sure, but that is no excuse. Such facts should, and as a matter of truth do put the reporter the more on his guard.

It is the reporter's business to know propaganda as distinguished from legitimate news wherever and whenever he encounters it. And if he does not know when he is being imposed upon by a propagandist whether that propagandist be a President, a Congressman, or an Anti-Saloon Leaguer, that reporter should be withdrawn from the Washington field.

Why is it that one President enjoys a "good press" and another equally devoted to the public service, may have a bad one? I assume that question has been debated since there were Presidents and newspapers. And it is impossible to give a convincing answer. The elements that enter into the equation are too mixed.

No one will dispute the fact that Mr. Roosevelt, for example, has had a good press, which is to say, a friendly one, or that Mr. Hoover who immediately preceded him, had a bad one. Personalities, of course, have much to do with the contrast. The economic circumstances of the two administrations have had more to do with it. The party politics of the two men has had almost nothing to do with the matter.

Politically speaking, a vast majority of the influential newspapers of the country are traditionally Republican or at least fundamentally conservative. Their correspondents in Washington, it is fair to assume, have the same bias. And yet the Democratic Roosevelt has had an astonishing long "honeymoon" from a publicity standpoint, whereas after his first few months in office the Republican Hoover was baring his breast to the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

For one thing, the buoyant and fast-moving Roosevelt made and continues to make an appeal to the popular imagination. Mr. Hoover, with all his superior qualities, could never do that. For another, the country seemed to steady itself and go forward after the first few weeks of the Roosevelt régime. From 1929 until Mr. Hoover retired to private life our industrial paralysis grew worse.

On the score of his more intimate relationship with the press in Washington Mr. Roosevelt has played the more cunning game, in that he has thrown open the record more often than his predecessors. I do not assert that he has told the whole truth at all times. I know that he has not. There have been half-truths aplenty, but as yet we have not found him guilty of a deliberate untruth.

Mr. Hoover took a contrary view of his public functions and responsibilities. He could not be persuaded that the public was entitled to know what was going on in the conference room or in his own mind until the thing was an accomplished fact. In every chapter of his book dealing with the last administration Theodore G. Joslin, one of the Hoover secretaries, confesses to the suppression of important White House news developments, and in some instances to the "necessity" for cold-blooded official falsehoods.

To argue that these differences between two men in high public station have made no difference and should make none in the attitude of news writers toward them, would be to make one ridiculous. But it does not follow that Mr. Roosevelt's amiability induces those of us who write about him to swallow without critical judgment every line of comment which he may pass out to us.

A word should be said, and it can be briefly stated, of the press-relations organization found throughout the New Deal system. It is true that both the executive departments and the emergency agencies without exception have engaged news writers, most of them talented men, to advertise their official activities.

There is nothing new about this sort of thing. We have had the official "propagandist" in Washington for at least two generations. We have always known exactly what to do with their output. If it has a news value, and oftener than not it has, it is passed on to our editors as any other news reports might be. If not, it goes the way of other trash that litters our desks.

But we have never had so many willing helpers in the government as now. We have never had so many activities to write about. And yet there are perhaps no more "handouts," that is, officially prepared and documented news stories delivered to us than we received three, four, or five years ago. I, for one, have often wondered what it is that the regiment of public-relations gentlemen in the government really do.

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Youth Challenges The Church

By Josephine K. Newton

An interpretation of the attitude of young people toward organized religion in a changing world. Miss Newton, herself the daughter of a minister, finds young people desirous of standards but getting little help from the churches

Why has the younger generation drifted away from the church? Why do they repudiate the religious leadership accepted as valid by the generation before them? Their attitude is not so much a violent rebellion against the church itself, as a pervasive indifference to any form of organized religion whatsoever. What is the reason for it? The reason may readily be stated. In the opinion of the younger generation, the modern church fails to make contact with the realities of modern life.

Young people today are no more essentially irreligious than young people have always been. As in every generation, there are certain members who are both radical and atheistical. They boast of their "spiritual integrity." They analyze religion, in accordance with the dictates of psychology and biology, by reference to impulses, mental opiates, and escape mechanisms. In method and approach they are unassailably modern. Yet they differ little from similar groups in previous generations, unless it be in the wider range of training and influence that their attitude represents. For it is unquestionably true, without any intention of impugning their sincerity as a group, that an appreciable number of those who flaunt a noisy atheism before the world do so because it is expected of them, because it is fashionable to appear skeptical and intolerant.

This attitude may be traced not simply to the influence of the universities, but more directly to that considerable section of American homes where golf and cocktails have extensively replaced Sabbath observance, and where the subject of religion, if not entirely ignored, is regarded more often than not with a kind of humorous indifference. It has long been customary to blame the colleges for the increasing indifference to religion among the young people. This may have been true before the war. But today a definite proportion of young people matriculate from homes where an intolerance to religion has already been fixed in their minds. If college training with its emphasis upon dialectic develops a number of these into the more violent type of radical, it is hardly surprising.

Yet this extreme element of the younger generation, while the most spectacular and best advertised, does not in the least represent the majority. It is undoubtedly true that to this generation religion is not the driving, motivating force that it perhaps was to the generation that attained maturity before the war. It is a negative rather than a positive force in our lives. But this is not due to any inherent attitude of cynicism or defeatism on the part of the young people. Religious thought, in common with artistic and literary expression, is apt to mirror the shifting moods and perplexities of its social and economic environment. The greater number of young people today talk very little about religion. But they remain silent, not because they are militant or atheistical, certainly not because they are indifferent . . . but simply because they are profoundly bewildered.

Life today is swift and startling. It is no longer the sane, predictable thing it used to be. The world is changing, not sedately but madly, not year by year, nor even day by day, but hourly. To the generation before the war, life presented itself in a direct and ordered pattern. They accepted certain philosophical and social conceptions as irrevocable, and from them derived mental stimulus and stability.

They believed, for instance, in an ordered Newtonian universe, in a divine causality emphasizing the importance of the individual. They believed in science, in the harnessing of natural forces as the means to universal happiness and security. They believed in progress, in big business and private profit, in an evolution upward, in universal education and representative democracy as the ultimate in civilized achievement. They had faith in the stability of marriage, in the near possibility of international peace, in the final merging of nationalism into a World State. Perhaps more indicative than anything else, they believed implicitly in the ultimate, if not inevitable, perfectibility of mankind.

In the swift moving events of the past years, we have seen most of these faiths challenged, many of them definitely falsified. We have seen representative democracies demonstrate their weakness and dictatorships supplant

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them. We have seen collectivism replace the doctrine of individualism; Einstein challenge Newton; and Spengler, Darwin. We have seen the growth of a virulent nationalistic spirit throughout the world. We know that at this very moment, night and day, the nations of Europe are arming for another war. We have seen the failure of an economic structure based upon big business and competitive individualism. We know that the idealization of science, and the frantic rush for mechanical supremacy have resulted only in the hunger and desperation of millions.

And so we have been forced to discard the majority of the truisms of the generation before us. But we have not as yet discovered anything to take their place. In the confusion of a post-war depression world, we have lost what more than anything else is essential to our significance as a generation, the sense of any Divine Providence overarching our lives, the belief in any meaning or direction to human affairs. This is neither a cheap cynicism, nor yet the braggadocio of youth trying to call attention to itself. It is a very deep and profound conviction, and a conviction that has resulted in a gaping spiritual void. Our attempts to ignore this void by an assumption of indifference or skepticism, our efforts to fill it with speed and gin, with jazz and movies and material success, have resulted only in an overwhelming sense of futility. We realize that if we are to integrate ourselves, we must find for ourselves a direct and positive philosophy of life. We must have something to sweep us up and out of ourselves, something to give color and purpose to our existence. This is what we need, and we need it desperately. It is the fundamental condition upon which our very survival depends.

We do not find it in the church. In our opinion, the church of today ignores the vital problems of this generation. It clings to the past. It is more interested in preserving its minutiæ of dogma and ritual and observance, than in meeting the challenge of a changing world. Its very terminology falls strangely upon our ears. Its symbolism is alien to our minds. Its mode of expression belongs not to the crowding necessities of this era, but to another day and another generation.

Such words as "sin," "salvation," and "damnation," for instance, mean nothing to us. From what are we to be "saved," and by whom? Is there any one of the clergymen who use that term so freely who can give us an understandable definition of what it means? Are we to be saved from our "sins"? We do not recognize a state of "sin" in the sense that our parents defined it. We are apt to consider that whatever we do is the concern solely of ourselves and of the "still small voice" within us, and that it is wrong only as it betrays that voice and as it brings harm to other people. We are apt to think, also, that our sins are the least interesting things about us. Nor can we accept the idea, redolent of barbarism, of eternal damnation. It is far easier to believe in annihilation than in a benevolent deity twisting his victims on a spitting fork.

Our criticism of the church, however, is not that it does not speak our particular language, but that its own language has long lost its vitality and meaning. It is not the past in itself that we discredit. We have a deep respect for the history of the church, for its dignity and splendor, for the men who have walked in sunlight through its pages. Nor would we criticize the ritual of worship. There is beauty in the order of the liturgy, a dim-lit and ancient beauty, rich in symbolism, mellow in the reverence of generations. To some of us it may have little direct or personal meaning, but there are few who do not feel its color and cadence, who do not respond to its age-old majestic beauty.

It is not the past in this sense that we criticize. It is not the glory of a great history nor the use of things old and well worn, not the tradition of beauty, but the tradition of bigotry. We criticize what appears to us the slavish adherence to modes of expression and thought for the sake of the modes themselves without regard to the vitality of what they express. For the significance of theology lies, after all, only in its function as the crystallization of a living faith. In our eyes, the theology of the modern pulpit is sterile and dead.

Why are the churches today empty of youth? Because the average sermon preached in the average pulpit makes no contact with reality. It is as a rule either a stale repetition of some controversial sectarianism, or else a sticky sentimentalism that by its very insignificance irritates us to desperation. We look to the pulpit for spiritual guidance. We are impressed by its reliance upon doctrine, and above all by its great complacency. Indeed, from the quality of thought prevalent in the church today, one wonders whether some of the clergy enter the ministry because of the call of God, or because it offers them an easy berth from which they cannot be discharged for incompetence. It is the more disheartening since a clergy that is capable both of adhering to an outworn theology and of employing publicity stunts to attract attention, cannot hope to lure into the ministry the vital minds of the oncoming generation.

A few preachers there are whose voices sing through the land, whose words flash color in the pervading drabness, a note of melody in the monotone of mediocrity. They are men of deep insight, of high courage, and rich humanity. But they alone cannot counterbalance the appalling mental lethargy of the rest. Yet we make no impossible demands for intellect or scholarship or personal charm. We lay down no criteria of word or thought. We would listen to anything the pulpit might have to say, no matter how alien to our manner of thinking, no matter how poorly presented . . . if it rang true.

But even the clergy do not seem convinced of the reality of what they preach. They do not make us feel it. Their sermons are either vague or stereotyped. They lack both the power and the drive of profound conviction. We feel that they are preaching not from any compelling inner certainty, but from the compulsion of habit and precedent. That they are merely repeating by rote something that they have been taught to accept, but which is no more real to them, no more a part of their vivid personal experience than it is a part of ours. And it is this more than anything else that alienates the young people from the church. We resent its implied insincerity, its indirect hypocrisy. We resent the fact that it fails to demonstrate one of its most fundamental doctrines.

For the modern church, while it professes to expound a single religious faith, is not a single organized church. It is a body divided against itself. Its forces are dissipated into insignificant sects, some of them small enough to be insects, each one more dogmatic, more

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inflexible, more stubbornly narrow-minded than the last. At a time when the world cries out for religious leadership, the church is absorbed in petty bickering. It argues over "high" church and "low," over liberalism and fundamentalism. It wages mighty battles concerning the punctuation of the prayer book.

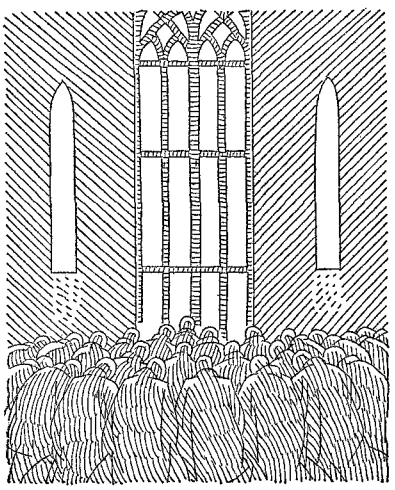
How can the young people respect such a church? We are sickened by its pettiness, disgusted with its unreality, its microscopic differences. What we want from the church is a vital religious leadership. And by this we mean an interpretation of life as we see it in the world today. For it is unquestionably the tragedy of this generation that we are oppressed by a conviction of the meaninglessness of our existence. It has been said of modern science that, in contrast with the science of Newton and Darwin, its besetting difficulty is an overabundance of physical data without any great theory to give it cohesion. To a great many of the younger generation, the same statement might be made of contemporary life. It appears to us little more than a confusion of contradictions.

What we ask of the church, therefore, is an interpretation of life that will fuse it into meaning, that will sweep away its drabness and flood it with color and light. We want conviction of the purposefulness of our existence, since it is only through such a conviction that it is possible to work and find fulfillment of personality. It is unquestionably due to the fact that it does to a certain extent manage to fill this demand, that the Oxford Group Movement owes its increasing popularity. So compelling is the need, in fact, that it must in some manner be satisfied, whether within the church or elsewhere.

It is obvious that religious leadership such as this cannot be achieved by the reiteration of traditional theology, by "revealed religion," or by biblical interpretation and criticism, however clever and enlightened. It is not enough to tell us that "God so loved the world that He gave to it His Only Begotten Son." We need to be convinced that today He does indeed love it at all. Nor will a purely theosophical interpretation of life meet our demands. We are not, as a whole, either a mystically minded or yet a philosophical generation. We are apt to boast of being hard-boiled, and more than anything else, persistently materialistic. To what extent this attitude is sincere or even representative, it is impossible to say. Yet the fact remains that to the great majority of this generation, a religious interpretation of life implies, not primarily the consideration of such eternal problems as the nature of the Divinity, the logic of immortality, the incidence of evil or the amorality of nature . . . but rather the formulation of a code of ethics, a standard of values, by which to guide our lives in the world today.

It is of course impossible to formulate ethical standards without in some manner making reference to these metaphysical questions and one must sympathize with a clergy of whom such a demand is made. At the same time, however, it is of little purpose to deal with the problems of today by standards of the past. It is of no constructive value, for instance, merely to assert the sanctity of marriage to a generation to whom an increasing divorce rate would seem to imply the failure rather than the inevitability of the marriage system. It would be of more avail to help us discover the reason for the increasing divorce rate in order that we might be better prepared to make a success of our own marriages. Some such attempts have been made in various colleges. But we have yet to find them in the church.

Nor is it possible to apply traditional Christian morality to modern problems of sex. The younger generation has been accused of over-emphasizing the importance of sex. If the current trend in literature, in moving pictures, and to a certain extent in art, be taken into consideration, this is perhaps not an exclusive characteristic of the young people. In comparison with the pre-war generation, however, it is undoubtedly true. And it may be laid very largely to the fact that economic pressure, with its drastic curtailment of marriage and family life, has resulted in new conceptions of personal morality and sexual relationship concerning which the young people are profoundly puzzled. The church, if it deals with this question at all, is still apt to dwell upon the essential evil of sex, upon sex as the reason for man's Fall, rather than upon its place in modern life.



It will be said that to expect the church to deal with questions such as these, is to reveal a conception of religion that is both superficial and materialistic. The more immediate issues of this generation, however, are apt to be materialistic. The relation of religion to the present trend in world affairs, the possibility of our economic disinheritance as a generation, the reconciliation of the Christian doctrine of humility with the competitivism of modern life . . . all these are questions concerning which the church, if it is to be the religious leader of this generation, should take cognizance.

By religious leadership, therefore, we mean a constructive consideration of the vital problems of this day and generation. As to the means by which this leadership can be achieved, perhaps only the future will reveal them. It is obvious that at present the church has not as yet discovered them. The younger generation, however, has no desire to abolish the church. Not only are revolutionary methods fundamentally alien to the American mind, but we realize that in the church we have the one body corporate that represents and has represented unswervingly throughout history, the highest idealism of mankind. Its function and value in civilization are unique. And it is for the very reason that we recognize so clearly the necessity in society for the organized church, or for some body closely paralleling it, that we criticize it so stringently. For it is manifestly true that unless the church does awaken from its present torpor and does deal constructively, humanly, with the problems of this day and generation, it cannot demand the allegiance either of this generation or of the generations following. Religious leadership is the vested right and responsibility of the church. Will the church assume this responsibility?

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Bach in Bethlehem

By J. C. Long

Music in a Pennsylvania steel town—the historical background of the famous Bach choir, its meaning and its future

On every Thursday evening from November to the middle of May the quiet streets of Bethlehem, Pa., are thronged by citizens, strolling with music books under their arms toward the old stone Moravian Chapel.

Side by side entering the building are a melter from the open hearth, girls from the silk mills, a steel company official, a college professor, a carpenter—men and women from every walk of life, engaged in a purpose which has won for the community a unique fame. These chapel-goers are the Bethlehem Bach Choir.

This year, on May 17 and 18, their annual festival will commemorate the 250th anniversary of the birth of Johann Sebastian Bach by essaying the colossal task of giving both the *St. Matthew Passion* and the *Mass in B Minor*. It will mark also the continuance of a singular and colorful occasion, the news of which has penetrated to all corners of the civilized world. For this choir has contributed to the universal store of knowledge by being the first in the New World to produce some of Bach's greatest works. In fact, many of the composer's cantatas have been heard nowhere else during modern times.

On the festival days, Bethlehem becomes a cosmopolis. Here one may see the Levantine countenance of a motion-picture executive, the fair hair and blue eyes of a British peer, the army officer, the corporation attorney, and the musically elect from far and near, all drawn by the magnet of a group of singers who have something to offer which is not found elsewhere.

There are drama and curious circumstances in the fate which had led the Bach center of the New World to be located in an inland industrial city. The saga of the choir is rooted in a band of missionary zealots who came to America in colonial times. Its second growth was fostered by a demoniac little townsman by the name of Fred Wolle, who, in the year 1884, saw a vision for his people and followed it unflaggingly. Yet more than anything else, the vitality of this choir is derived from the music of the master, Bach himself.

Bach is to music what Shakespeare is to the drama, and he has suffered equally at the hands of second-rate performers. The music of Bach has the richness and architecture of genius. It is romantic, passionate, devout, and colorful, but it has been so mangled by pedants for generations that the composer has come to be regarded by the public as something great, but dreadful.

A first pilgrimage to Bethlehem, then, to hear the Bach festival may be in the spirit of a hair shirt worn for culture's sake. The first glimpse of the fiesta, however, reveals that here is something real. One enters the leafy campus of Lehigh University, amid a throng astir with expectancy. Seated on the grassy lawn about the Gothic church where the performances are held are literally hundreds of pilgrims, many of them with scorebooks in hand. One presses forward into the sudden cool dimness of the church. Daughters of the townspeople, dressed in white, are acting as ushers. Before the performance begins, every seat in the main sections and in both transepts of the church is occupied. Back of the conductor's stand across the entire chancel of the

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church rises tier upon tier of choristers, the sopranos and altos forming banks of white flanking on either side the dark masses of tenors and bassos.

The conductor comes to the desk. The chorus of 280 voices rises to its feet. The voices swell forth with accomplished musicianship and a devotional fervor which afford an experience new both to the music student and to the casual listener. The choir itself is lost in its revelation of the resources, the grandeur, and the exaltation of the Bach conception. This is musical presentation at its pinnacle.

The dread of a turgid afternoon endured for culture's sake has been dispelled. Bach is complex, however, and the richness of his imagination is grasped better on the tenth hearing than on the first. More than one listener finds that Bach is not exactly his dish.

To suggest that Bach's music, especially the *Mass in B Minor,* has a perfect production at Bethlehem, or has ever had, would be far from the fact. The intricacy and range of these compositions is a continuous challenge to improvement.

The very status of the choir, which asks no quarter, makes ripe meat for the musical critics who are prompt to find the flaws in the production. Yet one has only to listen to any other singing society to realize the supremacy of the Bethlehem performance. Albert Stoessel has conducted the *Mass in B Minor* in New York with brilliant results from the orchestra, but with a curiously cold response on the part of the chorus. When Stokowski combined forces with the Westminster Choir in giving the *Mass in B Minor* a new standard of excellence was anticipated in many quarters. But the effect was that of a bravura concert piece presented at top speed and in loud voice, a shouting tumult barely recognizable as a *Mass.* The Bach music is a *volkstimme.* Technically a professional concert hall organization can produce the notes, but as a living work with the overtones, the foundation, and the inner tonal quality, it requires the tradition of a society equipped to understand it.

That tradition in Bethlehem began with a colony of seventeen missionaries gathered in a log house at the forks of the Lehigh River in Pennsylvania, late in December, 1741. They were Moravians, so-called from the section of southern Europe from which they were driven because of their religious faith. At the moment they were in the last extremity of poverty, unwelcomed by other religious sects in the New World, where they had sought a refuge. Their future fate depended on the coming of their patron, Count Zinzendorf.

At last he arrived, heard the account of their hardships, and on December 24 held a Christmas Eve service. He went from the log cabin to the stalls where the cattle were quartered. Inspired by the sight of the manger, he led them in the ancient hymn by Adam Drese:

"Not Jerusalem,
Rather Bethlehem,
'Twas that gave us,
Christ to save us,
Not Jerusalem,"

and from that event the town was called Bethlehem.

The founding of the community in the midst of song was a significant beginning. There were many sects in the New World, such as the Covenanter Presbyterians, who believed that music, and especially instrumental music, was wicked. To the north were the Pilgrims and Puritans of New England, who conducted their services with a certain grimness. But the daring Moravians preached a joyous religion accompanied by song, supported with flute and violin and harpsichord.

The musical conductor of the little colony was Pyrlæus, a theologian from Leipzig and a contemporary of Bach in that city. Bach's popularity at Leipzig was very moderate, and there is no evidence in the records of the Moravian Church that Pyrlæus brought any of the composer's works to this country. But, as musical historians know, the Bach choral works are based on the Protestant hymnology of his time, the same hymnology which the Moravians brought to America and continue to use in their churches to the present day.

The Moravian colony from the beginning pursued its interest in music, not only in church hymn tunes, but also in the works of the great composers. During the Revolution their singing and orchestral work attracted the comment both of Washington and Franklin. Bethlehem was the first community in America to perform Haydn's *Creation,* in 1811, and *The Seasons,* in 1834–35. For nearly seventy years, beginning in 1820, the city had a philharmonic society, and a symphony orchestra has come into being this present season. Choral unions came and went. The detail is unimportant, but it is significant that the musical yeast was always stirring in the countryside. Here were the tradition and the folk-understanding of music ready to be shaped into a special direction.

Then, in 1884, a Moravian youth, later organist of the Moravian Church, went to Munich for the more thorough study of the master Bach. During his lifetime, Bach enjoyed a modicum of fame. His *Well-Tempered Clavichord* had established his genius permanently among professional composers. His compositions for choir, however, had achieved little renown. They died with him, until Mendelssohn in 1821 re-discovered some of the Bach choral manuscripts. In 1850 the enthusiastic research of Mendelssohn resulted in the *Bachgesellschaft,* a society devoted to the rescue and the publication of Bach's complete works. The bulk of these compositions (which included four Masses and some 300 cantatas) had not been performed for over a hundred years.

The Moravian youth, J. Frederick Wolle, found these works a mine of the richest nature. He came home and began to interest a choral union which he conducted in the music of Bach. Finally, in 1892, he tried to prevail upon them to sing the ambitious *Mass in B Minor,* but they flatly refused to attempt it. Wolle (pronounced Wolluh) resigned in disgust. Six years later, however, a few musical enthusiasts assembled a new group which promised to sing the *Mass* if Wolle would only resume conducting. Wolle himself realized the difficulties of the task he was attempting. In his public call for singers he placed the following note in the local newspaper:

This early closing of the list is necessitated by the nature of the self-imposed task. The Mass, owing to its huge proportions, its well nigh insuperable difficulties, and the almost inaccessible height of artistic plan, makes unusual demands and will yield to nothing short of complete surrender of the singers' time, industry and patience.

The question whether in any sense of the word it pays to devote one's self so thoroughly to the performance of a work beset with obstacles can best be answered by those members of the chorus who, since last December, have braved the difficulties, and who, with keen artistic insight, doubtless ere this have had revealed to them unsuspected beauties in unlooked for places in this veritable masterpiece of unspeakable power and imperishable glory.

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In the spring of 1900 was given a Bach festival, the first in a long series which has followed. The choir, though growing out of the Moravian Church, included all elements of the community. Other influences had come to the forks of the Lehigh River which might conceivably have been hostile to the cause of music, yet circumstances made them a contribution. Lehigh University, a scientific school, was established here, and science might have disdained the art of music. But it so happened that Henry S. Drinker, for many years president of the university, was a musician and a president of the Bach Choir. Since 1912 the festivals have been performed in the university church.

The Lehigh students, of course, do not lose the opportunity to use the occasion for an educational purpose! A customary sidelight of the festival is the perennial freshman hovering bewildered near the choir entrance. He has been instructed by some senior to locate Mr. Bach and extend to the composer the courtesies of the university.

The steel company at Bethlehem grew to enormous proportions and industry conceivably might have supplanted the arts. But Charles M. Schwab, the steelmaster, was a composer and organist in his early days, and he has been for years an officer of the choir board. The home of E. G. Grace, president of the company, and Mrs. Grace, has been continuously a center of musical interest. Wolle, then, was planting his seed in a community which was unitedly and progressively interested in music, not as a pretty diversion, but as a means of human expression.

The conductor himself did probably more than any one to keep music a live and stinging issue, by dint of his infuriating personality. Music suffers in most American communities because of the mouse-like quality of the average male musician, frequently a defensive nobody who sits below the salt. But Wolle burned with the zeal of a crusader and a tyrant who doffed his cap to no one. He continually offended the best people. This was not a form of inverted snobbery, for he offended every one with impartiality.

If he attended a musicale where some visiting singer of note was invited to perform, he would leave the room or chatter through the performance. He thought nothing of laughing sardonically at any one who dared venture an opinion on a musical subject. At choir rehearsal he would read with glee any clipping of praise for himself; but should the same critic later give praise to another musician, Wolle would scorn the commentator as an ignoramus.

All this was as healthy as it was uncomfortable. The eccentricities of the conductor, and consequently the activities of the choir, could not escape discussion.

Moreover, Wolle was secretive. He had projected his plans for choral work several years ahead. Each festival (in the latter years) has given the *Mass* on a Saturday, and Friday sessions have been customarily devoted to the performance of cantatas or other compositions, frequently the first presentation in America. Every summer the conductor devoted himself to the excavation of these works and to their preparation for modern choir and orchestra. But he let no one know of his plans, vouchsafing only a mysterious smile to any inquirers. This, too, served to keep interest and curiosity astir.

Yet before his master, the splenetic little conductor was humble. He would never permit the name of Wolle to appear on the festival program. The performance was to be Bach reincarnate. Wolle was merely the servant, and on the cover of the program appeared only the portrait of the master, Bach.

As the festivals became increasingly successful, Wolle had at his disposal funds beyond the dreams of most choir conductors—money for the most eminent soloists, money for scores and for famous symphony players to accompany the singers. The choir came to have an office, a paid secretary, and a list of guarantors ranging from California to France, including such diverse patrons as Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., Tosca Seidel, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, F. H. duPont, and Alfred A. Knopf. Tickets for the festivals were sold out long in advance, closely held by their possessors, and not even available at the agencies.

But the worldly success was secondary. At the core of the matter remained the conductor and his band of singers. To them the event was, and is, an Oberammergau: music, yes, but music as an expression of the Christus; as a tribute to and adoration of the Redeemer; as the reaching forth of man toward unity with the Eternal. Between Wolle and the choir there was an exceptional *rapport*. To the choristers the eccentricities of the conductor were immaterial, because by the fire of his own inspiration he was able to draw forth from them the fullest degree of expression. The fluency of his control over the singers and their responsiveness to his conducting were a source of perpetual astonishment to the musical world, except as one realized the underlying devotional concept which actuated both choir and leader.

With the death of Wolle in the autumn of 1932, the community was thrown back on its own resources. Would the Bach Choir continue? The answer was a revelation of the depth of its musical and devotional convictions, for even in the dark days of 1932 and early 1933 the community engaged a new conductor and started to build for the future.

From the standpoint of what will happen in the coming years, and of what materials Bethlehem has at hand to make a continuing contribution to the world's music, the present state of the festival is even more arresting than its notable past.

Of course, the chief material is the choir itself. Here is a group of 280 persons nearly all of whom have at least several years' experience in the singing of Bach. Moreover, to the community as a whole the music of Bach is as familiar as the Bible.

This native background is manifested in a number of vocal and instrumental groups through the city, each of which builds a richer musical understanding for the choir and the rest of the community. Notable among these is the choir of the Pro-Cathedral Church of the Nativity under the direction of T. Edgar Shields. This chorus of men and boys for two years has given Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* at the holiday season with a success that bids fair to establish a permanent tradition. Shields is the organist of the Bach Choir, and a pupil of Wolle. He is probably the foremost Bach authority in America, certainly unexcelled in his understanding and interpretation of Bach's choral works. Dr. Shields' pervading influence in the community

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is augmented by that of Mrs. Ruth Myers, pianist for the choir and a notable Bach student.

Likewise significant to Bethlehem's potential contribution as a musical center is the inauguration this year of a volunteer symphonic orchestra. Though it has no affiliation with the festival, its function is valuable. Ever since 1912 when the choir found no adequate instrumental talent available at home and could afford to seek elsewhere, the festival has called upon the services of professional orchestra players. This has never been satisfactory. The visiting musicians suffer from a lack of sufficient rehearsals and from unfamiliarity with the total experience which gives the choir its especial merit. The new orchestra has energized the local interest in instrumental music and gives promise that some day the choir may again be enriched by the accompaniment of understanding native musicianship.

More lasting than individuals or philharmonic societies, there remains in Bethlehem the Moravian congregation, comprising three schools and colleges, a theological seminary and five churches. It continues to be a flourishing and dynamic center in the life of the city. Music is a part of its religious expression as much today as in 1741.

Its trombone choir, in existence since 1756, is the only one of its kind, for only in Bethlehem will be found a four-part trombone band. The F bass trombone is rare, and the soprano trombone, built by the use of a special slide, is virtually unknown elsewhere. In fact, skeptics have come from afar to see with their own eyes that there is such an instrument.

This trombone choir continues to play the ancient hymnology on which much of the Bach music was based. It plays from the belfry of the university church at the time of the Bach festival, thus definitely uniting the initial musical group of the community with the present day.

In all this teeming interest in musical expression, the new conductor, Bruce Carey of Philadelphia, has found both an opportunity and a challenge. He has been engaged on a year-to-year basis, and the performance this spring will be the first real test of his powers. His initial performance two years ago was a memorial service to Wolle, and last year he had all the problems of a new man trying to carry on the traditions of his predecessor in the midst of a tumult of local comment, and in the face of considerable skepticism on the part of professional critics.

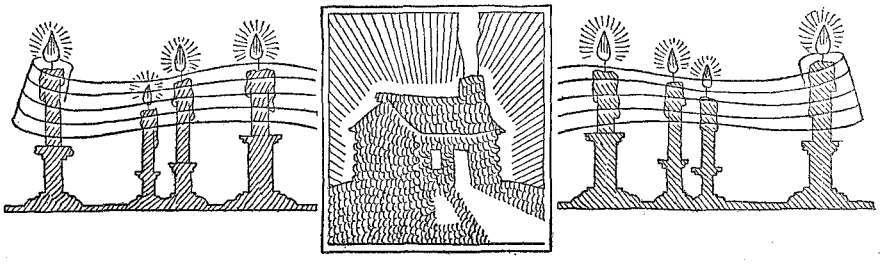
Carey has preserved some of the traditional interpretations of the Bethlehem performances. This year, as previously, the voice of the Master in the *St. Matthew Passion* will be sung by the entire bass choir instead of by a soloist. Broadly speaking, however, Carey's conception is fundamentally different from Wolle's. Wolle held that since Bach's music is essentially polyphonic, each melodic line sung by any division of the choir should carry its own expression. The total effect of the choir was not to be handled in terms of masses of sound, but as the interweaving of the different melodic elements. This he believed to be the soul and intention of Bach.

Carey, raised in a different school, tends to place emphasis on the tonal effects of the totality of sound. He likewise differs in detail of interpretation. The opening chorus of *Come, Ye Daughters* from the *St. Matthew Passion* is an example. Wolle conducted this in the light of a Greek chorus brooding over and announcing majestically the tragedy to come. The 12/8 time of the score would seem to justify this view. But Carey takes this rapidly, as of a crowd rushing to a scene, summoning others.

Carey is a singing teacher and gives to the chorus a far more thorough vocal training than his predecessor. The choir finds this valuable. Furthermore, it recognizes that no man should attempt to wear another's shoes. Carey must work out with the choir his own interpretations. Thus only can the festival, though different, preserve an authentic sincerity.

Most important of all from the standpoint of the musical world is the question of whether the choir will continue to be a vehicle of musical research. That is the contribution which must be made by a conductor if the initial conception of the society is to be maintained. Recall that the original performance of the *B Minor Mass* in Bethlehem was its first production in America. (Incidentally, the 1935 rendition is the 200th anniversary of the composing of the *Mass.*) At each festival season for many years the choir not only gave the traditional music, but added Bach compositions which had not been heard before. For the last three years the programs have been repetitious. The supreme ambition of the combination of the *St. Matthew Passion* in the same festival with the *B Minor Mass* is justifiable as the 250th anniversary program. Presentation of established works will not, however, satisfy the creative fervor of a choir which has been reared on the exploring of new fields.

There remains much Bach material which has not been given in the New World and awaits the interpretation of a band of singers equipped to know what it is all about. The task today for the leader of the choir is to be studying, and building, the programs for several years ahead. In any course he undertakes, he is likely to provoke criticism and stir the fires of controversy. So mote it be. Whenever music is a fighting issue in any community, its vitality as a vehicle of human expression remains assured.



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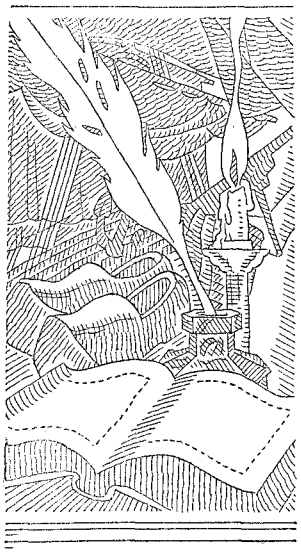
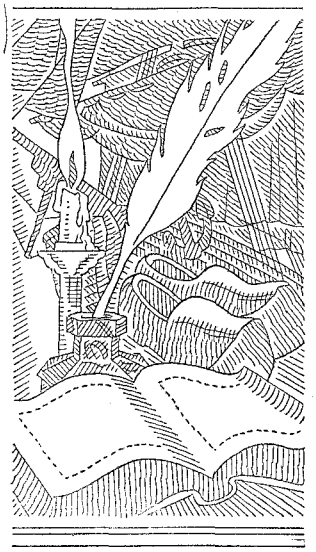


AS I LIKE IT

By William Lyon Phelps



O to R in the D. A. B. . . . R. C. Hutchinson's Wholly Original Novel . . . Short Comments on Thirteen Recent Books . . . Horace as Best Seller . . . "Infinity"

Two new volumes—XIV and XV—of the admirable and indispensable *Dictionary of American Biography* have recently appeared, and apart from recommending its daily use as a work of reference, I like to give Scribnerians an opportunity to test their acquaintance with noted names in American history. Indeed it might be a good plan for reading clubs and occasional social gatherings to have some one read aloud selected lists of forty or fifty names from two or three volumes, have every one in the room write down a sentence indicating the significance of every name, and award a prize to the one who gets the largest number of correct annotations.

Only two qualifications are necessary for admission to the *Dictionary*. First, you must die; and second, before you die, you must have done or said something to attract the attention of the editors.

If a writer be a man of genius and happen at the same time to be in a section of the alphabet comparatively free from great generals or great statesmen, he may beat all his competitors.

For example: Volume XIV extends from *Oglethorpe* to *Platner*. Volume XV extends from *Platt* to *Roberdeau*.

Now, considering in your mind all dead Americans from Oglethorpe to Roberdeau, who do you think receives the largest number of columns in the *Dictionary of American Biography*?

Edgar Allan Poe wins by a large majority over his nearest competitors, who are James Otis, Tom Paine, Robert Peary, Charles S. Peirce, William Penn, Franklin Pierce, James K. Polk, William H. Prescott; Poe receives eighteen columns, the runner-up being Tom Paine, with fourteen and a half. Two Presidents of the United States, Pierce and Polk, receive respectively seven and nine. This is as it should be.

The editors are not afraid of prominence, no matter how it may be acquired. Thus you will find in these two volumes biographical information about Lydia Pinkham, Pocahontas, Pontiac, Daniel Pratt, "Tex" Rickard. This also is as it should be.

Now I shall give my readers a test. From Volume XIV see how many of these names you instantly recognize, and about whom you can converse intelligently. When a number appears after a name, it indicates the number of columns received.

James E. Oglethorpe 4, Chauncey Olcott, Frederick Lay Olmsted, Richard Olney 3¼, James O'Neill 2, John Boyle O'Reilly 2, James Lawrence Orr 2¼, James Orton, Norris G. Osborn, Thomas B. Osborne, Thomas Mott Osborne, Herbert Levi Osgood, Samuel Osgood, Michael V. O'Shea, William Osler 8, Harrison G. Otis, James Otis 10, John Overton, Robert Dale Owen, Alpheus S. Packard, Benjamin H. Paddock, Thomas Nelson Page, Walter Hines Page 5, John K. Paine 5, Robert Treat Paine, Thomas Paine 14½, John G. Palfrey, A. M. Palmer, Alice Freeman Palmer, George Herbert Palmer, Potter Palmer, Ray Palmer, Edwards A. Park, Benjamin Parke, Edwin P. Parker, Horatio Parker 6, Theodore Parker 6, Charles H. Parkhurst, Francis Parkman 7, Vernon L. Parrington, William Ordway Partridge, Simon N. Patten 5, Francis L. Patton, James K. Paulding, John Howard Payne 6, William M. Payne, Andrew P. Peabody, George Peabody, Joseph Preston Peabody, Charles W. Peale 5, Robert E. Peary 10, George W. Peck, Harry Thurston Peck, Rufus W. Peckham, Wheeler H. Peckham, W. A. Peffer, Benjamin Peirce 7, Charles S. Peirce 10, F. N. Peloubet, Edmund Pendleton, William Penn 9, Joseph Pennell 7, James H. Penniman, Boies Penrose, George F. Pentecost, William Pepper 5½, James G. Percival, Bernadotte Perrin, Matthew G. Perry 6, Oliver H. Perry 5, Thomas Sergeant Perry, Austin Phelps, Edward J. Phelps, Oliver Phelps, William Walter Phelps, David Graham Phillips, Wendell Phillips 3, Ferdinand Phinizy, Donn Piatt, John J. Piatt, Francis W. Pickens, Edward C. Pickering, Timothy Pickering 6½, George E. Pickett, Charles Felton Pidgin, Franklin Pierce 7, James Pierpont, Abraham Pierson, Arthur S. Pierson, Albert Pike 5, Charles A. Pillsbury, Charles Pinckney 5, Charles C. Pinckney 5, Thomas Pinckney 4, Hazen S. Pingree, Allan Pinkerton, Lydia Pinkham, William Pinkney 5, Louis V. Pirsson, William Pitkin.

VOLUME XV

Orville H. Platt 4, Thomas C. Platt 4, Pocahontas 2½, Edgar Allan Poe 18, Joel R. Poinsett 4, James K. Polk 9, Leonidas Polk, Gustav Pollak, John Norton Pomeroy, J. Ponce de Leon 3, James B. Pond, Pontiac, William F. Poole, Henry V. Poor, Benjamin P. Poore, A. A. Pope, John Pope, Daniel Porter, David D. Porter 7, Fitz-John

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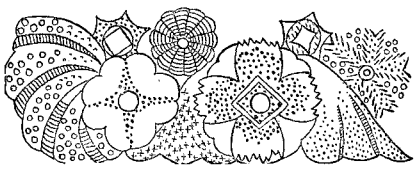
Porter, Horace Porter, John A. Porter, Noah Porter 3, Sarah Porter, William Sydney Porter (O. Henry) 4, Louis F. Post, Alonzo Potter, Edward C. Potter, Henry C. Potter, John W. Powell, Hiram Powers 4½, Powhatan, Thomas Pownall 5½, Bela Lyon Pratt, Charles Pratt, Daniel Pratt (defined as "vagrant"), Francis A. Pratt, Richard



H. Pratt, Samuel O. Prentice, Elizabeth Prentiss, Samuel Prentiss, William H. Prescott 8, François Prévost, Bruce Price, Joseph Priestley 7, Morton Prince, Redfield Proctor, T. M. Prudden, George E. Pugh, Casimir Pulaski, Joseph Pulitzer 6, George M. Pullman, Raphael Pumpelly, John B. Purcell 4, John Purdue, F. W. Putnam, George H. Putnam, George P. Putnam, Israel Putnam 3, Howard Pyle 5, William Pynchon, M. S. Quay, William A. Quayle, John H. Quick, Lemuel E. Quigg, Josiah Quincy 2½, Josiah Quincy 6, John Rae, John Reed, Joseph Reed, Myrtle Reed, Thomas B. Reed 6, Walter Reed 5, William Marion Reedy, Tapping Reeve, Ada Rehan 4, Gilbert Reid, T. Mayne Reid, Whitelaw Reid 7½, Frederic Remington, Ira Remsen 6, James Renwick 4, Fleming H. Revell, Paul Revere 3, R. B. Rhett, James F. Rhodes 4, C. A. Thorndike Rice, Wm. North Rice, T. W. Richards 7, H. H. Richardson 8, George L. Rickard, George Riddle, John C. Ridpath, Sidney Rigdon, John M. Riggs, Jacob Riis, James Whitcomb Riley 3½, W. H. Rinehart 4½, George Ripley 4, David Rittenhouse 4, George L. Rives, William C. Rives, James Rivington, John Roach, Chandler Robbins.

The following names might have been included and I suggest them for the *Supplement*—Mrs. Peebles, author of excellent novels; William E. Quinby, editor of the *Detroit Free Press* and Minister to The Netherlands.

There is grave doubt as to Peary's ever having reached the North Pole; this doubt should have received more emphasis. The long article on him is really a defense.

When Mr. R. C. Hutchinson's first novel, *The Answering Glory,* appeared in 1932, I felt sure that another important novelist had come to delight our minds and gladden our hearts. This feeling was strengthened by his second work *The Unforgotten Prisoner;* and now let me urge upon my readers to buy and peruse attentively his third book—*One Light Burning.* You must take time to read it, for it cannot be read carelessly or hastily, and there are passages that compel reflection; but every moment spent on it will be richly rewarded. It is a romantic tale of adventure, of physical agony in struggling in remote snowfields, with a terrific love-story. The conversations are stimulating and inspiring, amazingly enriched with cerebration. The characteristics of every person in the book are brought out gradually by a number of delicate touches, so delicate that really the whole novel must be read through twice.

There are two difficulties; I wish the author had supplied a map, for I have never read anything with so many place-names quite unfamiliar to me, and which I have tried in vain to discover in atlases; there are also many apparently English words that I have never seen before.

Secondly, the construction of the book is so queer as to be baffling; another reason why one must go back and read again in order to get the development of both characters and plot.

But what a book! What intensity of passion, what intensity of thought! What a contrast in men! What selfishness and what grandeur!

This is a wholly original novel, original in style, construction, characterization; it makes an indelible impression.

Even characters that appear for only two pages are alive; compare the American newspaper man with the conventional British depiction of such a person. But this young English novelist apparently likes Americans; the book is dedicated to a Rhodes scholar at Oxford.

It is refreshing to read "in these days" a work of art so full of intellectual splendor, so completely on the side of the angels.

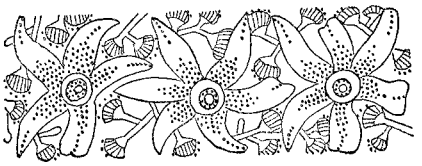
Edna Ferber's *Come and Get It* deals with the lumberjacks and the millionaire lumber-dealers of Wisconsin; it so happens that I know these people exceedingly well, though mine lived in Michigan and hers in Wisconsin. The only artistic difficulty with her story is, that she has made her chief character so marvellously aglow with vigor and vitality, that when he is annihilated in the boat explosion, the flames destroy more than they were intended to.

But the novel as a whole is so true to life, it is so accurate an interpretation of an important section of the United States, it abounds in such vivid characters, it is written with such gusto, that it will be read with immense enjoyment and renewed admiration for the author.

Marvin Lowenthal had a happy idea when he decided to take from the *Essays* of the great Montaigne the passages dealing specifically with his life, arrange them in chronological order, and call the volume *The Autobiography of Michel de Montaigne,* for that exactly describes the book. He has gone not only to the *Essays,* but to *Letters,* and the *Travel-Journal.* The translations he has made anew; we now have the wisdom, humor, tolerant spirit, civilized ideas of this man of genius in the form of a connected narrative. It would be difficult to find a more interesting book.

The Georgian Scene, by Frank Swinnerton, is a long, but steadily entertaining work of literary criticism and personal recollections of the chief figures in British literature from 1900 to 1934. It begins with Henry James and closes with contemporary writers like T. S. Eliot. Mr. Swinnerton combines powers of acute criticism with common sense and humor; and states his own views with refreshing candor. He will not expect every one to agree with him. For I think *Riceyman Steps* the finest thing Arnold Bennett ever wrote, with the one exception of *The Old Wives Tale.*

Mr. Swinnerton's good sense and judgment are seen at their best in his remarks on Joyce's *Ulysses,* on D. H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, and on the "new" school of poetry. Seldom have I seen so long a book so chronically vivacious.



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André Maurois's book on Dickens is intended for French readers, which makes it particularly valuable and instructive for everybody else. He states the case against Dickens more strongly than if he believed it, and then refutes it.

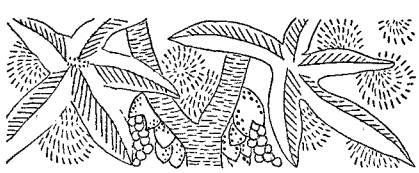
Rose Macaulay's *Milton* is an admirable little book, even if the first sentence does contain 119 words.

It is not often that a successful American theater-manager writes a book on religion. But that is exactly what Arthur Hopkins has done in the slender volume called *The Glory Road*. He has always combined shrewdness with idealism; and here he shows the origin of his idealism; it is based on religious faith; not the kind that would satisfy every one, but at all events both sincere and noble.

Joseph Verner Reed's book on the theater, *The Curtain Falls,* is one of the most astounding works on theater-production I have seen. If there were ever a man who turned his mind inside out, who told all his experiments and mistakes with reserveless frankness, who spoke of those associated with him in the same way, you will meet him in this book. And what a picture of Jane Cowl! Calling Katharine Hepburn an Italian primitive is perfect. Golly, what a book!

Our distinguished American writer, Gertrude Atherton, has not only written many historical works and novels, but she is a master in the art of the short story. I am very glad to see now in book form *The Foghorn* (one of the best short stories she has ever written), together with other tales from her pen.

Every book I read by James Hilton, the author of *Mr. Chips,* convinces me



that he is a born novelist. I have just read *The Meadows of the Moon* and *Terry,* which he published in England, respectively in 1926 and 1927. They are not so finished in style and construction as his later works, but they are eminently worth reading. I have now read ten of his novels and shall have the other three read within two months.

The Great White Silence, by Louis-Frédéric Rouquette, translated by O. W. Allen and A. Le Rebeller, is a thrilling story of Alaska, of men, women, and dogs. I have read many books on Alaska and many books on snow-journeys, but never anything quite like this.

Men and Women of Far Horizons, edited by Jesse R. Wilson, is a small book giving the brief testimonies of missionaries in far-away localities. How different these people are from the missionary in the popular play *Rain,* who was obsolete in 1850! But I suspect missionaries know more about dramatists than dramatists know about missionaries. If you are really interested in discovering facts about foreign missions and about missionaries, may I respectfully suggest that you read this little book *Far Horizons?* And if you have no desire to find out the facts, might I respectfully suggest that you talk about something else?

And now, hats off to Ogden Nash! This accomplished American humorist has given us a number of delightful books, but *The Primrose Path* is the best. A perfect book for reading aloud to those who are worthy of hearing it.

Sense, humor, and wit
With a flick of the lash,
Are in every skit
By Ogden Nash!

BIMILLENNIUM

One of today's best sellers is the poetry of Mr. Q. Horatius Flaccus, more generally known as Horace. He was born two thousand years ago, although his intellectual and social attitude fairly represents 1935 A.D. There are to be many celebrations all over the world this year, and the American Classical League is sponsoring lectures in the United States. The President of the League is Wilbert L. Carr, of Teachers College, Columbia, and the General Chairman of Committees is Roy C. Flickinger of the University of Iowa.

Speaking of the Latin language, Doctor Newell Martin (aged 80) writes me the following letter:

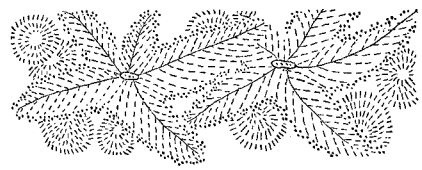
Dear Bill:

While grubbing in a dictionary this morning I came across a word that is new to me, a son of a gun of a fine word, productive of humility. *Despicationes* (Cic.) The opinions that are held, in regard to us, by people that despise us. Great people, those Romans!

Asking for more information I received the following:

It horrifies me to see you, with your own aged hand, writing daily to hundreds—I send this merely for completeness.

(a) Wm. Smith's Latin Dictionary—*Despicatio.* Contempt. In plur. with ref. to a number of persons—Mean opinion entertained of us by our fellow-creatures (Cic.)



(b) My definition of *Despicationes:* Those unflattering opinions of us which other people hold, but, usually, are too polite to express.

Well, in Charlton T. Lewis's *Latin Dictionary,* the one I use almost daily, because it is a good one, and because Lewis was the father of my late beloved colleague, Charlton M. Lewis, also of the American poet, Mary Sinton Leitch, also of my college teacher of Greek, the late Joe Lewis, also of the wife of the present American Minister to Greece, Mrs. Lincoln MacVeagh, also of Mr. John Lewis, defines *despicatio* as "contempt" and the plural as "sentiments of contempt." Of course *despicio* means "to look down upon." Lexicographer Lewis made no mistakes, either in Latin or in his offspring. But I enjoy Doctor Martin's subtle addition to the definition.

An interesting experience of apparent death is in a letter I have received from a former college athlete, now over seventy:

Speaking of fear, I want to relate an experience I went through a few years ago. I do so because it took away from me the fear of death.

It was like this: I went home from the office with a sore throat, but before morning I was a desperately sick man. An abscess had formed on the larynx and I could not breathe at times. At the crisis I could not breathe any more than I could through a brick wall. I knew I was dying and nodded goodbye to my wife and daughter and wondered when I would see my mother. *But I was not afraid at all; I was consumed with curiosity.* I went way down to the dark river. . . . In looking about I saw a very bright light, perfectly white. It came to my mind that it was a "stop & go" sign and so I looked at it for some time, but as it did not turn red or green I thought it must be the light over the "pearly gate" and I started for it, but came to myself in the room with the dear wife and daughter. I had actually lived through the first death struggle which the Doctors admitted, with

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the statement that they never for a moment would have thought I could have survived; but I had no organic trouble and so here I am in the enjoyment of good health, at the office every day, although a very old man.

I am grateful to Admiral L. H. Chandler, U. S. N., for reminding me of a poem I had forgotten, and for referring it to literary conditions today, "blurbs," etc. (*The Course of Time*, 1827, by Robert Pollok).

The story telling tribe alone, outran
All calculation far, and left behind,
Lagging, the swiftest numbers: dreadful even
To fancy, was their never-ceasing birth;
And room had lacked, had not their life been short.
Excepting some—their definition take
Thou thus, exprest in gentle phrase, which leaves
Some truth behind: A novel was a book
Three-volumed, and once read, and oft crammed
Of poisonous error, blackening every page:
And oftener still of trifling, second-hand
Remark, and old, diseaséd, putrid thought;
And miserable incident, at war
With nature; with itself and truth at war:
Yet charming still the greedy reader on,
Till done, he tried to recollect his thoughts,
And nothing found but dreaming emptiness.
These, like ephemera, sprung in a day
From lean and shallow soiléd brains of sand,
And in a day expired: yet while they lived,
Tremendous ofttimes was the popular roar;
And cries of—Live for ever!—struck the skies.

I rather think that the above is a pretty good description of some of the "literature" of the present day. And I sincerely hope that you will find pleasure and amusement in rereading the lines as I have copied them here.

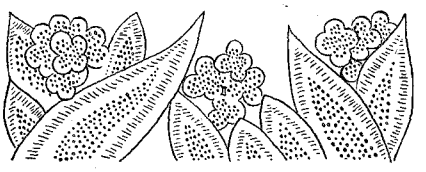
Rudyard Kipling has a poem entitled "The Three-Decker" which deals with the passing of the old three-volume novel, which is interesting in connection with the above lines by Pollok.

THE ANTHONY ADVERSE CLUB

Mrs. Louise T. Graham writes that Mrs. Shastid of Pittsfield, Ill., has read aloud the whole of the novel *Anthony Adverse* to her invalid husband, Dr. W. E. Shastid.

THE FAERIE QUEENE CLUB

Ruth Boyd, Professor of English at Pearl River College, Poplarville, Miss.,



informs me that one of her pupils, Slay Hemba, of Purvis, Miss., qualifies; and Professor Claud Howard, of Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas, sends me the name of one of his pupils, Durwood Bailey. Mr. Bailey enjoyed the melodies of the F. Q., and he adds, "Beneath the gilt are sayings worthy of a materialistic Franklin, such as

All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes for shame.
For discord harder is to end, than to begin.
He oft finds present help who does his grief impart.
Who seekes with painful toile, shal Honour soonest find."

Isabel Fiske Conant, writing from Green Cove Springs, Fla.:

I am crusading for the Spenserian sonnet. It seems to me far the finest of the forms. Its weaving of its pattern is the most convincing thing in writing. Like the Sapphic stanza it is so perfect that it is a joy to follow it, even without words that make sense or as little as possible.

SIMPLY PLAYERS

You who would act in a drama of true worth,
Though you have been assigned a tragic cue,
Tread the revolving stage of ample earth,
Play up to the immortals watching you.
Resent not any turning of the screw
For is it not sufficient destiny
To be heroic in their steady view—
As emmets in your own—when they may be
In some ordeal of their own history
That the still higher ones have watched in turn?
The circle widens on the infinite sea,
The greater passions, beyond passion, burn.
In your proscenium's slow, rounding curve,
Declare your lines, whatever end they serve.

THE FANO CLUB

The Fano Club is enriched by the membership of Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Ely, Jr., Miss Alice Lounsberry, Dr. Earl Ingerson, Yale '34, Martha Anna Ingerson, and Mary Zoe Ingerson.

The Fano Club dinner will be omitted this year.

Samuel T. Pearl, of Chicago, writes to protest against the frequent use of "infinite." Why, O why is it *ever* used regarding things that are not infinite in its true sense? Of course I know that it is given a hyperbolical meaning in the *Standard* and no doubt in others, which seems to justify limitations.

Well, I suppose it is like hundreds of other expressions we use carelessly. One would have to be a precisian never to say "awfully" or "frightfully" or "thousands of times" or "endlessly" or "yours truly." But the most splendid definition or rather description of Infinity I have ever seen is almost as awe-inspiring as the thing itself. "Infinity" means that if you subtract *anything* from it, you have not in any way lessened it, impaired it, or changed it. If you subtract five dollars from a million dollars, you have reduced the total by five, but if you subtract eight hundred billion from Infinity, Infinity retains after the subtraction exactly as much as it had before.

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE WITH NAMES OF AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

Dictionary of American Biography. Vols. XIV and XV. Scribners.
One Light Burning, by R. C. Hutchinson. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
Come and Get It, by Edna Ferber. Doubleday Doran. $2.50.
The Autobiography of Michel de Montaigne, ed. Lowenthal. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.
The Georgian Scene, by Frank Swinnerton. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.
The Glory Road, by Arthur Hopkins. Dutton. $2.
The Curtain Falls, by J. V. Reed. Harcourt Brace. $2.75.
The Great White Silence, by Louis-Frédéric Rouquette. Macmillan. $2.50.
Men and Women of Far Horizons, by J. R. Wilson. Friendship Press, N. Y. $1.
Dickens, by André Maurois. Harpers. $2.
Milton, by Rose Macaulay. Harpers. $2.
The Primrose Path, by Ogden Nash. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.
The Foghorn, by Gertrude Atherton. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.
Terry, by James Hilton. Butterworth, London. 3s. 6d.
The Meadows of the Moon, by James Hilton. Butterworth, London. 3s. 6d.

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Behind the Scenes

About SCRIBNER Authors. . . . More talk about Erskine Caldwell's "Kneel to the Rising Sun." . . . Praise for "Victorians Had a Word for It." . . . SCRIBNER'S protests arrest of John Strachey.

ALTHOUGH those who know anything about **Ernest Hemingway** beyond his literary fame rank him high among the famous fishermen and hunters of the world, "Green Hills of Africa" is the first book he has ever written on his own sport. Like *Farewell to Arms,* this story will appear in the Magazine in instalments, the last instalment to be published next November. And what Burton Rascoe said of *Farewell to Arms* still holds good for "Green Hills of Africa." "Every sentence he writes is fresh and alive. There is no one writing whose prose has more of the force and vibrancy of good, direct, natural, colloquial speech. His dialogue is so natural that it hardly seems as if it is written at all—one hears it." He is now living in Key West, Fla., where the fishing is excellent.

James Truslow Adams, who has probably done more than any one man to bring America's history alive for people who are reading today, has for the last few years lived most of the time in London, although he expects next year to return to America permanently. At the moment of writing he is in this country, but expects to take again for this summer "the lovely old house which I had in Oxfordshire last year." He expects to start writing soon on a book which centers more or less around the lives and ideas of Jefferson and Hamilton.

Raymond Holden was born in New York City, on 82d Street, between West End Avenue and Riverside Drive, "at a time when that region was full of goats and truck gardens, in 1894, to be exact." He went to school near there, graduated from Princeton and went straight from there to war. Since then he has been variously editor, publicity man, author, farmer, banker. He has written a book of poems, two detective novels, a life of Abraham Lincoln, and a new novel is coming out in the fall. It was written for the most part on trains as he rode about the country in the course of his regular work, which is doing industrial research for one of the large New York banks. He says he would still rather play baseball than eat, and watching professional games is almost as good as playing.

Several outstanding articles on the relief situation have been written by **C. Hartley Grattan** in the last few years, and they are all distinguished by the fact that he studies the *background* of relief as well as the foreground. The present article, "They Didn't Spare the Trees," is some of this background material.

"We Are Alone" is the third story of **Barbara Webster's** to appear in SCRIBNER'S. She was born in Saint Louis, and after two years at Wellesley and some years of study abroad, she married Edward Shenton, and has settled down to her writing in an old Pennsylvania farm house. She has a son, but believes that a woman should have creative work outside her home.

Esther Dette was born in Pelham, N. Y., and spent her childhood in New York City. After graduating from Westover and Radcliffe she settled down in New York and now has three sons. "The Flesh of a Martyr" is her first published story.

"When Gentlemen Fall Out" is the story of another of the many fascinating and historical adventures to which **Stephen Bonsal** fell heir as correspondent for *The New York Herald* in the old days when reporting was reporting, and life seems to have been full of exciting incidents at every turn.

J. Frederick Essary has been for twenty-three years Washington, London, and Paris correspondent of *The Baltimore Sun* and is now the dean of the corps of Washington correspondents. He has seen seven Presidents come and six go. He has covered every national political convention since 1912 and has travelled with every candidate for the Presidency since 1908 with the exception of La Follette in 1924. He has reported six international conferences including the Paris Peace Conference, and in 1932 he was awarded the Chester D. Pugsley $1000 prize for the best Washington correspondence of the year. He knows his Presidents and he knows his press.

Although **Josephine K. Newton** was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, she had her preliminary schooling in London, England, where her father, Joseph Fort Newton, was minister at the City Temple during the War. Naturally she has very vivid wartime memories of London, soldiers marching, canteens, the long queues where they waited for the daily rations of food; air raids and the Armistice. After the War her family returned to New York City, where her father had the Ministry of the Church of the Divine Paternity. She went to Vassar in 1927 but left in the middle of her junior year to travel through England, France, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland, and didn't finish till 1932, and then with Phi Beta Kappa. She got a job with a feature syndicate in New York writing newspaper stories, feature columns, and radio programs of all kinds and then became a member of the contributing staff. She now writes serial novels for the syndicate and has written several articles on the young people of today for national magazines.

John C. Long is well known as a biographer and essayist, but it is not so generally known that he was at one time writing musical criticism for *The Christian Science Monitor, The Springfield Union,* and other publications. Nor do most people know that at seventeen he was an organist and choir director. He has lived in Bethlehem for several years and is closely in touch with the spirit and feeling of the community.

One often hears or reads of people who work prodigiously all day long and who seem to have talents in many fields, but it is unusual to come in contact with one. **Charles Cooke** gets up every morning at 6:15 so that he can write fiction (and he sells it) from seven till ten, rain or shine. The rest of the day he gives to work on a New York magazine, but manages to get in a minimum

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of an hour's daily piano practice on the side. He has studied piano as a private pupil for the last four years with James Friskin of the Juilliard School, and intends to continue. He goes to the circus again and again when it is in town and knows Dexter Fellows, Clyde Beatty, Fred Bradna, and the Wallendas well. He has profound admiration for the skill and courage of the Wallendas and has studied their act minutely for several seasons. He thinks there is no greater writing in the English language than the concluding chapters of Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel.* His father is Doctor Joseph B. Cooke, retired, formerly one of the most prominent obstetricians in New York City.

THE "Kneel to the Rising Sun" controversy is still raging and we introduce a series of letters on both sides with the following comment by Harry Hansen in *The World-Telegram:*

SHARE-CROPPERS

For several years magazine editors have been telling me about a horror story by Erskine Caldwell, which they found too terrible to print. They said it dealt with a white sharecropper who fell into a pen of ferocious hogs and was eaten. One editor, who described this at lunch, grew pale and choked on his olive pit.

This story, "Kneel to the Rising Sun," is published in the February SCRIBNER'S, after exciting strong feelings in the SCRIBNER sanctum. . . .

Lonnie is another Jeeter Lester, a spineless, wilting weasel who can't fight back. Lonnie is the result of years of privation, want, browbeating.

The public will ask whether Mr. Caldwell is justified in picturing a villain as extreme as Gunnard and a victim as pitiful as Lonnie. *My guess is that the lynchings have uncovered various Gunnards, whereas the plight of the share-cropper is clearly explained in Charles Johnson's "Shadow of the Plantation," which I vainly tried to get added to the White House library.*

Like Harriet Beecher Stowe Caldwell does not deal in pastel tints. He seems to be writing an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the sharecropper.

The italics are ours.

Mrs. Florence Bossenberger of Chicago writes:

Congratulation on "Kneel to the Rising Sun." It is equal to if not greater than, "The Piece of String." How unforgettably Caldwell has drawn cowardice, cruelty, greed, hunger, and lust. How he has set the simple human kindliness of Clem over against the weakness and blood lust of the white men in the story. This story should be reprinted and spread broadcast over our land until we are all quickened into action against these horrors. We are hypocrites to rail against Hitler and his race atrocities while we tolerate the awful degradation of the South with its impoverished "croppers" of both races.

This story will live because it is full of the stuff of life. I am telling every one about it and have bought five copies to give away—and I can't afford to do it but this is the kind of thing that causes one to forget what they "can't afford" to do.

Mrs. J. Gardner Wilson of Indianapolis:

From observations remembered from my youthful years, I am able to recognize a true story in Mr. Erskine Caldwell's contribution, told with eloquent restraint.

Many people know it in different phases who are not accessible to pressmen. SCRIBNER'S show traditional breadth and liberality in finding this document for the instruction of the people.

Ralph Coghlan of *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch:*

I don't understand why you had any misgivings, as you seem to have in "Behind the Scenes" about Erskine Caldwell's "Kneel to the Rising Sun." This is a perfectly superb and powerful story and presents the picture of the type of southern feudalism which does not contain the saving grace that has so often been claimed for southern feudalism in general, of *noblesse oblige.* I'll bet it will be considered one of the best short stories of 1935.

Harry McCormick of Chicago:

I have not quite got over Caldwell's story in your last issue. In fact I never want to get over it. I have no hesitancy in venturing that not one read the story and then put it aside without reading it again.

There were, of course, as we knew there would be, those who felt that the story had no excuse for being. Yet the need for serious interpretation of this social situation was borne out strongly by something which came out in the papers at about the time the story first appeared on the stands. An FERA instructor in Arkansas was arrested because he made a speech of protest about the conditions among the sharecroppers.

Mrs. H. Van Cleef of New Haven writes that after reading the story:

I felt as if I had been a party to a crime and felt that dreadful ineffectual feeling that I could do nothing about it. This is the truth—it was the first thing I thought of upon awakening yesterday morning. . . . If the story could do any good (if conditions are such in the South) well and good. But I prefer to avoid such reading matter. It is revolting and irritating and depressing.

T. J. Campbell of Knoxville, Tenn.:

I am "wasting a stamp" to express my horror that you should purchase and publish such a story as that recently appearing in your magazine under the caption of "Kneel to the Rising Sun." For obvious reasons I shall not attempt to enumerate my objections.

I am absolutely sick at heart that a publication which has done so much for popular education should lend itself to such a vile caricature.

Rose Wells of Yaphank, N. Y.:

I have just cut those pages (the Caldwell story) from my magazine, torn them in small bits and thrown them in my office waste basket. Have done so because I fear I might be tempted by morbid curiosity to read the thing.

Of course I've glanced at it. Enough to see what it is. Enough to see what happened to the dog!

Why in Heaven's name should I read it? Isn't life painful enough? Are there not horrible things enough that one cannot escape knowing without storing up in one's brain such things from a *story?* Is it for recreation or profit? Useful to know of conditions among sharecroppers in the South? Why? Unless we are going to do something about it.

Fanning of the flame of public opinion till something *is* done about it is what we hope that this story and others like it will accomplish. For apparently there are still those who believe that there is nothing which can be done about it.

Miss Claire Williams of Albion, N. Y.:

I cannot imagine what madness possesses men like you to be constantly dealing out such revolting material about such revolting and insignificant scum. I do not need in my reading to be harrowed, shocked or alarmed. I am not especially tender-minded. I am and have long been familiar with the idea that there is much that is base and odious about the human race. I do not need to have this idea brought to my attention or dwelt upon.

It is quite possible that you feel that that story is justifiable as an appeal to pity for a downtrodden group. Believe me, they aren't worth pitying. The sooner the white trash starve to death, the better. As for the negro—he was pitiable, but the cards were stacked against him and his kind from birth. There is the answer.

Miss Williams goes on to give examples of "cussedness" among this group with whom she was at one time in close contact. Unquestionably there are cases like the ones she describes. It is, however, a serious question whether such people are just naturally "cussed" or whether their economic and social condition has been a determining factor in their development.

There were some who felt the unpleasantness of the story but understood, with us, the necessity for it. Elsa Gidlow of San Francisco:

I am glad you had the courage to publish the Caldwell story, even though I think it a pity that most of the best American short stories just now are on the level of sensation. But violence is the obverse of sentimentality and until we acquire the philosophical toughness to transcend the one it is no use cavilling at the other, I suppose.

(*Continued on page* 15)

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Behind the Scenes

(Continued from page 320)

Ralph Coghlan of St. Louis in addition to his Caldwell statement writes:

I want to give three loud cheers for the February number of SCRIBNER'S. It is the most distinguished number of your magazine that I have seen. I must make a slight exception in the case of the first article, by Mr. Beard. I thought it was a highly interesting and stimulating article but that it should have been entitled "Historian in Search of an Analogy." It seems to me that in practically predicting a war with Japan, Mr. Beard was merely trying to write an article with a neat pattern. However, I will not quarrel about that.

I naturally enjoyed very much Henry Pringle's article about Frank Cobb. From my own point of view, I am a little sorry that the article did not contain an appreciation of Cobb's fine editorial technique. Among editorial writers, his editorials are supposed to be a model of what this very difficult form of writing should be.

You have performed the remarkable feat of discovering a woman of uncommon common sense in the person of Helen van Pelt Wilson. Feminists will most certainly raise loud cries to the heavens against her, but Mrs. Wilson is too smart to be annoyed by that. I was also much impressed by David Carl Colony's discussion of the disposition that is made of missionary funds, but that may be partly because I am congenitally opposed to putting pants on the heathen.

IT is not often that a magazine gets a jump on the news and is able to publish an article bearing directly on a controversy raging in the newspapers. By a combination of good luck and good management the article by John Strachey, "Should I Be Deported?" was being run off the presses at the very moment he was being arrested in Glencoe, Ill. Our pleasure at an editorial *coup* was more than considerably dampened by the fact that Mr. Strachey's arrest was the means of bringing about our prominence, and although we are entirely unsympathetic with his political views, a telegram was immediately dispatched to Washington registering a protest at Mr. Strachey's arrest.

Life in the editorial offices, already having deteriorated to a series of telephone calls, became really a problem when, a few days after the arrest, it appeared that some of the charges on which his arrest was based, had their foundation in an article, "Why I Became a Communist" signed with Strachey's name and appearing as a copyrighted article in a small New York magazine. The article was, as Mr. Strachey pointed out by long distance telephone, a garbled and unauthorized version of "The Education of a Communist" which was published, some of you may remember, in our February issue last year. The tinkering with the article resulted in something couched

(Continued on page 444)

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra
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SUCH is the range of Richard Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra"—and such is its sweep of dynamics—that no method of recording has heretofore been able to capture it all.

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If I Should Ever Travel

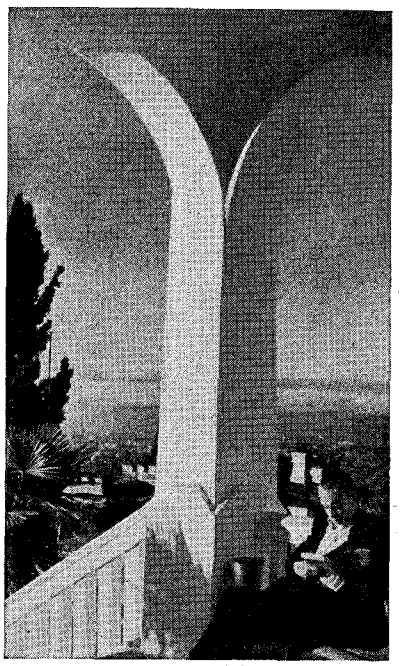
By Katherine Gauss Jackson

● "A traveller from an antique land" speaks of Greece. . . . Summer schedules are full of tours to Russia. . . . Scotland from a bicycle. . . . New England offers every kind of vacation suggestion. . . . Tours with the classics.

My travel experience this month has been strangely touched with classical allusions. A work-weary friend of mine who was sent on a forced vacation this winter went to Greece. When she got back I could hardly wait to hear her impressions of that too-little-known country. She refused to give me generalities. "How can I?" she said. "I only went to Athens, I saw mostly the American colony there, I can't speak the language, and so what could I tell you?" When I asked her please not to be stuffy (she never is); told her that surely she must have had some sensations worthy of being passed on if only as personal reactions, she gave me some double-barrelled answers showing, as no burrowing into Greek history or readings in the well-beloved if now quite forgotten Greek masters ever did it for me, why we would like Greece if we went there today.

"If I told you," she said, "that Athens was a sea of mud the day I got there, and that the first thing I bought was a pair of boys' rubbers to replace my flimsy toe-models, you would get altogether a wrong impression unless I went on to tell you that from that day on, the sun shone during the entire three weeks I was there, that I never wore the rubbers, and that the air has a sparkling clarity and exhilarating quality I've never known anywhere else in the world." Looking at her I could believe that.

"Then if I told you, for example, that what struck me most when I first drove around the countryside was the dearth of green grass; that the country seemed barren and brown—the girl I stayed with for instance had not a blade of grass in her large yard though her flower garden was lovely—you would have no possible conception of the soft silver shimmer of the olive trees everywhere, of the delicate green of their leaves here when they are turned inside out before the coming of rain." That is the way she described them.



Courtesy Intourist

VIEW FROM HOTEL, CRIMEA

"If I told you some of my opinions of some archæologists you would not know about all the others and the wonderful work they are doing, or of how sitting in the sun by the excavations at the Agora, with the Acropolis towering white above you in the clear air, you get a completely false but comfortable impression that with the past so close, and the present so perfect, the future seeming so inconsequential, time is suspended there and life will go on forever the same." The recent revolution came and went shortly after she left.

Her final remark brought me down to earth. "And if I said that there are few cows—I suppose because of poor pasturage—and that there is no milk for drinking or cooking—you would have no idea at all of how delicious and interesting Greek cooking is."

That has been bothering me every day since. Can you imagine planning a desserts! No custards, no puddings, no junkets or ice-cream. No cream in the coffee, finally, no milk in the tea. Yet if some one else took care of the planning how I should love to go to Greece! And there are definitely people who take care of the planning. A magnificent tour of fifty-five days leaving New York on one of the large boats, takes in two days in Athens, and goes besides to so many other places that I can't list them all, but among them are London, Copenhagen, Leningrad, Moscow, down the Volga, Tiflis, Istanbul, Belgrade, Venice, Milan and Paris. It costs $830, but that's a lot for your money, and you sail on the fourth of July. The folder says that after Istanbul "with its magnificent mosques and palaces" comes "a voyage across the Sea of Marmora and through the Dardanelles; and then across the Ægean Sea to Athens, 'Mother of Arts and Eloquence.'" Stop.

Russia

The fact that two weeks of the tour are to be spent in Russia is only one indication of the ever-increasing interest in that country. In fact this particular tour is called "The Russian Study Tour," but there are several others including Russia in their itinerary which cost less and take less time. A thirty-seven-day tour, sailing from New York June 29, takes in a week in Russia and costs $645 Tourist Class or $548 Third Class. A fifty-eight-day cruise, sailing June 26, stays in Russia from July 9 to July 25, goes also to Athens for two days, to Venice, Naples and Genoa in Italy and then home and costs $565. A $695 cruise sails July 3 for sixty-six days, another at $425 leaves June 26 for thirty-five days and stays in Russia from July 9 to July 20. It is called the "Russian Cities Tour."

If you are interested in the theater, for $395 you can leave New York August 14, spend three days in London, two in Leningrad and ten in Moscow,

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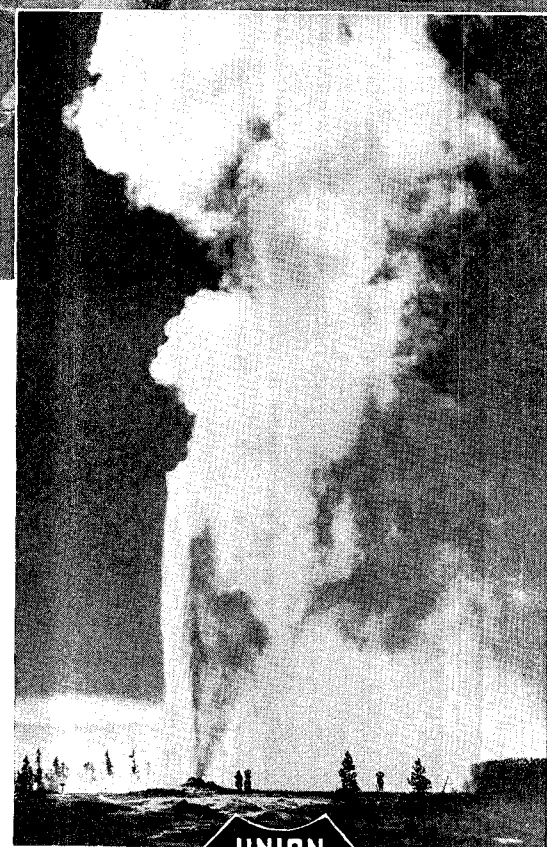

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YOUR TRAVEL AGENT KNOWS

If I Should Ever Travel

(Continued from page 16)

"ten thrilling days" at the Moscow Theater Festival. And on almost every one of these tours or cruises it is possible to pay for your trip by some sort of deferred payment plan. It's worth looking into.

Scotland

Trains are always fascinating to watch, but I can remember once when a lighted train, going by in the evening dusk nearly brought tears to the eyes of three weary bicyclers. It was in Scotland. We had been cycling from the Trossachs and were hoping to make a little town called Dalmally by nightfall. It had been a long, long day with the wind against us all the way and a light rain falling softly but persistently in our faces. It was the kind of rain that seems to belong on these heather-covered hills and cliffs and we liked it at the start, but by five in the afternoon it had begun to wear on us. We had passed barely a house all day and had had for food only the chocolate and ginger that we always carried with us. It came to some forty miles of cycling, not a long ride, as those things go, but the loneliness and wildness of the country, the cold wind sweeping the rain down the glens into our faces, and the panicky fear that perhaps we were trying to do more than our strength was equal to, was slowly getting to each of us. By five it was nearly dark and there was still no sign of a village in sight, no lights or indication of human habitation, we were wet and hungry and frightened and the wild grandeur of the country that had been so exhilarating in the morning was only terrifying now. It seemed that bands of wild and barbarous Scots might bear down from the hills at any moment and phrases like "the massacre of Glencoe" kept ringing in our heads. We tried to laugh but we were more than a little uneasy. It was at this time that a wild and eerie whistle echoed down the deep little valley where we were cycling determinedly onward with our heads down into the wind and our raincoats flapping behind us, catching in the wheels and slowing our every effort. And suddenly around the hills, under a banner of smoke, streaked one of the de luxe Scottish trains. The track was lower than the road, about a quarter of a mile away and I shall never forget how we shouted to each other for joy at this evidence of civilization, how we jumped off our bicycles to watch it go by, how incred-

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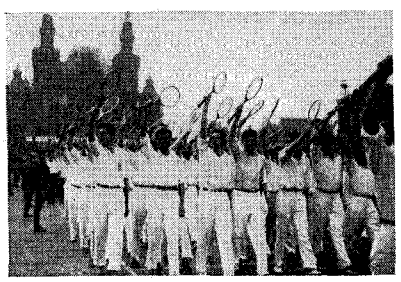
ible it seemed as we saw people sitting at tables, eating luscious food before our very eyes, safe in the comfort and warmth and friendliness inside the train. It took only a minute for us to see this as the train shrieked through the little valley and was instantly gone, leaving a deeper darkness and loneliness than before. We could none of us say, when two hours later we were warm and dry before a fire at Dalmally, whether or not it was more than rain that made the wetness on our cheeks as we climbed slowly back on those difficult steeds, and headed over the hill toward we weren't sure what. No one who has not felt the wildness, the soft yet stern grayness of those Scotch hills can possibly understand the hold they can have on the imagination—the things they make possible. But feeling them is an experience that should not be left out of a lifetime, particularly if you want to understand the literature of Scotland as you never have before.

Any number of tours will take you there. A thirty-eight-day tour of Ireland, England and Scotland on which you would go those weary miles by motor, costs $565 and sails June 8, and another June 29. Or, if you prefer, as we did, to do your own adventuring and to do it alone, it will cost you only $107 to get to Scotland.

New England

Talk at luncheon today centered around summer vacation plans. Some one was headed for Westport, Conn., for art's sake, and because of the swimming, and commuting was possible. Some one, expecting to be a law-widow for most of the time, wherever she went, planned on York Harbor, Me., because it presented many reasonable diversions for a lone woman. My own particular plans turn faithfully to a little Vermont village where the white churches (I make it plural advisedly), the gentle meadows and the peaceful hills have stayed the same as far back as I can remember and where at night

(*Continued on page 20*)



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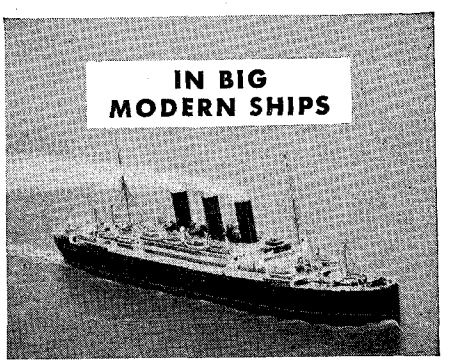

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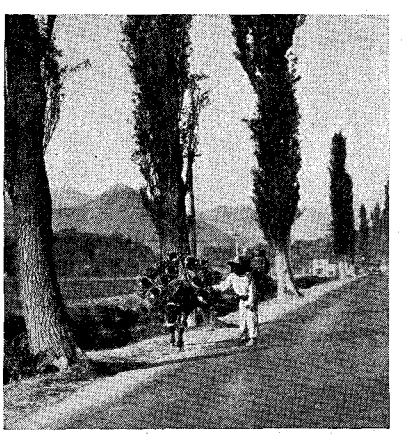
If I Should Ever Travel

(*Continued from page 19*)

the stillness is so deep that at first it is hard to sleep and I lie and listen to the comforting far sound of a cowbell from a pasture across the lake. That is my village, but there are many others where you may go and hide yourself in equal peace. People who live there the year round write: "It seems a long way from here to Hitler, or even from here to Washington." May there always be retreats like that, and may we all be able to enjoy them!

From Vermont, too, Elliott Merrick writes me that it is sugaring time and that "the buckets hang at the maples in the snowy sugar places." Alas! I have never seen the sugar house busy with steam nor "the horses pulling the sap tank through the woods," nor "the men gathering with sap yokes on their shoulders." I have only come upon sugar houses standing deserted and silent in the midst of a clearing on a summer day when I was walking through the woods, and seeing tanks and sledges lying useless and idle in the August sun, I have felt that I should turn away on tiptoe lest I intrude on the dignity of their well-earned rest.

But walking is only one of the things Vermont has to offer. There is a riding club near Rutland which provides horses, and lists of places that will put up not only rider, but horse, which in these days is somewhat of a rarity, and gives you maps of riding trails throughout the State. That kind of trip is a fine adventure. There is mountain-climbing of a simple but sufficiently exhausting kind, on well-marked trails, though for some of the most arduous and exciting ascents the East affords you will want to try the Presidential Range in New Hampshire. There is no way to describe to any one who has not felt it the subtle difference be-



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tween Vermont and New Hampshire, but it is there, and I feel as if I could tell you the minute we pass the State line. New Hampshire's beauty is of a wilder and more rugged sort. The mountains are higher, the scenery exciting, the woods seem wilder. Vermont's beauty is more peaceful, more serene, at least to one who is not dependent on wresting from it her bread and butter. It is all a matter of what appeals most to you. Enough cannot be said for either.

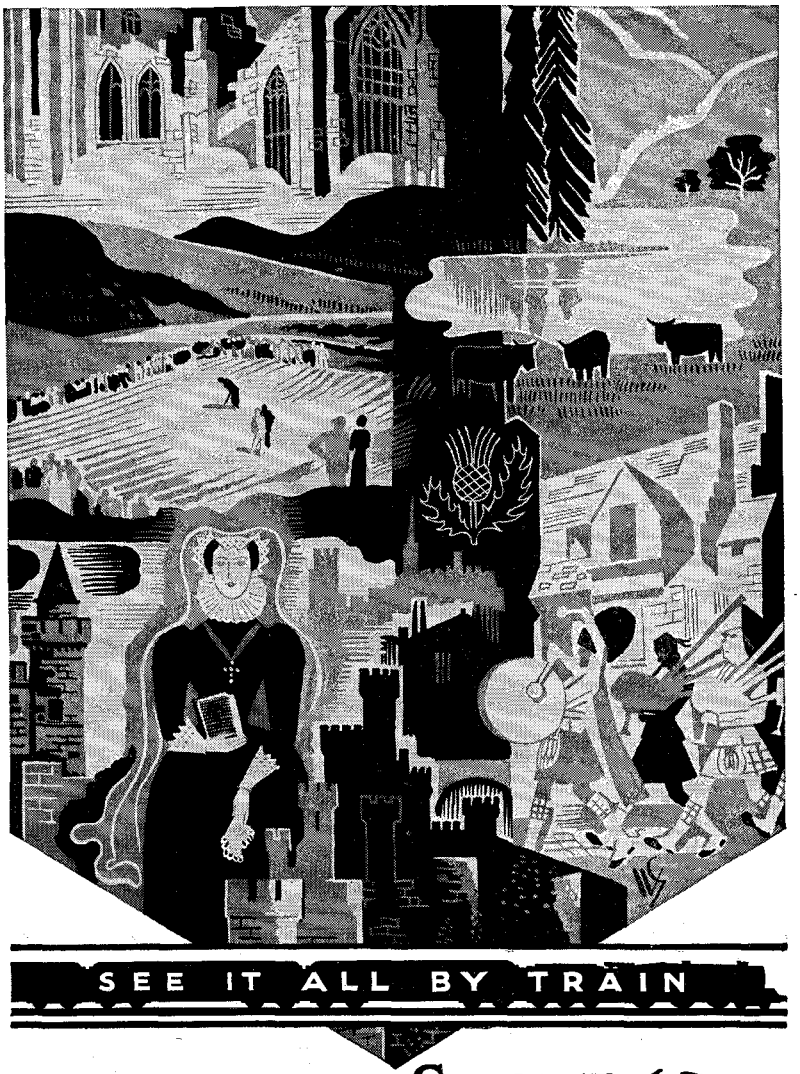
Classical Tours

But I have come a long way from my classical allusions. I forgot to tell you that you can spend "A Summer With the Classics." There is for instance the Horatian Pilgrimage and the Cæsar Tour in Gaul. For those interested in Vergil there is a trip which takes in "Pietole near Mantua where the poet was born, Naples where he is buried, Rome, his residence and the chief seat of his activities, and Pompeii with which he was familiar." The same sort of trips are planned with relative relation to the lives of Pliny, Livy, Cicero, Hannibal, Homer, Mausolus, Herodotus, Pindar, and even Vercingetorix, and still I have not given you them all. The Homer trip is described as follows: "Although outside of our immediate field of investigation, we shall visit some of the important sites connected with Homer and the legendary heroes of the Iliad and Odyssey. We shall visit Chios, the 'craggy' isle of Homer, one of his seven listed birthplaces. The entire region through which we pass is steeped in the legends credited to the great bard. Delos will recall the hymn to the Delian Apollo. Mycenæ, it will be remembered, was the political center of Homeric Greece. At Troy still live the shades of Agamemnon, Priam, Achilles, and Helen." In spite of their tactful phrasing I can see that my memory of the classics would well bear such a geographic brushing up.

I was nearly forgetting that "tenderest of Roman poets, nineteen hundred years ago"—Catullus, of whom the folder says only "born in Verona. We shall visit 'lovely Sirmio,' his estate on Lake Garda." So:

> Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row!
> So they rowed and there we landed—"O venusta Sirmio!"

And humbly I give you on your summer journeys the tender poet's *"Ave atque vale."*



Don't think about SCOTLAND

Go This Year

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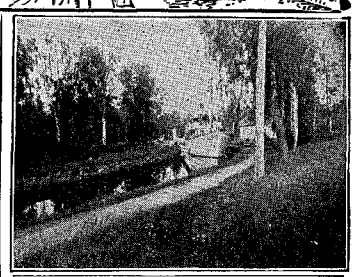

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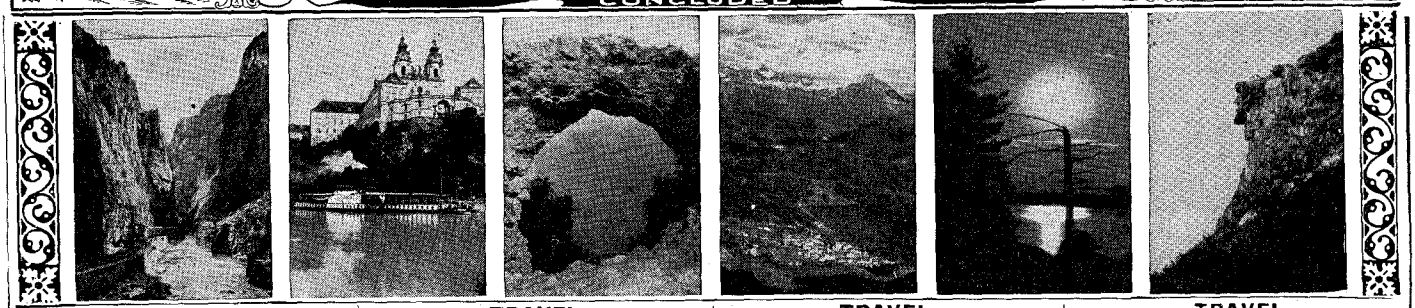

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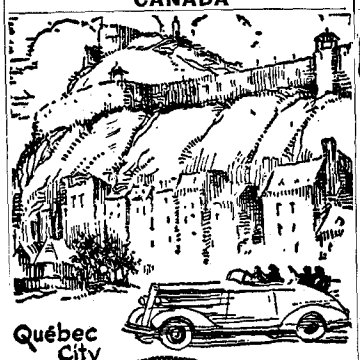

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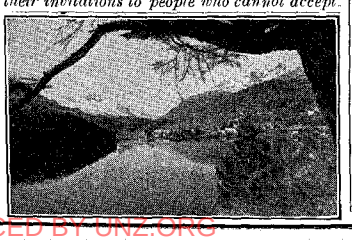

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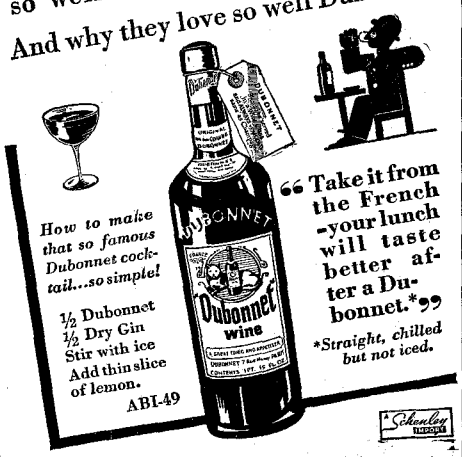


How to make that so famous Dubonnet cocktail...so simple!

½ Dubonnet
½ Dry Gin
Stir with ice
Add thin slice of lemon.
ABI-49

"Take it from the French —your lunch will taste better after a Dubonnet.*"

*Straight, chilled but not iced.

Schenley IMPORTS

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

Behind the Scenes

(Continued from page 15)

in decidedly communistic language advocating "the forceful seizure of government by the workers," a small phrase, but more than significant—and entirely lacking in Mr. Strachey's genuine article appearing in SCRIBNER's. One or two reactions to the publicity received in the affair are these:

DICTATORSHIP

Sirs: The arrest of John Strachey in Chicago last week seems to represent a definite dictatorial tendency in the Roosevelt administration. A man noted for his intelligence and logic has been arrested because he wrote "no" as the answer to the question "Are you a Communist?" on the immigration declaration sheet. Your readers are perhaps aware that this document is an obsolete travesty of law. Immigrants or visitors to America are required to answer, supposedly in all seriousness, such questions as "Are you a Communist?" "Are you an atheist?" "Are you a prostitute?" . . . "A criminal?"

Moreover, as Mr. Strachey has said in his defense, he is not a member of the Communist Party, nor has he in any way made political agitation or advocated the violent destruction of the government of the United States. The purpose of his presence in this country is to lecture on his writings and to present the economic aspects of Communism from the informative standpoint.

If Mr. Strachey is deported a precedent will have been established by which any alien professor or student who praises to the smallest degree any phase of the political, economic, or even social and agricultural theories of Communism is liable to be arrested.

In conclusion, sirs, I would like to applaud those men, radical or conservative, who have protested the arrest of one of the most logical and considerate members of the left wing, and to humbly align myself with them.

RODERIC PAPINEAU.

Swarthmore, Pa.

SO WEAK A FAITH

ON THE DEPORTATION OF JOHN STRACHEY

He says that we are wrong—well then, deport him!
Truth laughs to hear such proof that we are wise;
When we have shipped him off to alien skies
We can send missionaries, to exhort him
To change his faith and show that he is blind.
But should all fail, or if worst comes to worst,
Curse him, as Marx and Lenin are accursed
To show our generous heart and candid mind!

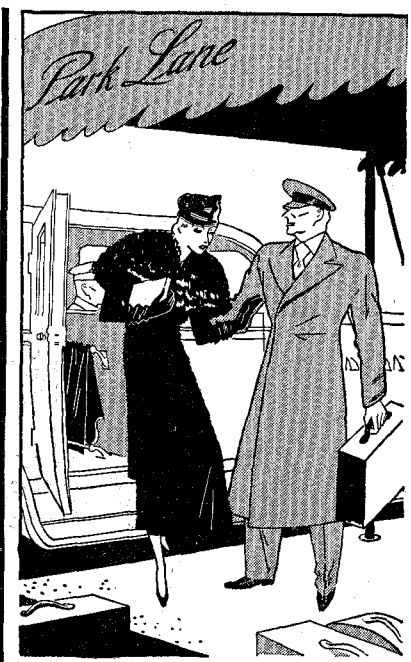
"Faith of our Fathers," is our faith so weak
We cannot take a challenge? Are their prayers,
Their vows, their dreams so lifeless, no one dares
Welcome a vaster dream—must free men seek
To bind with chains the freedom they have gained?
Better be dead than living to be chained!

ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS.

Manchester, N. H.

PUBLICATION DATE CHANGED

Starting with the June issue, SCRIBNER's will appear on the 27th instead of the 20th of the preceding month.



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